Boston Public Library
3 9999 10586 584 2

REF RM

No.....

THE TRUSTEES OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 1878

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, THE DRAMA, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MUSIC, MISCELLANY, ETC.

AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING VOLUME.

VOL. XII.

JULY, 1884. TO JANUARY, 1885.

BOSTON:
THOMAS B. NOONAN & COMPANY.
1885.

On 870.5

L.H
360.231
Feb. 20. 1885

Period
*AP2
.D7
V.12
1884

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

CONTENTS.

A

An Incident of Humbert's March, 1.
An Old Man's Story: A Tale Told at Intervals, 196.
A Trip to the Jesuit Novitiate at West Park, 8.
A Jesuit Scientist, 116.
A Sunny Day in the South of France, 125.
A Song for Maidens in Summer (poetry), 143.
A Story of Orangeism, 245,
A Brave Fellow, 311.
A Woman's Bonds, 320.
A Dashing Dragoon, 348.
A Backward Glance at the City of the Pale, 387.
A Chinaman's Opinion of the Blessed Virgin, 511.

B

Boston's Protest Against Italian Robbery, 29.
Blood and Iron, 224.
Bethlehem: Our Saviour's Birthplace, 504.

C

Coming Back to the Old Church, 24.
Cromwell in Ireland, 33, 129, 225, 321, 417, 513.
Cardinal Manning on Conversion, 122.
Chastity of Public Life, 433.

D

Death of Gen. O'Neill, the Canadian Invader, 548.
Dr. Johnson on Purgatory, 450.
Death of a Distinguished Irishman, 539.

E

Encyclical Letter of Leo XIII., 50.
Electric Girls, 66.
Emigrant Poetry of Ireland, 67.

G

God's Visitation, 307.
Gossip, 447.

H

Honor, 60.

I

Irish Ballad Poetry, 243.

L

Lace Making in Ireland, 247.
Last Relics of Father Burke, 340
Lough Sheelan (poetry), 489.

M

Musings Among Foreign Poets, 112, 397.
Murillo's Mulatto, 161.
Mormonism, 217.
Madagascar, 313.
Music at High Mass, 352.
My Cot (poetry), 354.
Mightier than the Sword (poetry), 433.
Must one be a Democrat to be a Catholic, 445.
Month of the Holy Souls, 450.
Mitchel's Jail Journal, 490.
Most Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, 512.
Mary's Autumn May (poetry), 531.

N

Notes on Current Topics, 81, 189, 273, 369, 463, 561.
Notices of Recent Publications, 92, 177, 273, 382, 476, 570.

O

Our Young Folks:
The Strange Adventures of Little Snowdrop, 70, 162. 266, 355, 452, 551.
Obituary, 95, 101, 287, 383, 473,575.
October Thoughts, 317.

P

Patriotism of Oliver Goldsmith, 15.
Personal, 91, 188, 279, 379, 474, 571.
Political Opinion, 284, 380, 475,
Progress in Ireland, 289.

R

Rewarding a Brave Girl, 220.
Raising the Hat, 221.
Representative Catholics, 305.

S

Sketch of an Ancient Irish Family, 97.
Strictures on Irreligious Writers, 118.
Southern Sketches, 204, 298, 402, 498.
Suicides, 219.
Shop Labor, 308.
Sensational Journalism, 310.
Statistics of Labor in Boston, 410.

T

The Irish Colony in Paris, 19.
The Minstrel (poetry), 25.

That Big Trout: A Sentimental Story, 26.
The Humorist, 80 176, 281, 464, 560.
The Flight from Rome of Pio Nono, 128.
The Transfer of Archbishop Ryan, 145.
The Jesuits as Indian Educators, 147.
The Sleepy Carthusian, 149.
The Republican Nominees, 174.
The Works of Dr. Brownson, 193.
To My Sister (poetry), 212.
The Asiatic Cholera, 213.
The Assumption, 222.
The Dying Mother to her Son (poetry), 243.
The First Sisters of Charity, 248.
The Democratic Candidates, 282.
The Monks of Erin (poetry), 297.
The Blind, 312.
The Mother's Kiss, 414.
To the Funcheon (poetry), 415.
The Basis of Public Life, 435.
The Battle in Belgium, 442.
The Poet Jesuit of Brazil, 482.
The Realization of a Dream, 534.
Toads, Past and Present, 542.
The Heart of the Commonwealth, 547.

U

Useful Knowledge, 79, 173, 280, 464. 559.

V

Vanity, 531.

W

Why Do So Few People Marry? 64.
What Do the Irish Read? 150.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XII. BOSTON, JULY, 1884. No. 1.

An Incident of Humbert's March.

ON the afternoon of the 7th September, 1798, a number of men assembled to build a hayrick for Mr. West in the village of Cloone, which stands midway between Ballinamore and Ballinamucle, in the County Leitrim. In those days the progress of news was very slow; without a knowledge of this fact, it would be surprising to learn, that the question most hotly discussed by the haymakers was, whether the French would ever penetrate so far into the interior. When the point was settled in the negative, one of the men went up on the rick to resume work, and no sooner did he get there than he surprised his comrades by shouting out, "*Darlav do Christ*, the French are on the fair green." The news was received with a cheer, and there was no more haybuilding that day. The general history of Humbert's brave, but insufficient expedition, is well known to every reader of Irish history; there are some details, however, which have not been hitherto written of, that may be interesting to many. This, and the desire to correct a gross and calumnious mistake, made by no less prominent a writer than Mr. O'Hart in his "Irish Pedigrees," prompted me to set forth the truth of the facts, once and for all, in this paper.

Humbert had at the time of his surrender, about 800 French soldiers, and 1,500 natives; of these latter nearly 500 were killed during and after the battle. Were it not for the timely surrender of the French Commander, the probability is, that every man of the United Irishmen would have been butchered. It is also certain, that, only for the loss of his few pieces of ordnance, Humbert would have continued the contest, though it could have no other issue than the entire destruction of his handful of brave soldiers. The circumstances of the loss of the ordnance is the point on which I join issue with Mr. O'Hart.

As soon as the Invincibles had arrived in Cloone, they made preparations to stop there for the night. They had to fight every inch

of their way from Killala, and on that very day had repulsed Crawford, and made a long and tiresome march over moors and bogs, that, as Thomas Davis says, had "caused the loss of many a host." They selected the grave-yard to pitch their camp in, both because it was in the highest part of the village, and was defended by a stone wall of six or seven feet high. The officers took up their quarters with the better-to-do townsfolk, and the commander lodged at Mr. West's. The men had a jolly time of it drinking and dancing and drilling by turns. The officers made merry with their hosts, and all went on as if there was not a red coat within the four seas. The people retain to this day a most pleasing recollection of their brave allies. They joined in foot-ball and hurley with the greatest zest, and acted as if they had known the natives all their lives. As soon as it was know that the French were at hand, a number of the Catholic clergy from the surrounding parishes,—many of whom had received their education in *la belle France*,— came to pay their respects to their old friends. One of the reverend gentlemen created a pleasant sensation in the camp. He was a Father Dunne, who had not long before served in the armies of General Bonaparte. His conversation knowledge of warfare and excellence in manly exercises, so pleased the Frenchmen, that they resolved on him as a chaplain to the army. One suggested, that in the event of a too hasty retreat, he could give the last rites to the fliers, so famous was he for speed of foot. "Since you have so good an opinion of my speed, gentlemen," retorted his reverence, "I'll just give you a specimen of it." So with a touch to his hat, and an "*au revoir*;" the good priest took leg bail at treble quick time. With a loud cheer and a hearty laugh, the soldiers took up the chase and continued it for half a mile, till they came to a river of considerable width. The priest flew over it like a deer, while a couple of the pursuers were precipitated into the water from the force of the race and unexpected barrier. By their gaiety, and their gentlemanly deportment, in every respect, the gallant Gauls won golden opinions from all sorts of people, — Catholic and Protestant.

Early on the morning of the fatal 8th of September, the men were bestirring themselves for their march to Granard, there to join the men of Meath, Cavan, Longford and West Meath. They knew that Lake and Crawford were close on them, but nevertheless, they determined, if possible, to slip by the great English army, and turning round after their junction with the Leinster men, give the enemy battle on the plains of Tara. This, as I have already stated, would only

—"Give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one,—a thunderbolt to all."

But it was not to be. Fate, whose comings and goings no man can account for, had decreed it otherwise.

When the column was ready to start, it was discovered that the chain by which the magazine was drawn, could not be found. Anent this matter, Mr. O'Hart states in a note to page 202 ("O'Hart's Irish Pedigrees," 3d Edit. Gills & Son): "Mr. West had a servant-man named Keegan, whom West induced to steal the chains of the magazine, which Keegan did that night." With all due respect to Mr. O'Hart, I am compelled to declare that this is a falsehood, and a stupid falsehood into the bargain. If the French kept so essential a thing as this chain so badly guarded, that it could be stolen by a servant, they deserved to lose it. Now if Napoleon's generals had any quality of soldiership, they were strict disciplinarians. This they were from first to last, and this they were at home and abroad. Not only do I deny that a "servant-man named Keegan" stole the chain from the whole French army, but I deny it was stolen at all. I have taken some pains to get the true story, and I am convinced I have got it, and from men who were eye witnesses of the battle of Ballinamuck.

The commander was well aware of the importance of the chain, and would not trust it anywhere, but where he took up his own quarters for the night. He had it brought into West's house; and detailed a soldier to take care of it. For the greater security, the soldier in charge brought it into the kitchen and piled a quantity of hay on it for his bed. Surely it must be secure when he was sleeping on it. It is not the duty of a sentinel to sleep. But what with the kitchen door well locked and bolted, and none but friends around, there was a great temptation to take a snooze after a hard day's marching, fighting and drinking,—for the good people of Cloone were only too willing to empty their kegs for the poor fellows that came across the "say" to fight for "ould" Ireland. Burns says, "a man may drink and not be drunk," and so it may be that our sleepy sentinel was not drunk, on the night before the battle of Ballinamuck, and it may be that Mr. O'Hart was also independent of the influence of John Jamieson or Kinahan's L. L. when penning this extraordinary paragraph, which he gives us as history,—it may be so, but critical readers would likely say with the philosopher, that it is "*un grand peut-être.*" The reality is, that which I have stated. In the morning the guard

could not remember where he left the chain, and naturally concluded it was stolen. It is not the first time in history that such conclusions were jumped at. We know what the soldiers who were sent to guard our Lord's sepulchre said, when asked to account for His body's disappearance. It takes no very deep study of human nature to teach us what vagaries our memories will sometimes play on us. I have known a sharp business man, who went shouting out that he was robbed of the price of his porkers, while holding the money in his hand. After an unavailing search, which was made everywhere only in the kitchen, the French gave up hopes of finding the invaluable chain. They made hay ropes but they all broke the same thing happened to the ropes made of flax and yarn. They contrived to drag the magazine for about a mile, by the efforts of men, and there, having in vain tried to twist webs of linen taken from a bleaching mill into ropes, which broke like the others, they cast most of their ammunition and ordnance into Kieldra Lough.

As soon as they left West's, the servants commenced to clean out the rooms. The chain was found under the abandoned bed of hay, and was brought under Mrs. West's notice,— she was the first to take cognizance of it,— a very natural thing, because it was in the kitchen. There were two servants in the house, one named Keegan and one named Neary. Keegan proposed to run after the French and tell them it was found, but was prevented under the threat of death by West, who said if the French came back, they would believe he (West), had hidden it, and for that reason would take his life. Under the influence of this fear, West caused Neary to take the chain and throw it into a draw well. For this act he was compelled to leave the country. I met several persons who saw and conversed with a sister of Neary's. She lived for a long time in Longford town, and often cried bitterly for the treason of her brother. I often heard the old men singing verses of a song composed at this time, and relative to this event. The writer was a hedge schoolmaster called "Peadhar Nora." It commenced thus:

"My curse on you, Neary, and all of your breed,
For stealin' the chain of the French magazine,
Only for you stole it, and put it away,
The gallant French heroes would have gained the day."

I heard this song a thousand times. No one around Cloone had ever any doubts on the matter. From my childhood, the name of "Nary," as it was pronounced, sounded like Judas or Nagle in my ears. The chain was afterwards fished out of the well, and for years was used

for hanging pots and pans over the fire, in the house of a Protestant minister at Newtown Forbes.

I do not intend to prejudice Mr. O'Hart with his readers, of whom none appreciates the good work he has done more than I do. His "Irish Pedigrees," if purged of some faults that tend to make it ridiculous, would be a great book, and one I would wish to see on the table of every Irishman. When critical people object against such nonsense, as the descent of Queen Victoria from Gog and Magog, Noah and Adam, disgracing the pages of any serious treatise, it is, I confess, hard to find an answer. I have also heard that Mr. O'Hart is endowed, as most heraldic professors are, with a wonderfully inventive genius; and that for sufficient reason, he could produce documents tracing the descent of any man, white, black or yellow, Irish or otherwise, from any king or hero that ever lived. I have heard quoted of Mr. O'Hart, the following stanza:—

"Well, if you,
With amiable modesty, decline
My offer, what says Michael? There are few
Whose memories could be rendered more divine.
Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
As it was once, but I would make you shine
Like your own trumpet. By the way, my own
Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

I never believed in or countenanced such rumors, any more than I did the insinuation that Mr. O'Hart was commissioned by royalty to trace the descent of the late John Brown to Kenneth McAlpine and Queen Lemiramis. One thing, however, I would suggest to the writer of the Pedigrees to add an index showing what is to be taken as truth, and what as fable. A Romance from the gifted author's pen, will surely show great imagination; but what in the name of good sense, have tales of Finn McCumhail and the fairies to do with history. The man who tries to palm off such balderdash as her majesty's descent from Adam in the direct line, puts our belief in his sanity to a great strain. Another bit of advice I tender to Mr. O'Hart, and all whom it may concern. There are Irishmen all over the earth, who have the good and glory close at heart, and who are resolved to let no falsifier of history pass unchallenged, whether he writes himself Froude or Freeman, or prefixes an O or Mac to his name.

When the French surrendered at the village of Ballinamuck, the work of cowardly slaughter commenced. As Sir Garnett Wolsley observed, the night is the time for striking the final blow. There the war is ended, there the principal havoc effected. Bad and brutal as

the English soldiers were, all thro' '98, they were not the worst at Ballinamuck; they did the fighting, the Yoemen and Hessians did the murdering. On the hill of Dromard, about two miles east from the scene of action, a troop of Yoemen hung like a flock of vultures awaiting their prey. They did not take part in the fray. They were very careful about that — for a more cowardly race of white men God never created, than the planters of Ulster. Their policy was always to kick a man when he was down. It was said that these worthies were prepared to assist the victors and rob the vanquished, no matter who they might be. It is not the first or last time they acted on the same plan, but they seldom got such an opportunity as they did after Ballinamuck. No sooner was the fate of the day decided, than they started on the congenial work of robbery and murder. The stories of this dark epoch, told by the people, are horrible. Boys who were seen with hay-forks in the meadows, men who had reaping hooks cutting down the ripe corn, women who were binding the corn, and children coming from school, were butchered by the dozen, by the demons of yeomanry.

Some incidents of the day read like a romance. Two of the Hessians come into a cottage, where there was only a young girl, and demanded a drink of her. She asked what they would drink; they answered by signs, one choosing milk, and one whiskey. There was a keg of poteen in a room, into which she showed one, and closed the door on him. To the other she presented a noggin of thick cream. As the trooper raised his head to drain the thick treacley draught, the *colleen* gave him a blow under the chin that broke his neck as effectually as Marwood would have done it. With a pitchfork that stood behind the door, she pinned the other to the wall; at night she buried them in the garden, where their unhallowed bones yet abide.

Another incident which grotesquely combines the tragic and comic, took place under the windows of Rossane House. This was the ancient residence of the Nichols, a Protestant family, as remarkable for their talents and hospitality, as they were beloved by their Catholic neighbors and tenants. They harbored dozens of the poor Western peasants, who had come with Humbert, and supplied them with food and shelter till they could make their way home. One brave youth, named Pat O'Hara, who carried a pike, and cast it away after the defeat, came to Rossane House begging shelter for God's sake. Mr. Nichols was not at home, but the good lady told him, he might make use of the hay loft. He was not long there till a group of Yoes galloped up looking for a rebel. There was, in the place, a rascally underling of Mr. Nichols', who wanted to oblige the gentlemen, and see

a real rebel shot. He, in despite of his mistress's command, told them he would find them some game. He then took O'Hara a substantial dinner seasoning it with the remark that it would be the dog's last, for a lot of loyal gentlemen were outside thirsting for his rebellious papist blood. Pat in a short time made himself informed of how matters stood, and determined to try and escape, if it were by the skin of his teeth. When he was brought out, and placed at a proper distance for a shot, the loyalists took their stand, presented their muskets, and prepared to blaze away at the poor *bouhal.* He stood with his side toward the executioners, a circumstance which, in the eyes of Isaac Williams, savored of bad manners and contempt, on the part of a rebel. It was agreed that Isaac should stand behind the prisoner, and hold him in position, until the word should be given to fire, when that worthy was to dodge behind a neighboring oak, and so escape. It was plain Isaac never served as setter for such game before. O'Hara knew better what was the speed of a bullet, and as soon as he saw the pieces cocked, he wheeled Williams round, who in the expressive language of a local bard, "met the balls and bit the ground." With a cheer the unarmed Mayo-man dashed thro' the wood and away. He escaped into the neighboring county, where he was sheltered till the Spring, when he went westward in company with the prettiest girl in the parish of Dromard, whom he had in the mean time won as a bride. But not many of the rebels were as fortunate as Pat O'Hara.

I knew a Protestant farmer in the neighborhood, who boasted that in his father's house there once hung sixteen frieze coats, taken from slaughtered rebels. For miles around Ballinamuck, you find thro' the fields and bogs, the graves of the croppies. They are silent but very eloquent teachers of Irish history. There was a time, when it was dangerous under English law, to strew a flower on their graves, or breath a prayer for their souls; now, thank God, we can once more from the fulness of our hearts, and in the open day, echo the sentiments of the poet,—

"Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight,
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriots fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?

J. K.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

A Trip to the Jesuit Novitiate at West Park.

PART III.

As I was thus reflecting briefly on the history of the Jesuits, while the rest of the party were fanning themselves amid the warm breezes of the piazza, I could not as a consequence help dwelling on the fact that I was now in an institute where young men were being trained to enter the same hard field of self-denial and suffering that St. Ignatius and his disciples trod before them. My cogitations were here interrupted by a suggestion from Mr. R—— to mount one of the hills behind the house. The proposal being put to a vote was overruled by a majority who considered the day too hot for climbing. Even some of the smaller hills here command a magnificent prospect. To the north can be seen Esopus, where Father William Brady formerly erected a pretty little church; Port Ewen with its genial pastor, its owners of canal boats, mules, geese and other graceful animals; further on, Roundout, where resides the Lacordaire of the Hudson; and towering above and beyond them, the lordly and magnificent Catskill Mountains. Their dark purple peaks are usually crowned with fleecy clouds. Here the traveller, familiar with these ancient haunts of ghosts and Indians, can muse with pleasure on their many charms. Their ravines, gorges, picturesque waterfalls, flowery dells, and the stupendous precipices are objects of great attraction. These heights were called by the Indians *on-tioria*, that is mountains of the sky, and by the Dutch settlers, the Katsbergs, owing to the number of wild cats found there. Who can look upon the Catskills and forget the charming legend of Rip Van Winkle, so beautifully told by Washington Irving in his Sketch Book. Rip, the village loafer and hen-pecked husband, dwelt at the base of the Catskills, and was a perpetual victim to the fury of his wife's tongue. In order to escape this engine of wrath, he often betook himself to the woods and hills with his gun on his shoulder in search of game. We know how on one of his excursions he came up with a crowd of curious, ghostly old men, one of whom carried a suspicious-looking keg on his shoulder, while the rest were playing a game of nine-pins. Their dresses, manners and faces stupified Rip, who being tempted to taste the contents of the flagon, drank too deeply, felt his head swim, and fell on the ground in a kind of a spiritual trance. How interestingly the legend tells of his awakening from a doze of twenty years to find his dog gone, his

musket worm-eaten, his clothes in rags, and his whole appearance almost unintelligible to himself. His return to the village, the marked changes that had taken place on the succession of the Republic to the Monarchy, the curiosity and wonder that his big beard and strange appearance excited, the death of his wife, and the amazement caused by his story, the kindness with which he was afterwards favored by old and young, and his peaceful death, seemed sketches as clear to the well-posted traveller, as if they were written in letters of fire on the ribs of the mountains.

While loitering on the piazza and in the parlor we were invited to a plain, substantial dinner, to which our party did ample justice. A trip to the cherry trees succeeded the meal. The limbs were loaded with the red, juicy fruit, and among the thousands of ripe ones which we gathered were many through which the birds had penetrated their bills. The estate at Manreza consists of over one hundred acres. Though the greater portion of it is made up of rocks and woods, yet it has some finely cultivated fields, lawns and ornamental trees. The kitchen garden and vineyard are situated on a slope fronting the river. Flowers and vegetables of various kinds abound here. The graves of several deceased fathers can be seen in a row up against a grassy embankment on the southwest end of the garden. One of them contains the remains of the late well-known and beloved Father Trainor, of St. Lawrence's Church, New York. The sun shone on the grassy mounds and living flowers, and insects bloomed and fluttered over the dead.

The white, fleecy clouds were sailing gracefully and slowly over the blue face of the sky, while the river beneath appeared like a glittering lake, a jewel set amidst fringes of emerald. The yellow daffodils, white and purple clover blossoms, heliotropes and roses actually revelled in the soft and warm kisses of the sun. The birds, on bank, tree and fence sang gayly, as they proudly exposed their forms to our view. All around us was bright and calm, but in an instant the features of the whole scene were altered, as a great, big, partly gray and black cloud came up and shut off the sun from our sight. Its approach was accompanied by the rumbling of distant thunder. The genius of the whirlwinds and tempests seemed to get ready to break the hitherto prevailing brilliancy and stillness of the scene. A number of little dark clouds hastened from the north and west, and soon forming into one solid mass, looked threateningly down on the hills and the valley. The delicious sky-blue, and the coronets, peaks and fringes of white clouds soon melted out of sight, leaving the heavens one sea of gloom. The earth seemed to borrow this reflection, and a soft, gray mist rapidly

overspread the river. The breezes first whispered gently among the woods, then roared aloud and shook the tallest trees from bottom to top. The rain came down in torrents. Additional darkness and tremendous thunder claps followed. We ran as fast as we could from the garden to the house, and had scarcely reached the steps, when a flash of lightning burst through the air, and striking a big tree that stood at the lower end of the garden, split it in pieces. The storm came down thicker and faster. The winds from all points seemed to concentrate right in front of us, sweeping everything before them, bending big trees, rooting up flowers, smashing vines, loosening huge stones, and whirling the dust and gravel of the walks high up in the air. As we gazed on the tempest we were awed and delighted with the scene. The roar of newly-formed torrents was heard as they rushed madly down the roads of the hill. The brilliancy of the lightning flashes was increased by the darkness of the heavens. Each time the flame shot from an electric cloud, it ran zigzag through the misty air, and lit up the gloom that curtained the river, and disappeared in the earth to be succeeded in a little while by a clap of thunder so loud and awful that each of us imagined that the earth was about to be ripped in pieces. The rain soon took the form of hail, each stone of which was as large as a good-sized pebble. The flowers drooped, the birds ceased to sing, the humming bees and the buzzing insects all lay prostrate. We could see nothing but the blinding storm, hear nothing but the howling winds, whose roar was as frantic and deafening as if contending hosts of infernal spirits suddenly burst from the caves of the mountains, making the region around us their horrible battle ground.

Father L—— mingled the strains of the piano with the wild music of the storm. This scene, over the great Hudson River, and near the sublime Catskills, was indeed grand, well calculated to fill all present with a profound fear and love of God. In the chapel at hand the Lord of the storms reposed peacefully in the humble little tabernacle, while adoring angels offered him their usual attention and praise. The whistle of the steamer which was to convey one of the party to meet a certain afternoon train, arose through the mist like the shriek of a ghost, and like a ghost it departed. None of the number would think of venturing over the river in such a desperate storm.

The following day all our party had reason to congratulate each other as they read the sad news of the death by drowning of a number of persons, who had been overtaken in a boat on the sound, by the very same storm that we witnessed. The thunder roared over the famous orchards of Mr. Bell at Esopus, and was wildly repeated along

the hills towards Rhinecliff. Henry Hudson, with his ghostly crew, must have had rare laughing along the coves, islands and banks, of his beloved river, as glimpses of returning sunshine appeared amid the dissolving mists. The mass of heavy clouds broke gradually, the faintest bit of blue appeared near the region of the sun, and beyond in the East was observed that beautiful emblem of hope, the rainbow. The poetic soul of Mr. R—— fluttered with delight at the sight of this object, the glory of artists, the many colored eyebrow of the heavens. Its delicate seven hues were half veiled in the softest and loveliest of mists. The river reflected its image, and its warm waves rose up as it were, to catch it in a fond embrace.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the appearance of the sky, land, and water views, after this great storm. The virgin forests were dripping with raindrops, which, waved by the breezes, and lit up by the sun, resembled jewels that sparkle on the beautiful hair of certain ancient enchanters. The "Director," came up at this time. and all of us went at once to the chapel, in order to see it, and pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. A covered passage-way leads from the old mansion to the new building, in the second floor of which, the chapel is situated. The main altar, and both lateral ones are very pretty, and the statuary and pictures, all so appropriate and handsome, give an indescribable charm to this place of prayer and divine worship, the windows of which, overlook a prospect of such marvellous beauty. The silence and solitude, so conspicuous here, are well calculated to fill the worshippers with pious and profound emotions. On leaving the chapel, we walked abroad on the piazza adjoining it, and from here we could see the river and mountains up and down for miles. Some fine walnut trees stood near the south end of the building, and their broad branches afford a delicious shade. We could hear the lay brothers working industriously in the apartments beneath us, and as our eyes turned toward the southeast end of the garden, we beheld a party of novices, taking their recreation near the river's bank. A long line of freight cars, moved steadily on the track, at the opposite side. They were conveying live-stock and other valuables from the great regions of the North and West. Turning to Master B—— the young novice of Sixteenth Street, I inquired how he felt up here, perched away from the society of his friends, and the rest of the world. "Ah," said he, as a smile of satisfaction lit up his face, "we never miss the world up here, sir. Our numerous spiritual exercises, the society of our beloved director and brother novices, make us feel content and happy. Thank God, too, though we rise very, very early in the morning, we always enjoy good health." His physical condition was an unquestionable

evidence of the truth of his remarks. The fine, pure mountain air, the plain, substantial food, and the regular work of life are all conducive to health.

As the greater part of the time spent by the young men during their novitiate is devoted to contemplation, it may be reasonably inferred that their souls are in a much healthier condition than their bodies. As the time of our departure was now drawing near, we partook of a slight repast, which the director ordered to be spread before us. Then we bade good bye to the kind, good fathers, and descended the hill on our way to the dock. As we went down rapidly, we occasionally looked behind us with regret, upon the beautiful spot where we had spent such happy hours. Our heels and toes sank in the soft sand, and frequently frightened to thier holes the millions of ants that ventured forth to take a breath of sunny air. Thousands of butterflies rested near little pools, and rising up at our approach, dispersed and fluttered bouyantly in the air. The little steamer soon appeared before us, looking lovely as it rested near the dock. We passed several novices on our way, and before getting on board we bade good bye to Masters B—— and D —— who were dear to the party for many reasons. We were bound directly for a trip to Poughkeepsie, from whence an evening train would carry most of the party directly to New York. We waved our hats and handkerchiefs to the two on the dock, while the "musical genius," sung a beautiful and touching parting song. When Manreza got out of sight, we gazed upon the waters of the river, and saw that they were as smooth and glossy as the folds of a satin dress.

We could put our hands over the boat's sides, and wash them in the slowly moving, but magnificent stream, which abundantly reflected the glories of the heavens. The lungs and eyes of the importer were hard at work inhaling and observing the breezes and the scenery, while the sweet strains of the clerical songster, made sweeter still by the presence of the water, added considerably, to the sense of general enjoyment.

Mr. B—— thought with love of his son about to be consecrated to God, and he felt happy. The western sky looked glorious as the sun was gradually sinking in an arm chair of blue and gold. Delicate hangings of purple vermillion and light green decorated the falling throne, and the finest and most enchanting crimson mists arose above the trees, ascending like incense to offer honor to the King of day. 'Ah," cried the merchant, "what a wonderful thing it is to think that we are sailing between heaven and hell, under millions of angels and saints, and over legions of devils and dammed souls. Oh, dear! If the

engine should burst, what would happen to us? What crowds of fishes down below, anxious for a nice mess. Our friend R—— would make a delicious morsel. May the Lord grant that our souls may be saved at any rate, it makes but little difference about the body." We are all impressed and charmed with these natural and religious views of the *spiritual* man, and as we advanced regarded with more and more admiration the grand rustic cascades that were newly formed by the rains, and now tumbled down the sand and stone cliffs into the waters. Men were working in neighboring quarries, and they shouted loudly and waved their hats as we passed by. Beyond in a beautiful wood, whose grassy edges adorned the river, a jovial excursion party were recreating themselves, and the laughter, songs and shouts of the crowd had an interesting effect on the spectators. Soon the stately mansions outside of Poughkeepsie, and the city itself, burst upon our view.

The colossal and beautiful insane asylum stood in a lordly attitude above numerous other buildings that were scattered here and there. Our plucky little steamer whistled long and loudly as she came near the dock, and crowds of boys ran down to see her. The merchant with an alacrity and generosity that are essentially peculiar to him, would allow no obstacle to come between him and the captain of the boat, to whom all of us felt indebted. Business having been transacted, we disembarked, and at the request of our friend, the "musical genius" directed our steps to the pastoral residence of Father Bruder. We walked along the principal street of the town, through which a line of horse cars runs. The whole scene looked very animating as crowds filled the sidewalks. The neighboring founderies were in full blast, and the golden glow of sunset swept over everything. Our way to Father Bruder's led through several shady streets in the southern part of the town. On approaching the pastoral residence we had the pleasure of seeing the reverend gentleman in the act of opening the gate on his return from a walk. The "musical genius" recognized him at once, and mutual exchanges of affection and regard instantly took place. On being introduced, I was immediately impressed with the appearance and manner of the German priest. Though a little below the middle height, he possessed an elegant figure. His face was very delicately moulded, his complexion though pale, was remarkably clear, and his eyes were full of brilliancy and intelligence. Though our arrival was unexpected, yet everything was at hand for our comfort. The cool and shady garden, near the large and handsome, new, brick residence, was a splendid place to rest in after the heat and fatigue of the day. The merchant stretched his weary limbs under the neat grape arbor, and fell into a train of sweet reflections. The

large and elegant church so near, the numbers of beautiful flower beds, the robins hopping on the trees, and the bees buzzing in neighboring hives, afforded him a good deal of food for thought. After supper we sat on the piazza at the rear of the house, and were entertained, at once, by Father Bruder, who possesses an enviable taste for bees, birds, flowers, fine books and music. His knowledge of bee life is remarkable, and has all been gathered from practical sources. He showed us the latest models of wooden cells constructed for the insects, who go to work and line the walls of their little chambers with wax. He carried us to the hives, and showed us one in which all the members of one bee republic were in capital working order. The insects must have known him well, as he seemed to handle them with impunity. He pointed out to us the little workers, the big, lazy drones, and the long graceful queen, around whom the rest were humming with motions of love and admiration. He showed us the mandibles and pulpi of the working-bees, and told us how they could break large substances. You could easily distinguish the workers from the drones, as they labored indefatigably and incessantly. Some of them were outside collecting honey from the flowers and sweet clover blossoms, while the rest were busy in the hive, hiding the wax, fixing the cells and feeding the young ones. He informed us that the bees had two stomachs, in the second of which (of cylindric form), digestion takes place. The workers and queens are provided with stings at the end of their abdomens, a truth which many people, unfortunately, know too well, the drones have no such dangerous and defensive weapons. Bees sometimes sting each other, and then fall dead. When the creatures are about to swarm, our reverend friend clips the wings of the queen, so that she cannot fly further than an adjoining hive, which is artfully prepared to trap the new colony. We were well posted respecting the muscular power of bees, the rapidity of their flight, the development of the eggs into the larvæ, the mode of creating a new queen in case of the sudden death of the old one, and a thousand other interesting and delightful facts in connection with the lives of those creatures of order, usefulness and industry. As the time drew near, the merchant and Mr. R —— resolved to take the train for New York, while the "musical genius" and myself decided to stay over night at Father Bruder's.

I spent the evening very pleasantly, at one time poring over rare and valuable old volumes, at another, listening with delight and profit to the valuable information on artistic subjects, that our reverend host imparted to us. On retiring to rest, I gazed with pleasure and wonder on the beautiful scenery of the city, river and mountains, that I saw

from my bedroom window. All seemed transfigured into more than celestial shapes by the glow of the moonlight. Everything was still, and with a pure conscience, no spot could be more adapted for a sound and pleasant sleep.

Faithful to time, the attendant knocked at my door next morning. Breakfast was soon despatched, and Father L—— and myself, bade good-by to our kind and generous host. We got on board our respective trains for our individual destinations, and as each of us was whirled along, we resolved never to forget the beauty of the Hudson-the kind, good pastors on its banks, and the quiet and heavenly life characteristic of the inmates of St. Ignatius' Novitiate at Manreza.

Patriotism of Oliver Goldsmith.

GOLDSMITH may be cited as another instance of the truth of the adage, "*Qui trans mare currunt, cælum, non animum, mutant.*" I had originally intended to make some passing comments on the extracts from him, but I concluded, on second thoughts, to confine myself to the selection and arrangement of those passages which I thought would show the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" as the minstrel of Irish emigration.

Such is the patriot's boast; where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill—
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations passed,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man.

For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied:
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green,
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free —
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay —
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied —
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horse, his equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure — all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade —
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the blooming flush of life is fled —
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron — forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn.
To seek her nightly shed, and weep until the morn —
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain!

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed —
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away.

When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last —
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main —
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire, the first, prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe—
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave:
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,

Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms;
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear—
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move — a melancholy band —
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand;
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there —
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train —
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the dutious son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main —
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?
O luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee;
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe —
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Aid slighted truth; with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor may still be very bless'd;

That trade's proud empire hasts to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away —
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resists the billows and the sky.

To those who have read those beautiful and touching and philosophical passages, it is unnecessary to say that the love of home so characteristic of Irishmen, burned brightly in the heart of Oliver Goldsmith.

Oxford, N. J. REV. P. J. TREACY.

The Irish Colony in Paris.

THE Irish Colony of Paris, is, like other colonies, made up of many component parts. It may, however, at a first glance be generally divided into *les anciens Irlandais*, or descendants of Irish parents, and the Irish themselves. *Les anciens Irlandais* belong mostly, if not exclusively, to the aristocratic class, and are Royalists in French politics. Tradition, more than anything else, has made them decidedly anti-Republican. Their forefathers, many of whom followed the fortunes of James II. at the Battle of the Boyne, fought many a fight under the fleur-de-lis, and were as devoted to the Bourbons as they had been to the Stuarts. When the French Revolution came on, hardly any of these soldiers' sons espoused its principles; and more than one Franco-Hibernian was guillotined. This, perhaps, is why their children to-day, rank themselves among the most determined opponents of the existing *régime*. *Les anciens Irlandais* are scattered throughout France and are numerous in its capital. Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone is one of the more prominent personages of the body, and claims kindred in direct line from the great Hugh of that name. The other wing of the Irish colony is stronger than is generally supposed. It comprises men who were prominently identified with the Fenian movement of 1865, and who still have faith in its ultimate success. There are men, also, who have gone in advance of the movement, and advocate the dynamite doctrines upheld by Patrick Ford and O'Donovon Rossa. In addition to these we must take into account a few Repealers or O'Connellites, who cherish the notion of seeing an independent Parliament in College Green some fine day, inaugurated by Her Majesty Queen Victoria or His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, amid the loud plaudits of a happy and loyal population. As to the business pursuits of Irishmen in Paris, all that may be said is that not a few of them teach the English language in the schools and colleges of the capital; others are engaged in commerce, literature, and journalism.

There is a goodly number of Irish dynamiters on the banks of the Seine just now. Some who reside permanently in the city have made

themselves more or less conspicuous at *réunions* of late; but the majority shrink from publicity, and adopt various disguises to baffle the English police who are on their track. Inspector Moser, of Scotland Yard, made a searching investigation of the dynamite conspiracy in Paris some weeks ago; but he has been foiled in his efforts at every step; and all he could say on his return to head-quarters was, that he only found some fourteen or sixteen dynamiters in Paris, and firmly believed that the contingent did not number more. The Inspector has committed a very grave mistake there. The Irish dynamiters meet in small groups of three or four at a time. They never frequent drinking-saloons for the transaction of "business;" although one or two of them may be seen at Irish and American bars quietly discussing with stray acquaintances every question under the sun save the Irish question. If they happen to be Irish-Americans, they have left their suits of tweed and slouched hats at the railway hotels on their arrival.

John O'Leary, the ex-editor of the I. R. B.'s official organ, the *Irish People*, has resided in Paris ever since his release from prison in 1870, if we except a short stay he made at Brussels, and periodical visits he pays to Nice and America. He has no connection, direct or indirect, with the dynamiters. He hates and detests them with all the force of his saturnine temperament. Although he does not take any active part in Irish politics, except by way of writing a letter now and again on the topics of the hour to the newspapers, he still has faith in the Fenianism of '65, and hopes for its revival. James Stephens, the founder of Fenianism, resides also in Paris, and devotes much of his time to literary studies, contributing letters on Irish and other subjects to various leading American newspapers. General M'Adaras, though not a Fenian in the precise and literal signification of the word, is one in spirit and sympathy. These three are the most prominent politicians of the Irish revolutionary school, which does not include the dagger or dynamite in their programme. There are a few score of other Irishmen in Paris who share their opinions in this respect.

The Repealers in Paris are few and far between. Dr. M'Carthy, the medical attendant at the Irish college of the Rue des Irlandais, is one of them; and Mr. J. P. Leonard, is another. Dr. M'Carthy is a kind-hearted, affable man, and loves his country sincerely; but he would not touch revolution or revolutionists with a forty foot pole. Mr. Leonard, on the contrary, associates with one or two of the extremists, although he does not hold with them on the possibility, or perhaps advisability, of a separate national existence for Ireland. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, another Repealer, often quits the solitude of his chateau near Nice to share the companionship of Mr. Leonard and others of a similarly congenial disposition.

There are one hundred students in the Irish College of Paris, all of whom are Irish by birth, and are studying for the priesthood for various dioceses in Ireland. The superiors of the institution are also Irish by birth, but they profess little sympathy with the present movement headed by Mr. Parnell. The *alumni*, however, are nearly all of a patriotic turn of mind, as the reception they accorded to the Archbishop of Cashel, some time ago, amply demonstrated. Its president,

Dr. MacNamara, is a Whig, and belongs to the *coterie* of which Lord O'Hagan is the figure-head and Mr. Errington the diplomatist. The Seminary of Saint Sulpice contains a few hundred students, the vast majority of whom are of French nationality. Here also, however, Ireland is represented by an Irish professor, Father Hogan, and a fair number of young ecclesiastics from the "Emerald Isle," all of whom have advanced views on the Irish question.

The Irish-American bar in the Rue Royale is one of the favorite haunts of Irishmen in Paris. Here detectives and dynamiters jostle each other in quite a friendly and *quasi*-unsuspecting fashion, often clinking glasses with exquisite *bonhomie*. The same class of people frequent the New York bar. Both places are also patronized by Irishmen of more moderate principles, as well as by Englishmen and Americans generally. The "Irish ambassador," Mr. James Cullen, a Wicklow man, has his "Shamrock" drinking establishment near the Elysee Palace, in the Rue Duras, and is one of the Irish curiosities of Paris. His bar is noted for being the rendezvous of Irishmen who make sterling stump speeches and can sing good Irish songs. Politics in prose are forbidden on the premises, but an Irishman may be as rebellious in song as he pleases.

The *Times* correspondent in Paris has received some information about the Fenian party there, from one who is supposed to be well acquainted with the subject. He writes:—Paris has been for some time the connecting link between the Irish and Irish-American "Dynamiters" and Invincibles. Here they plan the destruction of public buildings and put the names of prominent informers on the index for "removal." They have secured the services of several licensed dynamite dealers, and the scheme adopted for the safe transmission of the stuff to England is known to but few persons. There are two sections of the extreme Irish politicians in this city — the Clan-na-Gael and the Dynamiters. The former have as their nominal chiefs three residents in the United States, one of whom is John Devoy; but as their views are considered too moderate, some of their impatient subordinates have formed an inner circle, of which the men in Paris are members. The chief objects which they have in contemplation are the murdering of British officials in Ireland, and the "removing" of informers. It was this inner circle that doomed Mr. Forster to death and carried out the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Several of the men indirectly connected with the tragedy succeeded in escaping from Dublin before James Carey turned informer, and established themselves in Paris. In Paris the Invincibles and Dynamiters fraternize with one another, though neither party knows the secrets of the other. The Invincibles look upon the knife and dagger as their exclusive implements of vengeance. The Dynamiters are generally scientific men, and versed in chemistry. All, or nearly all, have been soldiers in the Papal army which fought against Garibaldi, or have seen service during the recent Civil War in the United States.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* sends an account of a series of interviews which have been held, not by himself, but by a

correspondent whom he trusts, with some representative members of the Irish colony in Paris. The persons interviewed are Mr. Patrick Casey, of the *Moniteur Universel* who is an enthusiastic advocate of the dynamite policy; Mr. James Stephens, founder and organizer of the Irish Brotherhood; Mr. John O'Leary, formerly editor of the *Irish People*, and the Very Rev. Father Hogan, of the College of St. Sulpice. Mr. Casey advocates "using the powers of science even as far as dynamite." He also upholds the Invincibles: "We can do nothing in the open field; we are therefore obliged to conspire." Mr. Stephens is opposed to dynamite. He is for open war, and advocates an armed revolution, ane a determined struggle in the field for Irish independence. Mr. O'Leary also does not believe in dynamite, the use of which he considers both criminal and inexpedient. He gives his voice for war, for meeting England in the field "by force or by the fear of force." Irishmen would, he thinks, have a chance in the event of a war between England and Russia. Father Hogan's trust is neither in dynamite nor in war. Of the interview with him the correspondent says:—"I recently had a conversation with Father Hogan, Professor of Theology at the College of St. Sulpice. He is an Irishman who has lived long in France, but who, nevertheless, takes a great interest in all that concerns his fatherland. His remarks on the recent discoveries of infernal machines in London tends to show how the Catholic Church regards the dynamite party. Father Hogan said he did not think that explosions could do any good to Ireland. The dynamiters were, first of all, committing crimes of a most heinous character, which were a peril to society at large; and, secondly, they were weaning away from the Irish cause the sympathy of many good, honest people who would support them if they attempted to gain their ends in another fashion. He knew many persons in France formerly very friendly to the Irish, who had been terrified by the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Again, he was quite satisfied,—and he thought he knew Ireland pretty well,—that that sort of action did not enjoy the sympathy of the Irish people, except of a few persons of the very lowest class. If the feelings of the bulk of the people at large were tested, he thought it would be found that there was not one in a hundred but would condemn such violent means. There was an end of all moral order, and we fell back into a state of barbarism, if every man had a right to blow up every other man who did not agree with him. Father Hogan was of opinion moreover, that the men who did the work are poor, and are probably well paid. It would be found that those who planned the explosions kept in safety themselves, while the poor tools suffered. 'What is the remedy for the Irish difficulty?' I asked. 'Well, it is very hard to say,' replied Father Hogan. 'I thing that this notion of Home Rule has a very strong hold on the popular mind, and I think it will be carried in the course of time; everything points to that result. Mr. Gladstone, himself has said, on a variety of occasions, that nothing engaged his attention more deeply. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, too, says that if the Irish people want Home Rule they have a perfect right to get it. If the Irish keep on urging their claims, I am satisfied that in the course of time they will get Home Rule. They may not get it right off, but

it will come by instalments. In fact, Mr. Gladstone has already said, that he would give the Irish people a great share of local government. He is prepared to give them County Boards. I think he will make a great change in the adminstration of justice, and now Catholics are going to have the same rights as Protestants. All this is coming because the Government has been shamed into it, and I think they will do justice to Ireland. I consider Mr. Gladstone is the man who most understands Ireland, and he is striving to do the best he can for the country. But though Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Trevelyan are well disposed towards us, if we do not keep wearying them, Parliament will never do us justice. Another thing I am quite satisfied about is, that if the measures recently adopted with regard to Ireland had been adopted some years ago Ireland would now be happy. If the Irish people get fair play, I am sure that in a few years Ireland will be one of the most prosperous countries in Europe.'"

As to the alleged improvidence of the Irish people, Father Hogan thought it arose in a great measure from their being obliged to live so long from hand to mouth. Like slaves not having rights, they did not value rights. He thought the landlords viewed the land question very unfairly. They too often obliged a farmer to pay such an exorbitant rent that he could not give any dower to his daughter when she was married. Many of the landlords, however, were more like fathers to their tenants than landlords. Still, the bulk of the money made in the country was spent out of it, and as long as that was the case it would not flourish. The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, on the other hand, treats the story of the Irish conspirators in Paris very lightly; he writes :— Low-class Irishmen, some of whom have clearly been reared in English slums, continually pester me with offers to furnish news about the dynamite conspiracy. I was told to-day on most creditable Irish authority, of a kind of agency for concocting and selling news which has been formed by a couple of fellows who are hard up, and will give any kind of romance that will suit the color of the journal for which it is wanted for a few guineas. A high police official assures me of his conviction that none of the dynamite used in England was brought from France. Habits of espionage are so strong in French cities, towns and villages, that no secret factory could go on for any length of time without being suspected, denounced, and discovered. As to dynamite being obtained at the licensed factories, it is now impossible without speedy discovery.

Early on Monday morning there was a "shindy" with swords in the Bois de Boulogne. One of the parties was Mr. Joseph Casey, the Fenian, who was arrested, with Colonel Richard Burke, in 1867, and confined within Clerkenwell prison, the explosion there being designed to free them. He went to France immediately on his release, and served in the Foreign Legion during the Franco-Prussian War. The other combatant was Captain Scully, an Irish-American, who fought in the War of Secession, and also in Mexico. He was suspected of being an informer; hence the duel. After several passes Captain Scully's sword broke, and Casey wounded him in the neck, but not seriously. A reconciliation was effected, and the parties afterwards breakfasted together.

The Minstrel.

When first I seized my youthful lyre,
And smote the golden strings thereof,
The trembling chords were all on fire
With flames of earthly love.

But brief the dream; its aloe-bloom
Lay with my lyre on funeral-shrine;
And there, beside an open tomb,
I sang of love divine.

Now, in my life's rich ripening,
The sparkling strings salute my hand,
And earth and skies blend, as I sing
Of God and Fatherland.

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Coming Back to the Old Church.

The greatest ceremonial of a religious character that has occurred for some time was the opening of the new oratory in Brompton, a fashionable suburb, by the Oratorians, who are the most successful missionaries in London, and have the most aristocratic congregations. All the Catholic Bishops of England (16, and 200 clergymen,) were present; the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Denbigh, and all the other titled Catholics of the country, and a congregation of two thousand persons. Most of the London papers, with that spirit of toleration which is now universal in England, speak kindly of the Church; and the Protestant Episcopal Church has borrowed another leaf from the Book of the Vatican by introducing orchestral music into its services. On Easter Sunday the band of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, one of the most fashionable and fastest regiments, took part in a service at St Martin's Church, Brighton, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" was rendered with an orchestral accompaniment. Of the growth of the Catholic religion in England, observes the *Weekly Register*, the growth of the Congregation of the Oratory may be taken as a type. Frederick Faber ceased to be an Anglican clergyman in the November of 1845. Soon after his conversion, he settled in a house at Birmingham with the young men who had accompanied him from Elton, where his parsonage had been the centre of their spiritual life. This little community, who were called Wilfridians, soon after removed to Cotton Hall, near Cheadle, where Lord Shrewsbury installed them and built

them a handsome church. Father Faber, for he had now become a priest — had been at St. Wilfrid's for only fifteen months when Cardinal Newman — whose absence from London is a cause of disappointment and regret at the festival to-day — arrived in Birmingham from Rome, commissioned to set up the Oratory in England. It was at once settled that the Wilfridians should adopt the "Philippine habit, with turned-down collars, like so many good boys brought in after dinner," as Father Faber whimsically says. Nine months later Cardinal Newman resolved to establish a congregation in London; and, preferring to remain at Birmingham himself, sent Father Faber to be at its head. The house in King William Street, Strand, was entered in April, 1849, and there he and his companions remained until 1854, when they removed to the Oratory at Brompton. The house attached alike to the old and the new church continued to be Father Faber's home, until he needed a home no longer; and it was there he breathed his last in the year 1863. In the twenty years that have elapsed since then, the work of the Oratory has never flagged. The spirit of the first Father Superior has animated those who have come after him; and they have created a centre of religious activity which has had an altogether extraordinary influence, direct and indirect. They have fed their own flock, and they have also been an example to other shepherds. They hold not only the affection of their co-religionists, but the respect of the outer world. Thirty-three years ago the walls of London were posted with placards bearing the singularly true ejaculation, "No Popery! Down with the Oratorians! No Religion at all!" and even *gentlemen* shouted curses from their carriage windows at the habited Fathers as they passed. To-day in this modern Babylon, where nothing is supposed to succeed without the blazonry and publicity of advertisements, no placards are needed to draw together a vast concourse to witness the inauguration of the new Oratory; and if gentlemen curse at all from their carriage windows, it is at the police who stop them in their course to make free passage for the crowd of bidden guests. But in the hour of their triumph, no less than in days of persecution, the Fathers of the Oratory will be true to their trust; and, even though they are now the possessors of the most imposing Catholic church in London, none will remember more constantly than they that — in the words of a recent writer — it is not buildings but souls that constitute the Church.

COFFEE AND EGGS FOR SICK PERSONS. — A sick person, wanting nourishment and having lost appetite, can often be sustained on the following, when nothing else can be taken: Make a strong cup of coffee, adding boiling milk as usual, only sweetened rather more; take an egg, beat the yelk and white together thoroughly; boil the coffee, milk and sugar together, and pour it over the beaten egg in the cup you are going to serve it in. This simple recipe is used frequently in hospital practice.

That Big Trout: A Sentimental Story.

We knew him very well. Year after year, as winter gave place to kindly spring, he used to come back to his old haunt under the culvert that ran over the Middleton brook, beside the mill plantation. And there, on a fine warm evening, we could generally see him if we peeped cautiously over, lazily sucking in what flies the eddies carried right into his mouth; for he would barely stir a yard to gobble up the finest "green drake" that ever got into limbo by dallying with the treacherously smiling water's edge. No, he was not a greedy fish, but took what good things Fortune sent him, without troubling himself about the flotsam and jetsam that passed him by on the right hand and on the left. But probably his lazy, easy temperament kept him in high condition, for he was a lusty trout, with a girth and sides that would have done credit to our London aldermen. To see him was to admire and long after him. For, as near as we could guess from so long an acquaintance with his lordship of the brook, he would be three and a half pounds' weight, or even a little over. And how we did long to have him on dry land, that the accuracy of good British standard weights might decide to a nicety whether our judgment was discriminating or at fault! But the difficulty was to inveigle the monster. And that perhaps lent him his greatest charm. He was so far from curious, so little inclined to be hasty in his action, that minnow and worm and fly, if hooks were part of their appendage, could never extract from him the faintest semblance of "a glorious nibble." No matter, either, whether the water was thick and brown with a thunder shower, or clear with summer drought, he let our lures alone. As a a family friend, we all used to drop him a line in turn, while our opinions differed as to the best method for enticing him into a correspondence. My father, whose views were of the severely honest order, would never attempt anything but the straightforward if artificial fly, and the times that he has wriggled at full length up the bank, cowering behind some opportune tussocks of reeds and grass, only to be disappointed of a rise, would make all sympathetic and right-feeling angels weep.

One frequent visitor of ours, a Mr. Clifford, was desperately enamoured of this retiring trout, and there were no stratagems that he held too base to employ for his capture. He generally waited till the brook was in flood, and then dropped in large worms at the top end of the culvert, letting the stream carry them nicely in the direction of the monster's jaws. Live minnows, too, with a hook very delicately inserted under the skin so as to leave them full scope for their most natural gambols in the water, were dispatched in the same direction; but never a bite came but once. That once I shall never forget. I was sitting on the bridge, when all of a moment I saw my friend's eyes go round as saucers, and his fingers tighten convulsively upon the rod. "I have him now," he hissed between his teeth, as the line came taut and the rod bent double. For an instant there was a determined re-

sistance, the next an audacious quarter-of-a-pounder was flying wildly through the air at the rate of forty miles an hour, over the head of the disgusted Mr. Clifford. He never heard the last of that; but it did not make him desist from his efforts at luring the coy beauty. Why the big trout was never caught napping when the water was colored we could not make out. I had a theory (it may be romantic, but I gave that fish credit for all human sagacity) that when he saw one of these tempting lobworms or lively minnows bearing down upon him, he used to sail up stream till he got above the bait, and then drop down sideways in the current a few inches above it, to see if his portly form encountered the unseen resistance of a casting line.

To come to my own pet way of angling for him: I had a great idea of "dibbing" or "daping" with the natural fly, bluebottle, grasshopper, or what not, impaled upon a tiny hook. As my feeling was that this suspicious customer was always looking out for casting lines, my notion was, Don't let him have any of those troublesome things in the water to bother him and get in his way. "Dibbing" is the very thing for him: you keep a big bumble-bee flopping up and down on the top of the water, and if you only make it look lifelike enough, you'll get him one of these days. But the day was long in coming. I shall never forget peeping cautiously through the reeds and seeing the sardonic look upon his lordship's face as I kept agitating the rod point and keeping a large mayfly dancing wildly about two feet from his stately nose. He never showed the slightest desire to possess himself of the dainty, and only acknowledged the delicate attention at last by sheering a foot further off. This want of confidence hurt me very much.

The keeper's idea was that a fish like that was better out of the brook than in — "always a-eating of the small fry," as he elegantly condescended to explain. So Velveteens was allowed to have a grand field day, when he summoned two or three other choice spirits; and, after mature deliberation, they agreed to block up both ends of the culvert with nets and then frighten him into one of them. So the geniuses set to work with their apparatus, and refreshment in the shape of a large stone jar of heady ale. And first they blocked up one end, watching to see he didn't bolt, and then they closed up the other. Now they were sure they had got him; and they sent word up to the house for the gentlemen to come and see the big trout caught. But we didn't quite like the idea of a game fish being done to death in that fashion, so none of us went down — fortunately, as it happened, for in the event there was very little to see. When they had got their nets down, one intrepid spirit volunteered to go in under the culvert with a stick, to "prod" him out. In he went, and splashed under the culvert, in a very cramped and uncomfortable position, I should rather fancy; but after "prodding" away for a quarter of an hour without bolting the big fish, he came out again looking rather in want of fresh air, and said two or three big "snags" had drifted in with the stream under the culvert, and the trout must be trotting up and down under these, for he never could even feel him with all his "prodding."

After some bad language, and finishing the contents of the stone

jar, Velveteens then disbanded his talented coterie, and sent up to the house to know if he might shoot him next time he might "'appen upon 'im houtside the culvert.' But this roused the finer feelings of our very imperfect nature, for so far as we had been consenting unto his untimely end by nets and "prodding." But now we felt that his escape was providential, and we unanimously declared that so fine a fish should never come to his end save by fair and lawful methods.

Alas, for such a goodly resolution! Only the very next week we had two troublesome school-boy cousins to stay with us, and we were sorely put to it to provide them with entertainment. Fortunately they were, considering their age and inexperience, determined anglers; and as the contemplative sport took up much of their time and very little of ours, we always encouraged their dispositions towards it to the fullest extent. We even went so far as to tell them all about our pet trout, laughing in our sleeve the while to think what a pretty dance he would lead them if they once fairly became engrossed in endeavors for his capture. We really turned an apopletic purple with inward laughter when giving them full instructions how to approach the culvert without being observed by the ever-watchful fish. But we laughed too soon.

It was only one short hour afterwards, that two members of our party, as they were leisurely pacing up and down the terrace walk, heard howls of delight proceeding from the vicinity of the Mill plantation culvert, howls so inexpressibly dreadful, that their first thought was that one of those unruly schoolboys was murdering the other, and that this devoted other was strenuously resisting his own untimely demise. Full of this idea, they fled wildly in the direction of the culvert, and were rewarded on arrival at the brook by seeing these two pleasant boys squatting like Red Indians upon their hams, yelling with an irrepressible emotion, and in the midst of them, flopping vainly on the grass, was a 4 lbs. trout!

The rest of this sad story is soon told. Our instructions how to approach unseen had been all too perfect. With an ingenuity that was positively fiendish, they had first made a cross-line out of a ball of string we had unwittingly lent them to fly their kites with, and had attached to the middle of this line a yard of strong salmon gut, and to that, again, three powerful hooks tied back to back as in pike-fishing, with livebait. This done, like some crafty Ojibbeway upon the war-path, one wily schoolboy had squirmed along, *ventre à terre*, and across the culvert till he was safe on the further bank, and exactly opposite the unconscious fish, taking one end of the cross-line with him. With Macchiavellian cunning had they then approached the water down either bank, till they could just get a peep of the monster through the rushes, and could drop the hooks softly into the water not far from his noble tail. He had no suspicion of his danger, but lay, they said, without ever moving, till they worked the hooks stealthily along, using fair "give and take" with the cross-line, right under his belly fins; and then — *horresco referens!* — they regularly "*snatched*" him. One good upward jerk from two powerful schoolboy arms, acting in harmonious accord, fixed the hooks firmly into the under part

of his body, and then his "play" (or so they called it, for what was death to him was sport to his inhuman assailants) was brief but tremendous.

Alas for the trout! he was goodly and pleasant in his life, yet the Philistines got him instead of some more high-minded and right-thinking sportsman.

Boston's Protest Against Italian Robbery.

On Thursday evening, 8th May, there was held in Music Hall, a mass meeting of a character probably never before held or known in Boston. It was an assemblage of the people, without regard to race or creed, under the auspices of the Catholic Union of Boston, to protest against the action of the Italian Government in the proposed confiscation of the property of the Congregatio de Propaganda Fide, or the society for propagating the Faith in Rome. In 1866 and 1867, it will be remembered, the Italian Government passed laws suppressing religious orders, corporations and congregations, and provided that the property thereof should be confiscated and turned into the national exchequer. Recently the Italian Government supported by a decision of the court of cassation, announced its purpose to confiscate the property of this society, which is commonly called the Propaganda. This organization is an institution belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. It consists of many colleges and theological institutions, established for the purpose of educating young men of all nationalities for the Catholic priesthood. The money to found these colleges has been contributed by Catholics in all parts of the world since the establishment of the society in 1622, and the property is really held by the Propaganda in trust. When Victor Emmanuel signed the laws of 1866 and 1867, by which the contemplated confiscation is to be made, he expressly stated that the enactments were not aimed at the Propaganda, and that it was exempt from its provisions. In view of the inequitable and unconstitutional provisions of these statutes, assaulting as they do the fundamental principles of natural justice, and the statement of Victor Emmanuel, the recent action of the Italian Government has caused great indignation among, and a most emphatic protest from, the entire Catholic people of the world. In connection with the Propaganda is an American College, established by funds contributed by the American Catholics in 1859, a prerequisite for entrance to which is that the student must be an American. When it became known that the Italian Government proposed to take possession of the college, with the other institutions of this Propaganda, by the right of might, the Cardinal Archbishop of New York communicated with President Arthur, beseeching his official intervention in order to save the property of Americans held in trust in Rome. Through his speedy recognition of the request, and the prompt diplo-

matic action of the United States, the American College was exempted from seizure. That being accomplished, the voice of American Catholics is now heard in protest against the unlawful confiscation of the remaining property of the Propaganda, and in order that Boston might be heard and recorded, the meeting was held.

The introductory remarks were made by J. Audley Maxwell, president of the Catholic Union, who stated the purpose of the meeting, and gave a short resume of the Propaganda and its work. In introducing the president he said: "I know of no man who could with more propriety be invited to preside, no man who can more fitly preside, than the gentleman whom I am about to introduce. His course has been marked by wisdom, moderation and justice,—above all, by fearless independence. The conflicts of race, of class, of creed, have never aided, and I trust will never retard his high career."

The president of the evening, Hon. William Gaston, as he rose was greeted with a perfect storm of applause, and it was some time before he could proceed. After expressing his thanks for the warm reception given him, he said that the meeting carried its own justification. This meeting, he said, is to protest against an act which every honest man must declare to be unparalleled in the history of the world. It is to seek redress for this great wrong which has been committed in the enlightenment of our civilization, that we are here this evening. It is to raise your voice, with others, against this great injustice. Mr. Gaston then said that he should leave the matter of stating the details of the case in hand to other and more eloquent lips, and should simply be the means by which the speakers should be presented. The Most Rev. Archbishop Williams was then introduced, and was enthusiastically received. He said: Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen,— This evening I had not intended to say anything, because this was an open case. I did not think it a case where the hierarchy of the Church should say anything, but I thought it advisable to let the gentlemen of the Catholic Union and their friends speak upon the subject. On the other hand I did not want to be absent from such a meeting, and finding that if I should come I should be forced to speak, I consented, and in speaking on this subject I shall say nothing of the injustice of the act, nor of the legal question bearing upon the act, but shall confine myself to one feature of the subject which interests us as Catholics. As the president of the union said in opening the meeting, the Congregation of the Propaganda of the Faith is the right arm of the Church, the means by which the Holy Father governs more than three-fourths of the Catholic world. Under the authority of the Propaganda is comprised all except the old countries of Europe that were formerly all Catholic. So that at present all of America, all of Asia, all of Africa and the islands of the ocean, come under the authority of the Propaganda. This congregation is about two centuries and a half old. It commenced a few years before the opening of that little school which has expanded to such an extent in the town of Cambridge, Harvard College. Only a few years before that the Propaganda was founded. At that time, before the great change in religious matters in Europe in the sixteenth century, the

governments of the world being Catholic, the Catholic Church protected her missionaries and the clergy everywhere. Then the Holy Father, to give his help to those nations which required the assistance of missionaries, gave his adhesion to the good work. The old Catholic countries of England, Scotland and Ireland became subject to the authority of the Propaganda, and it is a coincidence worthy of mention that the same Pope that commenced the foundations of the Propaganda, at the same time laid the foundation of the Irish College at Rome. They had no college in Ireland to educate the Levites, and this college, which still exists at Rome, was founded. [Applause.] The college which was then established, called the Urban College, after the Pope under whose pontificate it was built, is the same as that in Rome to-day. The ideal of this college was to bring young men from the uttermost parts of the world and teach them all the civilization then known in the world under the guidance of the Holy Father, and send them out to distant countries, with as full a knowledge as if they were to exercise their ministry in the most civilized parts of Europe.

When the Propaganda commenced there were Catholics here in this country who required the services of priests and afterwards of bishops. It was through that organization that all the series of priests and bishops have been maintained in this country. Young men have been brought to Rome and educated and sent back and not one cent paid to Rome for it. Such has been the system. It is impossible to make them take a cent for anything they have done. Rome is the great centre of all the Catholic world. In Rome there are great societies which we call bureaus, as in Washington they are called bureaus, which take charge of the different departments of the Catholic Church. People going to Rome think they see a great many priests there who do nothing but live in idleness, but they have the care of 200,000,000 of people, while the clerks in the departments at Washington do the work for only 50,000,000. Every bishop is appointed by the Propaganda, with the approval of the Holy Father. Every appeal from three-fourths of the world comes there; every decision that is required and every new effort before it goes into effect must pass through the Propaganda before it is presented to the Holy Father. All this work is done for us, and done for nothing. For 100 years we have derived these benefits from Rome. This is not a sentiment; this is not crying out against the Italian government doing this or doing that; it is not interfering with their laws; it is claiming a right which we have enjoyed for 260 years, and for an institution which was not founded by the Italian government, but by all Christendom.

There is one regret which I wish to mention. It strikes me as unworthy a nation like Italy, which has such glorious memories and traditions of the past, that it should be so blind to its own interest, so blind to its glorious institutions, and particularly this one institution, which has no parallel in the world — so blind as to try to stamp it out of existence. It is to be regretted that a great nation should know so little of its own glory. If the Propaganda should be destroyed, although at present they simply wish to curtail its power, the next

move, of course, will be the absence from Rome of him who rules the whole Catholic world. And when the Propaganda has left and the Holy Father leaves, where then will be the glory of Rome? Then they will find that it is not the Italian government that makes Rome. When the Holy Father has gone and his right arm is stricken down, then Rome will be the country town it was when the Pope was in France. So it will be again if they are ever so unfortunate as to drive him out of their city. [Great applause.] The next speaker was Judge Mellen Chamberlain. He said that the history of the world showed that a wrong done always reacts upon the doer, and a man who stands by and allows a wrong to go on without protesting is as guilty as the wrongdoer.

The secretary, Mr. J. Stuart MacCorry, at this point read letters from Hon. F. O. Prince, Hon. J. G. Abbott and Hon. Charles Theodore Russell regretting their inability to be present.

After remarks by the Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury, Judge Fallon presented the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, the Italian government, claiming authority from the laws passed in 1866 and 1867, suppressing "religious orders, corporations and congregations," and providing that the property of religious corporations should be turned into the national exchequer, has recently announced its determination, backed up by a decision of the court of cassation, to convert into Italian rentes the property of the "Congregation for the Propaganda of the Faith," commonly called the Propaganda, and that the interest or net revenue merely of the property so converted should be paid to the institution, and

WHEREAS, the Propaganda is neither a religious congregation, order or corporation, but a great educational and missionary branch of the Catholic church, and its property equitably and justly belongs, not to Italy, but to the entire Catholic world, having been created by the donations of pious individuals from every quarter of the globe, contributed for educational as well as missionary purposes at various times since the year 1622,

Resolved, that the decision of the Court of Cassation, holding that under the laws of Italy, passed in 1866 and 1867, the property of the Propaganda was liable to be converted into rentes, in view of the official admissions of Italian ministers, and the declaration of Victor Emmanuel himself, made at the time of the passage of those laws, that they were not aimed at, and did not include the property of the Propaganda, is unwarranted, untenable, and wrong.

Resolved, that the inevitable depreciation of the property of the Propaganda through enforced sales, the confiscation of more than one-third the price thereof under the name of taxes, and the conversion of the balance into rentes or bonds, would be an act of unparallelled spoilation and robbery, and would bring upon the government of Italy and its subservient judiciary, universal odium.

Resolved, that in common with all just men, the people of this city and commonwealth, rising above the limits of creed and nationality, in the name of justice and honesty, in the name of education and Christianity itself, solemnly protest against and denounce this wicked spoilation of the Propaganda — this wanton confiscation of its property.

Mr. Thomas J. Gargan advocated the adoption of the resolutions in an eloquent speeeh. As soon as Mr. Gargan had seated himself the president arose and stated that the last service of the evening would be to take action on the resolutions which had been read. He then put the question of their acceptance, and it was carried by an unanimous vote. The thundering "yes" which came from the audience fairly seemed to shake the building.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SIEGE OF ROSS.

Cromwell encamps before Ross — Taaffe Governor — Summons to Surrender — The Three-Bullet Gate — No Toleration — No Quarter for Irishmen — No Mercy for Priests — Surrender of the Town — Terms of Surrender — Cromwell's Lodging at Ross.

CROMWELL'S soldiers were already weary of the hardships of the winter's campaign, and frequently showed a disposition to mutiny.[1] He quieted them with the assurance that the expedition to Ross should be the last service demanded of them for the year, and that, after the capture of that town, they should go into winter quarters. On the 15th of October he left Wexford. Ballyhaly castle,[2] the residence of the Cheevers family, was besieged; it was destroyed with the exception of the towers, of which there were formerly four. Detachments were sent to Tintern and Dunbrody, which reduced the garrisons there.[3] Two days later, he encamped before New Ross, a walled town situated on the river Barrow, "a very pleasant and commodious river, bearing vessels of a heavy burden." He had with him but three pieces of cannon. Ormonde sent Sir Lucas Taaffe,[4] whose abilities he overrated, with 1,500 foot to defend the place — there were already 1,000 foot garrisoning the town — and hearing of Cromwell's advance he marched with his army towards Ross, and encamped on the other side of the river, in view of the English army. The enemy being separated by the river, could offer no opposition to his

[1] "His army decays incredibly and will become very inconsiderable unless it be strongly and speedily recruited out of England, and had been already wasted, had not towns been poorly given him, and the winter proved fairer than in man's memory any winter hath been." State of Armies in Ireland, in *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 466.

[2] In the parish of Kilturk and barony of Bargy. It was given to Colonel Bunbury, the Cheevers family being obliged to "transplant" to Killyan, in the county of Galway. The castle and estates were sold by the Bunbury family early in the last century. Only one of the towers remains. See *Kilk. Arch. Journal*, for 1863, p. 319.

[3] *Brief Chronicle*, p. 5. These were both Cistercian abbeys. Tintern was founded by William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, in 1200, in thanksgiving to the B. V. Mary for having saved him from shipwreck. Hence it was called Sancta Maria de Voto. Dunbrody was founded by Hervey de Monte Marisco in 1182; it was called Sancta Maria de Portu. Archdall's *Monasticon*, pp. 752 and 736.

[4] He was the third son of Lord Taaffe. After Cromwell's reduction of the kingdom, he submitted with his brother Francis, a Colonel of the Confederate army, and the forces under their command, upon articles concluded at Dunmore; yet he was excepted from pardon for life or estate. Being forced to leave Ireland, he served for some time as colonel in Italy and Spain. He died in Ireland and was buried at Ballymote. Archdall's *Peerage*, vol. iv. p. 293. By the author of the *Aphor. Disc.*, he is called "a common, cogging gamester, a routebanke, and temporiser fit for any stamp, a prime member of Ormonde's party and faction." Vol. i. pp. 145 and 173.

coming. Before taking over the command, Taaffe came to the camp and asked for an order under the Lord Lieutenant's hand for the defence of the town as long as it was possible; and for the surrender when it should be decided by a council of the chief officers that it could hold out no longer.

On his arrival before the town, Cromwell sent the following summons to the Governor:—

(1.) For the Commander-in-Chief in Ross. These:

Before Ross, 17th October, 1649.

SIR,

Since my coming into Ireland, I have this witness for myself, that I have endeavored to avoid effusion of blood; having been before no place to which such terms have not been first sent as might have turned to the good and preservation of those to whom they were offered; this being my principle, that the people and places where I come may not suffer, except through their own wilfulness.

To the end I may observe the like course with this place and the people therein, I do hereby summon you to deliver the town of Ross into my hands, to the use of the Parliament of England. Expecting your speedy answer,

I rest your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The trumpeter who carried the summons was not allowed to enter the town; his message was received at the gates, and he was told that an answer would be given in due time. The batteries of the besieging army were therefore got ready during the night, and preparations made for storming the outworks. Early on the morning of Friday, the 19th, the large guns began to play. Soon after the Governor sent the following answer to the summons:—

(2.) For General Cromwell, or, in his absence, for the Commander-in-Chief of the Army now encamped before Ross.

Ross, 19th October, 1649.

SIR,

I received a summons from you the first day you appeared before this place, which should have been answered ere now, had not other o[illegible] interrupted me. And although I am now in far better condition to defend this place than I was at that time, yet am I, upon the considerations offered in your summons, content to entertain a treaty, and to receive from you those conditions that may be safe and honorable for me to accept of. Which, if you listen to, I desire that pledges on both sides may be sent for performance of such articles as may be agreed upon; and that all acts of hostility may cease on both sides, and each party keep within their distance. To this your immediate resolution is expected by,

Sir, your servant,

LUCAS TAAFFE.

To which Cromwell immediately replied:—

(3.) For the Governor in Ross. These:

Before Ross, 19th October, 1649.

SIR,

If you like to march away with those under your command, with their arms, bag and baggage, and with drums and colors, and shall deliver up the town to me, I shall give caution to perform these conditions, expecting the like from you. As to the inhabitants, they shall be permitted to live peaceably, free from the injury and violence of the soldier.

If you like hereof, you can tell how to let me know your mind, notwithstanding my refusal of a cessation. By these you will see the reality of my intentions to save blood, and preserve the place from ruin.

I rest your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The batteries still continued to play, and a breach was soon made in the wall, close by the Three Bullet gate. The men were drawn out in line, ready to advance for the storm, Lieutenant-Colonel Ingoldsby being chosen by lot to lead them. Taaffe, seeing how matters stood sent the following reply :—

(4.) For General Cromwell. These:

Ross, 19th October, 1649.

SIR,

There wants but little of what I would propose: which is, that such townsmen as have a desire to depart may have liberty within a convenient time to carry away themselves and their goods; and liberty of conscience to such as shall stay; and that I may carry away such artillery and ammunition as I have in my command. If you be inclined to this, I will send upon your honor, as a safe conduct, an officer to conclude with you. To which your immediate answer is expected by,

Sir, your servant,

LUCAS TAAFFE.[1]

To understand the full meaning of Cromwell's answer to the above letter, we must call to mind the spirit that animated the Puritans, and the cruelties which they perpetrated on Catholics. Some time before the rebellion broke out, it was confidently asserted that Sir John Clotworthy, who well knew the designs of the faction that governed the House of Commons in England, had declared in a speech, that the conversion of the Papists was only to be effected by the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other. Sir William Parsons positively asserted that within a twelvemonth no Catholic should be seen in Ireland. On the 8th of December, 1641, both Houses of the English Parliament passed a joint declaration, in answer to the demand of the Irish for the full exercise of their religion, that they would born in Ireland out of all capitulations, agreements, and compositions

[1] Bate says his spirit was cowed by the noise of six or seven shots. *Elenchus*, &c. pt. 2, p. 28. The tradition in the town is, that he surrendered after the besiegers had fired only three shots; hence the name given to the gate. It was formerly called the "Ladies' Gate"; by some it is thought to have been the same which was built to commemorate the generous gifts of the ladies of Ross towards the building of the walls:

"Then they said a gate they'd make,
Called the Ladies' for their sake."

See Appendix vi.: "The Walling of Ross." This beautiful specimen of Early English architecture was pulled down by the Corporation in 1845. A stone fixed in the wall of a corn-store near the site bears the following inscription, recording the wit as well as the taste of that body:—

This is the west side of
Bewly Gate, taken down
In the year 1845, by consent
Of the Town Commissioners.

Lord Mountjoy, colonel of the Dublin militia, was killed on the same spot when the town was attacked on the 5th of June, 1798. See *Kilk. Arch. Journal* for 1858, p. 206. The Market gate also was taken down some years ago.

hereafter to be made with the enemy; and upon taking of every such Irishman and Papist born in Ireland, forthwith to put such persons to death. On the 23d December, 1646, the Scotch parliament ordained that the Irish prisoners taken at and after the battle of Philipshaugh in all the prisons of the kingdom, should be executed without any assize or process, conformably to the treaty between the two kingnever give their assent to any toleration of the Papist religion in Ireland, or in any other part of his Majesty's dominions. On the 24th of October, 1644, the parliament of England made an ordinance against giving of any quarter to any Irishman or to any Papist born in Ireland, taken in hostility against the parliament by sea or land. Strict orders were given to the Lord General, Lord Admiral, and all other officers by sea and land, to except all Irishmen and all Papists doms passed in act. "The Parliamentary party," says Clarendon, "had grounded their own authority and strength upon such foundations as were inconsistent with any toleration of the Catholic religion, and even with any humanity to the Irish nation, and more especially to those of the old native extraction, the whole race whereof they had upon the matter sworn to an utter exterpation." "The orders of the parliament," says Borlase, "were excellently well executed." A contemporary writer says, the Irish Puritans rioted in the promiscuous slaughter of women, old men, and children, and the English auxiliaries openly avowed that they would strain every nerve to extirpate without mercy the Irish race. Some even talked, like Antiochus concerning Jerusalem, of making Ireland the common burying-place of the Irish people. Captain Swanly took a transport bound from Ireland to England with 150 men on board, sent by Ormonde to the King. He selected 70 of his captives and threw them overboard, because they were Irish. In the journals of the House of Commons we find that he was called into the House, and had thanks given him for his good service, and a chain of gold to the value of £200. For priests, above all, there was no mercy. The Lords Justices Borlase and Parsons, in the beginning of the rebellion, had forbidden any quarters to be given to those Catholics whom they found in arms, and principally all priests, as being known incendiaries of the rebellion and prime actors in exemplary cruelty. When any forces surrendered, they were always excepted; they were thenceforth out of protection, to be treated as enemies that had not surrendered. Pym boasted that not a priest would be left in Ireland. "We have three beasts to destroy, that lay burdens on us," said one of the party; "the first is a wolf, on whom we lay five pounds a head; the second beast is a priest, on whose head we lay ten pounds; if he be eminent, more; the third beast is a Tory." "Cromwell," says Lord Macaulay, "resolved to put an end to that conflict of races and religions which had so long distracted Ireland, by making the English and Protestant population decidedly predominant. For this end he gave the rein to the fierce enthusiasm of his followers, waged war resembling that which Israel waged on the Canaanites, and smote the idolaters with the edge of the sword." "During the ten years of Cromwell's government," says Mr. Froude, "the priests and their works were at an end."

(5.) For the Governor in Ross: These:

Before Ross, 19th October, 1649.

SIR,

To what I formerly offered, I shall make good. As for your carrying away any artillery or ammunition that you brought not in with you, or hath not come to you since you had the command of that place, I must deny you that, expecting you to leave it as you found it.

For that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, where the Parliament of England have power, that will not be allowed of. As for such of the townsmen who desire to depart and carry away themselves and goods, as you express, I engage myself, they shall have three months' time so to do; and in the meantime shall be protected from violence in their persons and goods, as others under the obedience of the Parliament.

If you accept of this offer, I engage my honor for a punctual performance hereof. I rest your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

(6.) For General Cromwell.

October 19th, 1649.

SIR,

I am content to yield up this place upon the terms offered in your last and first letters. And if you please to send your safe conduct to such as I shall appoint to perfect these conditions, I shall, on receipt thereof, send them to you. In the interval, to cease all acts of hostility, and that all parties keep their own ground, until matters receive a full end. And so remains,

Sir, your servant,

LUCAS TAAFFE.

(7.) For the Governor of Ross.

October 19th, 1649.

SIR,

You have my hand and honor engaged to perform what I offered in my first and last letters; which I shall inviolably observe. I expect you to send me immediately four persons of such quality as may be hostages for your performance; for whom you have this safe conduct enclosed, into which you may insert their names. Without which I shall not cease acts of hostility. If anything happen by your delay to your prejudice, it will not be my fault. Those you send may see the conditions perfected. Whilst I forbear acts of hostility, I expect you forbear all actings within. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

"This," says an old London newspaper, "was the last message between them, the Governor sending out his four hostages to compose and perfect the agreement, and hereupon the batteries ceased, and our intentions to storm the town were disappointed. Thus, within the space of three days, we had possession of this place, without the effusion of blood; it being a very considerable place, and very good quarter for the refreshment of our soldiers. The enemy marched over the river to the other side, and did not come out on that side of the town where we had encamped." Some five hundred English soldiers that were in the town, most of them the Munster forces, entered the services of the parliament: the rest, to the number of 1,500, followed Taaffe over the river to Kilkenny.

After garrisoning Ross, Ormonde set off for Kilkenny, to meet a part of Owen Roe's army coming to join him under Hugh O'Neill. On the way the next morning, October 19th, he heard the report of Cromwell's cannon, but he had no notion that the town would surrender so soon.

The following were the terms of surrender: —

Articles concluded and agreed upon by and between the Right Honorable the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland of the one part, and the Governor of Ross of the other part, the 19th October, 1649: —

1. It is concluded and agreed, That the Governor of Ross, with all his command, may march into Kilkenny or Leighlin bridge, with their arms, bag and baggages, drums beating, colors flying, bullet in bouche, bandoliers full of powder, and matches lighted at both ends, provided they march thither in three days, and that no act of hostility be committed during the said time.

2. It is concluded and agreed, That such townsmen as desire to depart and to carry away themselves and their goods, shall have three months' time so to do; and in the mean time shall be preserved from violence in their persons and goods, as others under the obedience of the Parliament of England; and that a convoy may be sent with them to secure them in their journeys.

3. It is concluded and agreed, That the inhabitants shall be permitted to live peacefully, and enjoy their goods and estates free from the injury and violence of the soldiers.

4. In consideration whereof, the Governor of Ross is to surrender into my hands the town of Ross, artillery, arms, ammunition, and other utensils of war that are therein, by three of the clock this present day, except such as were brought in by the said Governor, or such as came in since he had the command thereof; and by two of the clock to permit the Lord Lieutenant to put three hundred men into the block-house, gate-house near the breach, and the white tower near the same.

5. For the performance of the Articles on the said Governor's side, he is to deliver four such hostages as I shall approve of.

JAMES CRARFORD, MATH. LYNELL, THOMAS GAYNAN, MATH. DORMER, } *Commissioners and hostages for the Governor.*

I do approve and conform these articles.

LUCAS TAAFFE.

An extension of these articles was afterwards granted: —

I do hereby grant and desire that the promises of protection and all other benefits granted to the inhabitants of the town of Ross in the third article concluded upon the surrender of the said town, shall be extended and continued to the said inhabitants, as well after the three months mentioned in the second of the said articles as during that space, they behaving themselves peaceably and faithfully as becometh persons under protection, submitting to the authority of the Parliament of England.

Given at Ross the thirteenth day of November, 1649.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

While Cromwell did continue in Ross, he lodged in the house of the sovereign, Francis Dormer, where did hang a picture of my Lord of Ormonde. Cromwell gazing on it, asked who it was that it represented? Being told, he said, "The man whom the picture concerned was more like a huntsman than any way a soldier;" which was most

true, and the very party so inclined by education and nature. Here, too, the churches were plundered.[1] When leaving, he appointed Colonel Daniel Axtell governor of the town.[2]

During the siege, or soon after, a party was sent to seize Ballycerogue castle, five miles south of Ross, then in the possession of the Sutton family. The inmates refused to surrender, and when an attempt was made to capture it, they offered a successful resistance. The assailants, angered at their repulse, set fire to it; twenty-three of the family were consumed in the flames, only two escaped.[3]

The following is Cromwell's official account to the speaker of the parliament of England, dated Ross, October 25th, 1649:

"Since my last from Wexford we marched to Ross, a walled town situated upon the Barrow, a port-town, up to which a ship of seven or eight hundred tons may come.

"We came before it upon Wednesday, the 17th instant, with three pieces of cannon. That evening I sent a summons; Major-General Taaffe being governor, refused to admit my trumpet within the town; but took the summons in, returning me no answer. I did hear that near 1,000 foot had been put into this place some few days before my coming to it. The next day was spent in making preparations for our battery; and in our view there were boated over from the other side of the river, of English, Scotch, and Irish, 1,500 more; Ormonde, Castlehaven, and the Lord of Ardes being on the other side of the water to cause it to be done.

"That night we planted our battery, which began to play early the next morning. The governor immediately sent forth an answer to my summons; copies of all which I make bold to trouble you with; the rather because you may see how God pulls down proud stomachs. The governor desired commissioners might treat, and that in the meantime there might be a ceasing of acts of hostility on both sides. Which I refused; sending in word, that if he would march away with arms, bag and baggage, and give me hostages for performance, he should. Indeed, he might have done it without my leave, by the advantage of the river. He insisted upon having the cannon with him, which I would not yield unto, but required the leaving the artillery and ammunition; which he was content to do, and marched away, leaving the great artillery and ammunition in the stores to me. When they marched away, at least 500 English, many of them of the Munster forces, came to us.

"Ormonde is at Kilkenny, Inchiquin in Munster, Henry O'Neill, Owen Roe's son, is come up to Kilkenny, with near 2,000 horse and foot, with whom and Ormonde there is now a perfect conjunction. So that now I trust some angry friends will think it high time to take off their jealousy from those to whom they ought to exercise more charity.

"The rendition of this garrison was a seasonable mercy, as giving us an opportunity towards Munster; and is for the present a very good refreshment for our men. We are able to say nothing as to all this, but that the Lord is still pleased to own a company of poor, worthless creatures, for which we desire his name to be

---

[1] The bell in the Town Hall to be given back to Father Anthony Mulloy for the Franciscan Abbey of New Ross, formerly deprived thereof by Oliver Cromwell. Council Book of New Ross Corporation, anno 1687.

[2] Lieutenant-Colonel Axtell, governor of Ross, hath marched from Ross into the rebels' quarters so far as the county of Kilkenny, and from thence into other parts, where he hath been and done good service, and brought away both prisoners and good booty. *Perfect Diurnal*, Jan. 9th, 1650.

[3] *Annuary of the Kilk. Arch. Soc.* for 1855, p. 164. Ballycerogue castle was probably built by Roger de Sutton, who came with Robert Fitzstephen to Ireland, and got a grant of land in the barony of Shelburne. William Sutton of Ballycerogue was one of the Commons' represenatatives at the General Assembly of the Confederate Catholics held at Kilkenny in 1647. See Ledwich's *Irishtown, &c.*, p. 471. A considerable portion of the castle is still standing.

magnified, and the hearts of all concerned may be provoked to walk worthy of such continued favors. This is the earnest desire of

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

On the 30th of October it was ordered by the parliament, "that it be referred to the Lord Mayor of the city of London to take care to disperse the said letters and transactions to all the ministers within London and the Liberties, who are required respectively to read the same in their respective congregations on Thursday next, and to take notice of this great and wonderful mercy in giving in the fort and town of Wexford, together with the haven there and the shipping in it, as in addition to the former mercies, for which that day was set apart, and to return all humble thanks to Almighty God for the same."

CHAPTER XVI.

REVOLT OF THE MUNSTER GARRISONS.

Disaffection of the Southern Towns — The English Plantation — Lord Broghill — Commission from the King — Visit of Cromwell — Terms offered him by the Parliament — Return to Ireland — His Retainers — Townsend — Revolt of the Garrisons of Youghal and Cork — Letter of Colonel Deane — Sir Robert Stirling Governor — Flight of Lady Fanshaw — Relation of Colonel Ryves.

CROMWELL'S uninterrupted successes brought about the revolt of many of the English garrisons throughout the country, then under the command of Inchiquin in the King's interest. The Parliament had many adherents in the south, with whom Cromwell was "in intelligence," and on whose support he relied. We have already seen that his original design was to land in Munster. The disaffection of the southern towns was chiefly due to the contrivance of Lord Broghill,[1] afterwards Earl of Orrery, third son of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork. He was born at Lismore in 1621; there he was brought up by his father in the strictest principles of Puritanism. At the beginning of the rebellion he was placed at the head of the troops which his father had raised among the English planters.[2] In the field he displayed both valor and ability. For some time he acted under the Parliamentary commanders; but the trial and execution of the King made him abandon his new companions in arms. Besides, he was disgusted at the legal toleration granted at the time to the Catholic religion, which he believed to be both sinful against God and injurious to the state. He left Ireland, and withdrew to Marston Bigod, his seat in Somersetshire. There he lived for some time in retirement. He continued, however, to correspond with Ormonde, whose real sentiments accorded with his own. At length, growing weary of repose, he determined to engage again in public life. Very soon after he received a letter from the exiled King, informing him that he had provided two small ships to accompany him to Ireland; that he knew what great influence the Boyle family had among the Protestants of the south, and would much desire his company. Broghill was flattered by the confidence shown him, and replied that he would soon pay a visit to his Majesty. Some of his letters were intercepted by the vigilance of Cromwell, and copies of them laid before the Parliament, the originals

[1] Tuaithe Brothail, i. e. district of Broghill, the name of a manor and castle a little to the west of Charleville, in the county of Cork, formerly belonging to the Fitzgeralds. See Smith's *History of Cork*, vol. i. p. 305; Cork, 1815.

[2] He was made baron of Broghill in his eighth year. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Liscarroll, Sept. 3d, 1642, but afterwards rescued by his party. In the same battle his second brother, Lord Kinalmeaky, was killed. His youngest brother was the philosopher, Robert Boyle. Archdall's *Peerage*, vol. i. p. 163. He died in 1679, and is buried in the tomb of the Boyle family in St. Mary's church, Youghal.

having been forwarded to their addresses. Under pretence of ill health he had obtained through the influence of his friend, the Earl of Warwick, permission to pass beyond the seas, in order to visit the German baths. His real intention was to go to Holland and obtain from the King a commission to levy troops in Ireland, in the hope that by displaying zeal in the royal cause, he might get back some part of his estates which had been forfeited.[1] On his way he passed through London. Cromwell, who was then making preparations for the Irish expedition, heard of his arrival, and being anxious to gain him over to the Parliamentary party, sent an officer with a request to know at what hour it would be convenient for his Lordship to receive a visit from the General, as he wished much to converse with him. As Broghill had no previous acquaintance with Cromwell, he was astonished at receiving such a message, and declared that there must be some mistake; he told the messenger to present his duty to his master, adding that he would wait on him at whatever hour he might appoint. A few minutes after Cromwell entered the room. He began by expressing a great regard for Broghill, and assured him that the great esteem he had for his Lordship was the sole motive for his coming. His Lordship's designs, he said, were well known to the Council of State, and they were fully aware that, instead of proceeding to Spa for his recovery from the gout, he was on his way to Charles Stuart, to obtain a commission to raise men and excite an insurrection in Ireland. Broghill protested that he was innocent of such a crime and incapable of playing so base a part; he entreated the General to give no heed to such idle reports. Cromwell, however, insisted that he had ample proof of the truth of all he stated, and produced copies of the letters which had been intercepted; he added, that the Council of State had actually given orders that he should be arrested on his arrival in London and sent to the Tower; that he had himself interposed, and with some difficulty obtained permission to confer with his Lordship, with a view of diverting him from his design. Broghill found it impossible to dissemble any longer; he thanked Cromwell for his kindness, and asked his advice. Cromwell replied, that, though till then unacquainted with him personally, he was no stranger to the high reputation he had earned in the Irish wars; that, as he was himself now appointed commander in Ireland, he had obtained leave from the Council to offer his Lordshp a general officer's command; no oath or engagement should be pressed on him; he should only be required to fight against the native Irish. Broghill asked for a short time to deliberate. He was plainly told that he must make up his mind on the spot, for it was the purpose of the Council to imprison him should he hesitate to accept these terms. He closed with the offer, and later became the firm adherent and even a personal friend of the Protector.[1]

[1] "The earl of Cork saith he expects his brother, Lord Broghill, here every day, and that he comes with intention to adhere to the King's friends in Ireland upon some invitation from your excellency." Letter of Nicholas to Ormonde, from Caen, April 8th, 1649.

[2] Morrice's *Memoirs*, prefixed to Lord Orrery's *State Letters*, p. 9; London, 1742. "This earl," says King James in his *Memoirs*, "was famous for changing parties so often, and for making a speech to Cromwell to take the title of King; his tongue was well hung,

He was told to hasten to Bristol where men should be sent him, and, in due time, ships would call for his transportation; the main body of the army would follow him without delay. He kept his promise well, for when Broghill's name occurs in Irish history, it seems ever a prelude of woe to the Irish people. On his arrival in Ireland,[1] he raised a well-appointed body of 1,500 foot and a troop of horse, among the retainers of his family, English settlers, chiefly from Gloucester, Somerset and Devon, whom his father had planted on the confiscated lands of Gerald, the great Earl of Desmond, purchased by him from Sir Walter Raleigh and other undertakers in Munster.[2] Of these, many having adopted Puritan principles, had been obliged to fly from their homes in England, on account of the heavy penalties to which all professing such opinions were subjected; during the Civil War they were the most decided enemies of the Stuarts. Through these he soon opened a communication with the officers of the different garrisons in the south, who were ready to embrace the first opportunity that offered of breaking what they termed an unholy alliance with the Confederate Catholics.[3]

Colonel Richard Townsend was the chief agent now employed to corrupt the southern garrisons and to induce them to revolt.[4] A year before, he had been found engaged in intrigues of the same nature, and he was in consequence deprived of the command which he held.[5] When he heard of the expedition that was preparing for Ireland, he professed a great hatred of the republican party; in reality, he was a spy sent over by Cromwell to corrupt the Munster army. In spite of his previous misconduct he was restored to his command by Inchi-

he had some good parts, and he was reckoned so cunning a man, that nobody would visit him or believe what he said." Macpherson's *Original Papers*, vol. i. p. 43, quoted in Curry's *Review*, &c., vol. ii. p. 102.

[1] Carte says he landed at Wexford in October, 1649.

[2] See O'Flanagan's *Munster Blackwater*, p. 8; London, 1844. "The county of Cork, by the noble plantations made by the earl of that name, became the best inhabited with English of any county in that kingdom." Cox's *Hib. Angl.*, Reign of Charles I., p. 95.

[3] "Upon this occasion I must needs say that, in the bringing in of divers garrisons, his lordship hath been most eminently serviceable unto you; and I do earnestly and humbly desire he may be taken into consideration, his lordship never having shrunk from your interest, though under as great trials and necessities as any man, he having his whole fortune under the power of the enemy, which was in Ireland, and that little in England so engaged that I dare say his wants were scarce to be paralleled; and as yet his estate lies in those countries which are in the enemy's power. Sir, I take no pleasure to mention those things of charge; but where eminent services are done, and those enabling the State to give marks of their favor and good acceptance, I trust it will be accounted no fault in me to represent the merits of men to you." Cromwell to Lenthal, Dec. 19th, 1649, in *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 467, appendix 44.

[4] See in Appendix vii. the depositions of each of the conspirators in reference to the part he took in the revolt and capture of the Munster garrisons.

[5] In November, 1648, Colonel Townsend and Colonel Doyley, in the name of the Munster army, sent propositions to the parliament of England. Colonel Temple arrived in the harbor of Kinsale with two frigates, being sent by the Committee of Derby House to treat with them. Ormonde intended to seize them and deprive them of their command. They did not care to stand a trial before a court martial, so quitted their employments and departed for England. *Life of Ormonde*, vol. ii. p. 47. Later he passed patents for large estates in the south-west of the county of Cork. He was member for Baltimore in the Irish parliament of 1661, and high sheriff of the county in 1671. He was the ancestor of the Castletownsend family. Burke's *Landed Gentry*, p. 1507; London, 1863.

quin, who, constantly changing sides himself for the most trivial reasons, thought that those under his command should be models of fidelity and honor. About the end of September an attempt was made by him and Colonels Gifford and Warden, to get hold of the town of Youghal and to seize on Inchiquin. Sir Piercy Smith, the governor, was also one of the conspirators. An officer to whom they had made known their plans in the hope of gaining him over, rode off in all haste to Castle Lyons, where Inchiquin then was, and told him of the intended revolt. They were immediately seized and imprisoned. Sir Piercy Smith, who had got timely notice of their capture, seized on Colonel Wogan and some Royalists, who were then in the town, and stood upon the defence. Inchiquin invested the place. Smith, seeing that Cromwell could send him no aid, offered to submit upon a promise of indemnity for himself, of release of the officers, and the removal of the Royalists. Either because he had not the means of reducing the place by force, or because he preferred gaining them over by fair means, Inchiquin agreed to these terms.

On the 16th of October the garrison and citizens of Cork threw off their allegiance to the King. The garrison was composed entirely of English; Inchiquin having stipulated that he should have entire control over the garrisons, had refused to allow any Irish troops to remain within the walled towns. They could not endure the thought of joining with the Irish against their own countrymen;[1] they declared that the quarrel was no longer between the King and the parliament, but rather a national one between the English and the Irish, which could be brought to an end no other way than by seizing on the lands and reducing the people to the state of serfs. They thought they had as good reason for surrendering now as they had for surrendering Dublin two years before to the parliament. The following account of the revolt is given in a letter of Colonel Deane to the Speaker of the House of Commons, written from Milford Haven, and dated November the 8th, 1649. The writer says he has had a clear narrative of it by one who was an actor in the whole business:—

"The 16th of October, at night, Colonel Townsend, Colonel Warden, and Colonel Gifford, being there prisoners for the business of Youghal, were ordered to be disposed into three different castles. Next day some of the officers in the town came to these gentlemen that night, and told them they were undone unless they would stand by them, for they would else be slaves to the Irish. Upon which the three colonels replied, that if they would fetch for each of them a sword and pistols, they would live and die with them, which was done; and the guards perceiving them coming down stairs armed, cried out, "We are for you, too;" and from thence marched to the main guard, and they immediately declared with them, upon this general consent, crying, "out with all the Irish." In which all the townsmen that were English and the soldiers unanimously agreed, and put it presently into execution. They put out next morning their Major-General Starling, and these few that dissented; and since that Youghal has done the same. And those of Youghal had sent to Colonel Gifford, the present governor of Cork, to send Colonel Warden, with

[1] "The county of Cork, being inhabited and garrisoned with Englishmen, could not endure the thoughts of joining with the Irish against their countryman. They knew that the Irish aimed at their destruction in the end. They remembered the reasons of surrendering Dublin to the Parliament two years before, and they thought they had the same motive to submit now." Cox's *Hib. Angl.*, Reign of Charles ii., p. 12.

a hundred horse, to their assistance, for they had seized on Sir Piercy Smith, their governor, and Johnson, who had betrayed them formerly, and some others, and had secured the castle."

A Cromwellian of the time describes the occurrence in the following strain of quaint humor and malignant triumph: —

"Sir Robert Starling was governor there, who little dreamed of losing his command, yet found he had lost it when he waked. One may truly say he was taken napping; but I must acknowledge, to extenuate his misfortune, that he was divested of his government in the dark, and consequently could not see to prevent it. Sure this major-general lost his way into that office, and was as much surprised at having got that employment as we were to see him in it. His ignorance was so great it passed for his religion, for never any that saw him draw up the army but concluded he relied on Providence for the victory, he made so little use of the means of obtaining it. He has now done that too which he never did to this regiment, I mean exercised; and the word of command is, 'as you are,' that is, reduced to his primitive existence, which affords him the stoic's motto, '*omnia mea mecum porto.*" This makes me that I believe he will think these last eight years a dream, and that he was never really waked out of it but when these rude fellows at Cork presumed to do it.

Lady Fanshawe, the wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe,[1] gives some further details of what Carlyle calls "the universal hurly-burly" that followed on the revolt: —

"I was lying ill in my bed," she writes in her *Memoirs*, "when Cork revolted. It was in the beginning of November.[2] At midnight I heard the great guns go off, and thereupon I called upon my family to rise, which I did as well as I could in that condition. Hearing lamentable shrieks of men, women and children, I asked at a window the cause. They told me they were all Irish, stripped and wounded, and turned out of the town; and that Colonel Jeffries,[3] and some others had possessed themselves of the town for Cromwell. Immediately I packed up my husband's cabinet — by chance he was gone to Kinsale on business that day — with all his writings, and near £1,000 in gold and silver; and about three o'clock, by the light of a taper, I treaded my way to the market-place, and sought out and found Colonel Jeffries. I reminded him of the many civilities he had received from my husband. Jeffries gave me a pass for myself, family and goods. With this I returned through thousands of naked swords to the Red Abbey.[4] I there hired a neighbor's cart, and with my servants, my sister, and my little girl Nan, got safe to the garrison of Kinsale."

---

[1] *Memoir of Lady Fanshawe*, p. 77; London, 1830. Sir Richard was at this time paymaster to the fleet of Prince Rupert. At the Restoration he was appointed ambassador to the courts of Spain and Portugal.

[2] The revolt took place October 16th, as may be seen by the depositions in Appendix vii.

[3] He had command of "ye Watergate"; it stood at the end of Castle Street, where Daunt's Square now is. See *History of Cork*, a lecture by John G. M'Carthy, Esq., M. P., p. 44; Cork, 1869. Colonel Jeffries was ancestor of the Jeffrey family of Blarney, his son, Sir James Jeffrey, having purchased, in 1701, this portion of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Clancarty. Smith's *Hist. of Cork*, vol. i. p. 166.

[4] This was the Augustinian friary, founded by Patrick de Courcy, Baron of Kinsale, in 1420. The tower, 64 feet high, and the walls of the church are still standing. It is in the southern part of the city; the present Cumberland Street runs over part of the ground. See Windele's *Historical Notices of Cork*, &c., p. 64; Cork, 1839. At the suppression of the religious houses this priory, with its appurtenances, was granted to Cormac M'Carthy, son of Teigue Lord Muskery. At this time it was inhabited by Dean Boyle, a relative of the first Lord Cork, who was then chaplain-general of the Munster army, and later lord chancellor and archbishop of Armagh. See Ware's *Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 130.

A short time before the Irish inhabitants had lost all they had, having been plundered by Inchiquin's soldiers. But bad as was their condition then, it was far worse now, for during the space of twenty-four hours they did not know one the miseries of the other, by which means the poor inhabitants had a greater sense of the last than of the former plunderers.[1]

The good news was made known to the parliament without delay. The House being informed that Colonel Ryves, who brought the letter, was at the door, he was called in, and being come to the bar, gave the House an account of the wonderful providence of God in bringing in several garrisons in Munster without striking a blow. The relation was to this effect:—

"That the said Colonel Ryves, being in Cork, where there were only 120 English, and about 100 Scotch, 100 Irish and 60 fusees; and there being in the town the council of that province, the Major-General, and other chief officers, the said colonel was put by his command by occasion of his opposition and protesting against the pacification with the Irish; yet it pleased God to make him instrumental with others in reducing that garrison.

"And having some interest in the officers, who had been formerly under his command, he communicated this design only to three in command, and to Colonel Blunt, Lieutenant-Colonel Dowith, who had no command there, the officers, viz., Captain Myhill, Captain Cary, and Captain Burnell, and to some few townsmen whom he knew to be honest and faithful, viz., Colonel Hodder, Major Pierce, Mr. Boly, Mr. Cox, and some few others, holding it not safe to impart it to many, nor any long time before, lest it might be discovered.

"That night intelligence was given of divers Irish that were to be brought into that garrison, and there being 100 Scots, and but 18 English upon the guard, the business was so ordered that the captain that was to be on the guard that night exchanged with Captain Burnell, one of those who was privy to the design, who having privately removed the main guard with two companies, procured an order to be given to relieve the Scots at each post by small files at a time with English, by which means the English were able to overbalance them.

"Captain Myhill was employed in surprising the great fort,[2] he having formerly wrought with the ensign and corporal who managed the business, and prevailed with the English soldiers, who were very forward, that with forty men he surprised that fort and the guard in it. Which being done, and some signal of it given by four pieces of ordnance and proclamation "for the Protestant Religion," and "the English interest," and so went on to secure the rest of the town. In this action Colonel Gifford, Colonel Townsend, and Colonel Warden were released of imprisonment, being formerly committed for an attempt upon Youghal, in which they well behaved themselves. The soldiers were very nimble at it, and the townsmen, too, when they saw the great fort was taken, though till then they were not very forward, rather out of fear than wanting good affection.

"And having thus possessed themselves of all the guards and the town, they chose a committee of safety to order and dispose of all business. And it was strange to see how it pleased God to bring in the horse to them. They began in the morning with but six horse; within three days they had sixty; within little more than a week three hundred. When the Lord Broghill and Colonel Phayre came thither, they were near six hundred, and are now near a thousand, the horse getting

[1] *Crom. Sett.*, p. 192. On the 22d of September, Philip Mortell, one of the banished citizens of Cork, being just expelled, as he states, a second time by the revolt of the English garrison to Cromwell, sets forth for his petition, "that he and all those of his friends and nation were stripped and plundered of all they ever had, in so much as for the space of twenty-four hours one did not know the miseries of the other; by which means the said poor inhabitants had a greater sense of the last than the former plundering"; i. e., when driven out by Inchiquin in 1644. See *Account of the Carte MSS.*, p. 80.

[2] It stood on the site now occupied by the barracks in Cross's Green.

off from the enemy by 20, 30, 40, and 60 at a time, until almost all the English horse were come into them, and then none more eager than they to oppose the enemy.

"Before they had well settled Cork, Inchiquin, hearing what Cork had done, came down thither, and endeavored to cast in bones, and to make division among them; but that not prevailing, it was wrought about that, with the compliance of the soldiers, they had declared Inchiquin an enemy. He seeing himself disappointed of his stratagem, thought there was no other way but force, and so resolved to block up the town; and to that end he made four garrisons about it, viz., one at Ronon's house, another at Morrough's house, a third at the Blarney, and the fourth at Ballygraham, all at about three or four miles distance, to block them up; but it pleased God in a short space to remove them.

"The forces of the town with Colonel Gifford, beat up one of the garrisons at Ronon's house, and took it without the loss of one man, their powder being blown up, and so being disabled to hold out. Those at Morrough's and Blarney seeing that, deserted those two garrisons, and the fourth being English, were soon brought to a compliance, and upon our settling down before it did surrender upon articles; which was done colorably, having a design to march to Kinsale, and so to be a means to get that fort and the town; and were a means to draw them to declare for the same interest, and put the English in so good a condition there.

"These proceedings of Cork did also give encouragement to Youghal to declare for the Parliament, and it was observable that about the time that those proceedings were at Cork, Inchiquin, having seized upon the person of the mayor and some other honest men of Youghal, intended to hang them for their former action, but at that instant, hearing what Cork had done, was deterred from executing them. And after Cork and Youghal had thus declared, it was followed by divers other garrisons, viz., Bandonbridge, Baltimore, Castlehaven, Mallow, Mocollop, Cappoquin, Dromanah, and Dungarvan.

"And thus in a short space that province, without bloodshed, was reduced, by which means the army hath had a great refreshing, by having all these places for their winter quarters, and the English interest is in a better condition in that province now than it was when the pacification was made with the Irish. . . . And truly this providence of God in delivering up Munster thus hath not only hindered the Irish from their winter quarters, and given them to the army plentifully supplied, but will in all probability save much blood and treasure, and quickly put a period to that war."

The Council of State ordered that Cornelius Glover, who brought the news of the rendition of Cork, should have £30 paid him.

The English garrison of Cork wisely determined to obtain some promise of security of their liberties from the Parliamentary party. The following were

The propositions sent in by the English Inhabitants of the city, suburbs and liberties of Cork, to his Excellency General Cromwell:—

1. The said inhabitants out of a sense of the former good service and tender care of the Lord Inchiquin to and for them, they desire that an act of oblivion pass for any act committed which might redound to the prejudice of his lordship or his heirs; and that he may quietly enjoy his own estate; and that satisfaction be made for what arrears are due to him until the perfection of the last peace.

2. The said inhabitants for themselves desire that an act of indemnity be passed for any former actions which they or any of them have done or might be supposed to have committed, whereby they and every of them may and shall as quietly pass and freely enjoy their liberty and estates which now they are possessed of, or shall be, in the same freedom as any of the people of England now do or shall do; and that all prize goods that have been bought by the said inhabitants, they may and shall enjoy them from any that might claim them.

3. The said inhabitants desire that whereas the charter of the city of Cork hath been forfeited by reason of non 'nadge, that there be a charter granted to the now inhabitants in as large and ample manner as the former.

4. They can make appear by ticket they have in any way lent, disbursed, or delivered for the use of the army before the late peace, and likewise for what they or any of them have or shall disburse, either in money or goods, since the time of their present declaration; and that one of the city be chosen to audify the said account on what debentures to issue for payment.

5. The said inhabitants desire that what they shall make appear is due unto them by speciality or otherwise, from any person or persons whatsoever, before or since the wars, satisfaction be made as to justice appertaineth.

6. That all English garrisons and persons that will come in and submit to these propositions shall have the benefit of the same.

7. That all lands, messuages, and tenements within the said city and county thereof that was held in burgage, to be totally confirmed on the now inhabitants of the said city; and that the inhabitants of the said city and suburbs be regulated into a regiment, under the command of Mr. John Hodder, as colonel, to be in ay when they pass on duty, not else."

To these demands Cromwell sent the following reply: —

By the Lord Lieutenant-General.

Answer to the several desires of the Inhabitants of Cork, sent by their Commissioners, received November, 1649.

1. I shall forbear to answer.

2. The inhabitants of the city of Cork that have joined in the late declaring of the parliament, shall be fully indemnified for anything that passed, as is desired, so as to restore them to the same condition of freedom, privileges and safety that they were in before the Lord of Inchiquin's defection; and as if the same, or anything that had ensued thereupon had never been; and particularly shall enjoy the benefit of any prize goods they have bought, without being troubled or damnified for the same.

3. That the charter of the city of Cork shall be renewed as is desired, and no advantage taken of the forfeiture mentioned.

4. For what they have lent, disbursed, or delivered for the public service since this declaration, or hereafter shall lend or advance, it shall be satisfied with all speed out of the revenue or income of these ports out of which it may be best and safest done; which I leave to themselves to think and dispose of; and for anything so due to them from the public before the Lord Inchiquin's defection, they shall have the same right and be in the same capacity of satisfaction as before the said defection they were; and I shall endeavor it for them equally as to any others to whom such debts from the public are due, by all ways and means in my power; but for any thing lent, disbursed, or delivered as to the public use since the said defection and before the said declaration, it cannot be otherwise considered but as damage suffered by persons well-affected, living under the power of an enemy; and in that nature, so far as anything shall appear to have been forcibly taken from such persons, it shall be considered, examined, and represented to the parliament, to be satisfied according to the damage of any other well-affected person in Ireland.

5. For any debts due from any private persons, they shall be left to their full legal rights.

6. As all that is granted to the soldiers and inhabitants of Cork, Youghal, and other neighboring places that have already corresponded or joined with them in their late declarations, is most fully and heartily granted, because not bargained for before their declaring, and because to men's appearing by the carriage of the business to have done what they have done therein really from a recommended sense of an affection to the English Parliamentary and Protestant interests in this nation, so to any other places or persons that having been formerly of the Parliamentary party, shall so come in as it appears to be from the said sense and affection, and not from policy or necessity, I shall bear the same mind and have the same readiness to do them good and not hurt.

7. Not fully understanding the nature or extent of the thing desired, I can give no present full resolution, but shall be ready to do them full right in all things, and also to perform any such good office of respect within my power, unto the said

city of Cork, as may be a reward and memorial of their faithful and public office which in these late occurrences I really think they have deserved.

Lastly, as to their desiring other papers concerning the militia of the city of Cork, I am very willing that the inhabitants be formed into a regiment under the command of Mr. John Hodder as Colonel, Mr. Maurice Cuffe as lieutenant-colonel, Major Boreman, major; and the regiment, or any part thereof, when called on duty, to have the State's pay. For other officers of the regiment, I leave it to the said officers, or any two of them, to nominate, and to the Lord of Broghill, Sir William Fenton, Colonel Phayre, for approbation, to whom I refer it.

(Signed),

O. CROMWELL.

Encyclical Letter of Leo XIII.

TO ALL THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD IN THE GRACE AND COMMUNION OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE.

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction: When through the envy of the devil the human race had miserably fallen away from God the Creator, the dispenser of all heavenly gifts, it divided itself into two separate and hostile camps, of which the one wars perpetually for truth and vir ue, and the other for everything that is antagonistic to truth and virtue. The one is the kingdom of God upon earth — that is, the true Church of Jesus Christ, of which the members, if they would belong to it in sincerity and in a manner availing for salvation, must serve God and His only Son with all their heart and will; the other is the kingdom of Satan, under whose power and dominion are those who, following his sad example, and that of our first parents, refuse to yield obedience to divine and eternal law; they set God aside in many things, and in many ways they actually oppose Him.

St. Augustine has Described these Two Kingdoms

under the similitude of two States differing in the laws by which they are governed, and in their aims and objects, and has embraced in one pointed sentence the character of each. "*Two loves have made two cities. The love of self*," he says, "*carried to forgetfulness of God, has been the cause of the earthly city, whilst the love of God, carried to forgetfulness of self, has been the cause of the heavenly city.*" (1) All through the ages these cities have fought one with the other with many weapons, and in many forms of strife, though not always with the same fierceness, or the same energy. In our own time the enemies of God, aided and strengthened by the widely-spread and firmly knit society of the Masons, seems to have united to make a supreme effort. No longer concealing their objects, they boldly array themselves against the majesty of God, and openly strive for the ruin of the Church, in the hope that if possible they may rob the Christian peoples of the benefits won for them by our Saviour Jesus Christ. We, bemoaning these evils, are often driven under the impulse of our love to cry aloud to God: "*For lo, thy enemies have made a noise, and they that hate thee have lifted up their head. They have taken up a malicious counsel against thy people, and have consulted against thy saints. They have said: Come, let us destroy them, so that they be not a nation.*" (2) In the presence of such a peril, and in the face of an attack upon Christianity at once so formidable and so persevering, it is our duty to make the danger known, to point out the enemy, and, as far as possible, to make vain their schemes and plots, so that those whose eternal salvation is committed to our care shall not perish everlastingly, and the kingdom of Jesus Christ, which it is ours to defend, may not only stand and remain unharmed, but everywhere

Spread over the Earth by New Conquests.

Our predecessors, the Roman Pontiffs, steadily watchful for the well-being of the Christian people, recognized this deadly enemy for what it was, and what it aimed at, the moment it left the obscurity of a secret conspiracy to step into the light of day. Foreseeing the future, sounding a note of alarm, they put the princes and the people on their guard against the snares and the artifices intended to lead them astray. The first to denounce this danger was Clement XII. in the year 1738, (3) and his Constitution was confirmed and renewed by Benedict XIV. (4) Pius VII. (5) followed in the footsteps of these Pontiffs, and Leo XII. (6) in his Apostolic Constitution, "*Quo graviora*," collecting the acts and decrees on this subject of the Popes who had gone before him, ratified and confirmed them for all time. Pius VIII. (7) Gregory XVI. (8), and on many occasions Pius IX. (9) have spoken in the same sense.

When the Nature and the Character of the Masonic Body

had been made apparent by unmistakable signs, by the knowledge of its principles, by the publication of its rules and rites and ceremonies — and to these was often added the testimony of the initiated themselves — the Holy See condemned and publicly proclaimed the Masonic sect as

contrary to right and justice, and not less baneful to Christianity than to the State. At the same time, under pain of penalties which the Church is accustomed to reserve for serious offenders, the Holy See forbade any one to join the association. Irritated by this condemnation, and thinking to escape the force of it, or — partly by disregarding it, partly by the use of calumny — to weaken its effect, the members of the sect accused the Popes who had decreed it, of having passed a sentence that was unjust, or of having exceeded the bounds of equity. In this way they thought to escape the authority and the weight of the Apostolic Constitutions of Clement XII. and Benedict XIV., and in the same way those of Pius VII. and Pius IX. But there were also some, even in the ranks of the Masons, who, unwilling witnesses as they were, confessed that the teaching and discipline of the Catholic Church being accepted, the action of her Pontiffs was amply justified. And many princes and chief magistrates have so far agreed with the action of the Popes, that they have made it their business either to denounce the sect to the Holy See itself, or else by their own laws to brand it as noxious, as has been the case in Holland, Austria, Switzerland, Bavaria, Savoy, and other parts of Italy.

The Wisdom of the Popes.

But what is of most importance is the fact that the result proved the wisdom of our predecessors. For their far-seeing and paternal efforts had not always or in all places the desired effect; and that, too, either through the deceit and craft of men who were engaged in that conspiracy, or through the thoughtless carelessness of the rest, whose duty it was specially to attend to their admonitions. Hence, in a century and a half, the sect of Masons made great strides in public opinion; and by boldness or slyness intruding themselves into all ranks of the commonwealth, already began to be so great that they seemed almost to rule the State. From this rapid and threatening progress there resulted, in fact, those deadly evils against the Church, the authority of rulers, and the public weal, which our predecessors long before saw. For matters have got to this; that for the future there is cause to fear — not indeed for the Church, whose foundation is far too secure that human power should shake it — but for those States in which the sect of which we are speaking is rife, or others of a similar kind, who lend themselves to it as their co-operators and satellites.

Pope Leo's Own Action.

For these reasons, as soon as we received the charge of ruling the Church, we clearly saw it was our duty to resist to the utmost so great an evil with the weight of our authority. And, indeed, as opportunity from time to time offered, we attacked the chief doctrines of the sect in which the greatest moral evil seemed to be found. Thus in an Encyclical Letter, "*Quod Apostolici muneris*," we endeavored to refute the monstrous features of the *Socialists* and *Communists;* and in another letter "*Arcanum*," we labored to defend and explain the real genuine idea of domestic society, whose fountain head is matrimony; and besides the above letters, in another entitled "*Diuturnum*," we set forth the idea of political society according to Christian principles as bound up most admirably with the very nature of things, and with the welfare of both peoples and princes. But now, following the example set by our predecessors, we have determined to direct our mind pointedly against the Masonic sect itself, its entire teaching, aims, ways of thinking and acting, in order that its pernicious power may be more and more brought to light, and may thereby avail to stop the spread of so terrible a plague.

Masonry the Centre of all the Secret Societies.

Now there are various sects of men which, though in name, rites, form and origin they differ, yet when in sameness of aim and likeness of first principles they are bound together, really thereby agree with the Masonic sect, which forms for all a common centre, whence all proceed, and to which all return. Though they just now seem very much to have cast off the garb of secrecy, and hold their meetings before the eyes of the world, and even have their own daily press, when we look, however, into the matter, we find that they still retain all the characteristics of secret societies. For many things done in them have the nature of strict secrecy, to conceal which with the utmost care, not only from those outside, but from very many of their own associates, is a primary law; for instance, their secret and important resolutions, the names and persons of their chief leaders, certain secret and clandestine meetings, as well as their decrees and the ways and means to be employed in carrying them out.

To the same end is the complicated distinction of the members in trades and duties and employment; not less than the established difference in their ranks and degrees, and the severity and discipline by which all are ruled; while the candidates for enrolment are bound by promise, —nay more, by a special oath,—to swear, as in most cases they are required, never in any way to divulge their associates, their signs, or their doctrines. Thus by a feigned appearance, and the same style of pretence, the Masons, as of old the Manicheans, try by every possible means to hide themselves, and to have no witnesses of their actions but members of their own sect. They seek hiding-places as most convenient, having assumed to themselves the character of learned men and philosophers for the sake of training their associates; in their language they cultivate most strictly politeness of speech, and charity towards the lower classes; they profess only to desire a better state of things for the masses, and to make the greater number participate in the conveniences of civilized life; but even supposing these principles were true ones, they would by no means represent all their objects. Besides, those who are admitted into the society must promise and engage that they will

Render Implicit Obedience and Fidelity

to the dictates of their leaders and teachers; that they will carry out their commands at the least sign and indication of their will; otherwise they will have to meet the most dire consequences, and even death itself. And, moreover, if any one shall be judged to have betrayed the discipline, or resisted the commands of the superiors, extreme punishment is often inflicted upon them, and that indeed with such boldness and dexterity that very frequently the police fail in discovering or in bringing the criminals to justice. Moreover, to practice deceit and to conceal themselves,

To Bind Men to Themselves, as Slaves with Iron Fetters,

without alleging any reason; to employ for any crime these slaves of another's will, to bare their arm to slaughter, whilst guarding themselves as much as possible from punishment, is an enormity at which nature revolts. Wherefore against this association reason and truth itself compel one, in justice and natural virtue, to fight.

And the more so because other most cogent reasons condemn the nature of the society, being as it is the enemy of all virtuous living. For however great may be in men the power of skilful deceit and the habit of lying, it is impossible that the cause of things should not, to a certain extent, be discovered in its consequences. "*A good tree cannot bring forth bad fruit, neither can a bad tree bring forth good fruit*" (St. Matt. vii., 18). Now this sect of Masons does produce most pernicious fruit, mingled with the greatest bitterness. For, by the most certain evidence which we have already mentioned, it comes to light what is its ultimate end, viz., utterly to overthrow that discipline of religion and social order which Christianity has founded, and to erect upon its ruins a new one after its own mind, on the principles and foundations of mere naturalism.

What we have said and what we are going to say, must be understood of the Masonic sect, viewed as a genus, and as it embraces cognate and affiliated societies,

Not, However, of the Individual Members of the Sect

among whom indeed there can be those, and not a few, who, although they are not free from the fault, that they have allowed themselves to be implicated in such societies, nevertheless are neither themselves criminal participators in their doings, nor are aware of what they really aim at. In like manner some of these associations do not perhaps endorse certain extreme conclusions, which, as they necessarily follow from their common principles, it may be taken for granted that they embrace, unless the baseness itself of the action should deter them by its hideous sight. Likewise, the circumstances of time and place persuade some of them to aim at less than either they themselves desire, or the rest are wont to aim at; still they are not on that account to be reckoned free from the Masonic bond; because this bond is not to be judged so much from its acts and accomplished facts as from its declared principles.

False Principles of the Naturalists.

It is the first principle of those who call themselves Naturalists, since by their very name they declare it, that human nature and human reason should be in all things the teacher and ruler, and this laid down, they either pay less attention to duties towards God, or they pervert them by indefinite and erroneous opinions. For they deny that anything has been revealed to us by God Himself;

they admit no dogmas of religion, that nothing is true but what human intelligence can understand; that there is no teacher whom we are to believe on account of the authority of his office; but since it is the special office of the Catholic Church to embrace fully, and to maintain in their most complete integrity the doctrines which have been committed to her alone, received from God Himself as well as her authority as teacher, and everything else in the way of heavenly help towards salvation, therefore, against her is the attack of her enemies, with the utmost hatred, directed.

Now let us just look at the sect of Masons, and see what it does in those matters which concern religion; especially where it has the most liberty of action; and let us determine whether it does not plainly appear to carry out the decrees of these Naturalists. For long and laboriously has it endeavored to bring it to pass that the teaching of the Church and her authority shall be rendered impotent in States, alleging and maintaining that religion and civil policy are altogether to be separated; and this done, they exclude the most wholesome influence of the Catholic religion on the laws and administration of States; and hence it results that they determine that States are to be regulated entirely without the influence and teaching of the Church. Nor are they satisfied with merely

Setting the Church, that Best of All Leaders, Aside,

but they must injure her by hostile action. And, indeed, they allow men with impunity to attack the very foundations of the Catholic religion in speaking, writing and teaching; the rights of the Church are not spared, and the gifts with which, by God's providence, she has been endowed, are not safe. The least possible liberty of action is allowed her, and that by means of laws which apparently are not very severe, but which in reality are framed for the very purpose of hampering her action. We also see special and grievous laws imposed upon the clergy in order that both their numbers may be diminished and the daily necessaries of life denied them; what remains of ecclesiastical property, though bound to her by the most stringent ties, handed over to the will of the State executive; communities of the religious orders rooted up and scattered to the winds. And, besides, war has been stirred up against the Apostolic See and the Roman Pontiff by his enemies. And, in the first place, he has been, for fictitious reasons,

Deprived of his Civil Princedom, which is the Guarantee of his Liberty,

and the defence of his right; next, driven into a condition which is more unjust, and made intolerable by difficulties and hindrances, until at last we have come to the time when the supporters of these sects openly proclaim what they have for a long time agitated in secret, viz., that the sacred power of the Pontiff is to be abolished and his Apostolic office, founded by divine right, is to be utterly destroyed. And this determination, even if other proofs were wanting, is made sufficiently clear by the testimony of members of that society, many of whom, have often in the past, and also recently, declared this to be the object of Masonry, to harass the Catholic name with the utmost and unrelenting hatred, not to cease until they see everything abolished which the Roman Pontiffs have established for the sake of religion. Now, even if those who are enrolled in this sect are not required in so many words to renounce the Catholic religion, it is because such a line, so far from being repugnant to the interests of Masonry, rather serves the cause. For first, they thus easily deceive the simple and unwary, and are able to invite many more to join them. Then, besides, by their adopting certain well-known practices of religious rite, they succeed in establishing the great error of these times, that the care of religion is a matter of little or no importance, and that there is no difference of worth between them. This view is well fitted to destroy all religions, and especially the Catholic, which, as it is the only true one of all, cannot be treated on equal grounds with the rest without the greatest injury done to it.

But the Naturalists go Farther,

for in things of the highest importance, having boldly entered on the career of universal wandering, with a headlong course they hurry on to destruction, either through the weakness of human nature, or through the act of God, demanding the just punishment of their pride; hence it happens that they cannot even grasp firmly those things which are known by the natural use of reason, as certainly are, that God exists, that the souls of men are free from all admixture of matter, and are immortal. Now the sect of the Masons is foundering upon these same rocks with like aberration.

For although they, in a general way, confess that God exists, nevertheless they themselves attest that this belief does not exist in the minds of certain individuals among them, with a firm assent and steadfast judgment. For they do not attempt to hide the fact that this question about God is the greatest cause of dissension among them; and, moreover, that on this very point there has been quite lately no small contention in their ranks. For indeed the sect allows great liberty to its members, that each may claim its right to say that there is a God,

Or to Say That There is No God;

and those who pertinaciously maintain that there is no God, should be as readily initiated as those who believe indeed that there is a God, but think erroneously about His nature, as the pantheists do; all which, however, is nothing more nor less than to retain a certain absurd view of the Divine Nature, while denying its truth. Now, when this chief foundation is weakened or uprooted, it follows that those truths also totter, which are known even by the suggestion of nature, viz., that all things exist only by the will of God creating them, that the world is ruled by His providence, that there is no annihilation of the soul, and that there is another life, and that eternal, to follow upon this earthly one.

Now if these, which are, as it were, the principles of nature, specially designed for the instruction and practice of men, are in ruins, we can easily judge what will be the state of public and private morals. We pass over in silence those more divine virtues which no one without the special grace and gift of God can practise or attain to, no trace of which can, of course, be found in those who treat as idle fables the redemption of the human race, heavenly grace, the sacraments, and the attaining of felicity in heaven: for we are speaking now only of those duties which are the result of natural virtue; for God the Creator of the world, who is also its Provident Ruler; the eternal law, ordering the natural law to be observed and forbidding it to be violated; the final end of man, placed as it is far higher than human affairs above his merely dwelling here for a time; these are the first principles of all justice and morality, and if these are taken away,

Which The Naturalist and The Freemason

are wont to do, forthwith the knowledge of right and wrong will not be able to exist anywhere, and would have no means of defending itself; and, indeed, the moral discipline which alone finds favor with the Masonic confraternity, and with which they maintain, that the rising generation should be imbued, is what they call civic, unfettered and free: viz., in which no idea of religion is included. But how fruitless this is, how wanting in strength, how liable to be carried about with every motion of mere desire, is clearly seen from the lamentable fruits which already partly appear. For where this liberty has begun to reign unmolested and has displaced Christianity, there, quickly enough uprightness, and morality have perished,

Monstrous Doctrines have gained in Strength,

and the boldness of the wicked have stalked abroad. These things are generally complained of and deplored, and not few of them most unwillingly and not seldom testify, being convinced by the evidence of facts.

Besides, as the nature of man is defiled by original sin, and, therefore, much more prone to vice than inclined to virtue, it is absolutely required for all virtue that he should restrain the turbid movements of the soul, and make the appetite obedient to reason, in which struggle the contempt of human things must constantly be maintained, and great labor and suffering must be borne in order that reason may always gain the victory. But the Naturalists and Masons, giving no credence to those things that we know by God's revelation, deny that our first father fell away; whence they maintain that the human will is not *weakened nor bowed down*. (Conc. Trid., Sess. vi. D. Justif. c. i.) And besides, in exaggerating the virtue and excellency of human nature, and placing the principle and rule of justice only in it, they cannot even imagine that constant struggle and perseverance are necessary for calming and ruling its appetites, while we see that many incitements to desire are supplied to men, that newspapers and articles are written with an utter neglect of temperance and modesty;

Theatrical Representations noted for the Utmost License;

works of art are exhibited which reveals, with revolting cynicism, the principles of what is now known as *realism*; no pains spared to add to the delicacies and refinements of artificial life; everything, indeed, alluring to pleasure whereby virtue thus lulled to torpor may sink to the lowest level, in which, indeed, they act

most wickedly, but are nevertheless somewhat consistent, since they take away all hope of heavenly good and bring down the idea of felicity to the enjoyment of mere sensual things, and degrade it to the earthly. In confirmation of this, we may adduce a thing most surprising when stated, but actual in fact: for since no one scarcely is wont to be such a slave to clever and designing men as those whose mind is enervated and broken by the dominion of passion, there are forced in the sect of Masons those who maintain that the masses by every art and design are to be saturated with an unlimited license for vice; for this being secured, they will be in the power of the sect to attempt anything and everything at its bidding.

And, as to Domestic Society,

almost the whole doctrine of the Naturalists is contained in the following: That matrimony belongs to the class of business engagements; that it can be broken off at the will of those who have contracted it, and that by right; that secular rulers have power over the marriage bond; that in the education of children nothing is to be taught about religion as certain and undeniable; that each is to be allowed that which pleases him when he arrives at a certain age. Now all these doctrines the Freemasons evidently endorse, and not only endorse, but for a long time have desired to reduce to practice. For already in many countries, and even professedly Catholic, it is law that no marriage shall be held valid unless celebrated with civil rites; in others, divorces are sanctioned by the law; in others, it is determined to carry this out as soon as possible. And thus things are hastening on to change the nature of matrimony altogether, viz., into unstable and fluctuating unions, which, as mere lust has formed, lust also can dissolve. Besides, with the utmost unanimity, the sect of Freemasons looks to securing to itself the education of youth. For they feel that they can easily bend at pleasure that soft and flexible age, and twist it into any shape; and therefore they think nothing is more to their purpose in order to mould the children of the citizen, and make it such as they require for the State. Hence, in the educating and teaching of children, they exclude the ministers of the Church from all supervision and instruction; and in many places they have obtained that the whole education should be in the hands of laymen, and that in moral instruction nothing is to be brought in which to bind men to God by the great and holy sanction of religion.

They Follow the Decrees of Civil Prudence,

whereby the Naturalists maintain that men are equal, and in exactly the same conditions in all respects; that every one is by nature free; that no one has the right of commanding another; that to wish men to obey any authority beyond what they wish themselves, is to do them violence. Therefore everything is in the power of a free people; that government is held by the command or the concession of the people, so that when the popular will is changed, their rulers, even though resisting, may be deposed; that the origin of all rights and civil duties is either in the masses or in the existing civil government, and that enlightened by the newest-fangled doctrines. Besides, the State should be without belief in God; in the various forms of religion there is no reason why one should be preferred before another; that all may exist together.

Now that all these doctrines are equally pleasing to the Freemasons, and that they wish to order States on this model is so well known that it needs no proof, for, for a long time they have with all their power and in every way, been openly striving for it: and by this method they prepare the way for the bolder ones, not few of whom are going headlong into worse things, inasmuch as they are teaching equality and common property in goods by destroying all distinction of ranks and fortunes. Now what the nature of the sect of the Freemasons is, and how it sets to work to secure those things which we have summarily touched upon, is perfectly clear. Their chief doctrines are so discordant with reason and with their profession, that nothing can be more perverse. For it is the greatest folly and the most audacious impiety to wish to destroy the religion and the Church which God Himself has founded, and also will preserve forever, and to recall the manners and morals of the heathen after a break of eighteen centuries. Nor is that less horrible, or less patiently to be endured that the benefits mercifully obtained through Jesus Christ not for individual men only, nor even for those associated in families and civil communities, shall only be cast aside; which benefits, by the very testimony of our enemies, are considered most signal.

Now, in this Mad and Satanic will,

we can almost recognize that that inex-

tinguishable hatred and desire of revenge, which burns in Satan against Jesus Christ, and in like manner that other attempt which the Freemasons are vehemently making to destroy the chief foundations of right and virtue, and offer themselves to help those who, after the manner of beasts, wish everything to be lawful which they may desire, is nothing else than to drive on to destruction the human race with dishonor and ignominy. Besides, the dangers which threaten the civil and domestic life increase the evil. As we have above explained, there is, with the consent of all men in all ages, something sacred in matrimony; and, besides, it is forbidden by the Divine Law that marriage should be dissolved. Now, if marriage is treated as profane, or is allowed to be dissolved, disturbance and confusion must necessarily result in families

By the Women Losing Their Dignity,

their offspring being uncertain of provision and safety. To take no care publicly for religion, and in arranging and conducting civil affairs to have no more regard for God than if he did not exist, is a temerity unheard of even among the heathen, in whose mind and convictions not only was belief in the gods so thoroughly fixed, but also the necessity of public religion, that they considered it easier to find a city without a territory than one without a god. In truth, human society, for which by nature we are fitted, is constituted thus by God, who is the Author of our nature; and from Him, as from the first principle and spring, the whole force and continuance of innumerable goods, with which life abounds, flow. Therefore, as each of us is admonished by the voice of nature itself piously and holily to worship God because we have received from Him both life and its accompanying benefits, so for the same cause should peoples and States do likewise. Wherefore those who wish the civil community to be free from the duty of religion, clearly act not only unjustly, but foolishly and absurdly. Now that men are born by God's ordinance for civil society and union, the power of ruling is so necessary a bond for Christian society, that when it is taken away that society must speedily be dissolved; it follows that the same power which has produced society also produces the power of ruling. Hence we understand that in whosoever's hands the power is,

He is the Minister of God.

Wherefore, so far as the end and nature of human society can require it, it is the duty of every one to obey the legitimate authority in its just commands, as he would God Himself; and it is in the first place repugnant to truth that obedience is in the power of people to cast it away when they will. Likewise that all men are equal: no one doubts if the race and common nature, if the final end proposed to each one to be obtained, if the rights and duties which flow spontaneously from that principle, are considered. But because the capacities of all are not the same, the one differs from another both in powers of body and mind, and there are very many differences of character, will, and nature, therefore nothing is so repugnant to nature as to wish to embrace all things in one category, and to press this complete equalization of men and things into the institutions of civil life. As the perfect state of body consists in the composition and joining of the different limbs together, which differ in form and in use, nevertheless when joined together and each put in its proper place make a whole beautiful in appearance, firm in strength, fit for action, so also in the republic of men there is likewise an almost infinite dissimiltude of parts, which if they are tested as if they were the same, and each allowed to follow its own judgment, no state would be found more deformed; whereas if they, with the distinct grades of dignity, profession, and pursuits, they, properly harmonize together for the common good, they then fitly represent a well constituted state, harmonious with nature.

But the Greatest Cause of Anxiety,

is to be apprehended from those disturbing errors which we have noticed; for the fear of God and respect for the Divine Law being taken away, the authority of rulers being despised, the desire of rebellion being permitted and approved of, popular desires being allowed free rein for license, only to be restrained by the fear of punishment, there necessarily follows the disturbance, and even upsetting, of all things. This disturbance and upsetting of things, many of the communistic and socialistic societies professedly intend and boast of doing; from whose undertakings let not the sect of Freemasons say that they are averse, because they sufficiently favor their determinations and hold their chief principles in common. But even if they do not at

once, or in every place, rush to extremes in action, this is not owing to their good discipline, nor their good will, but rather to the divine virtue of religion, which cannot be extinguished, and to the more sane part of men, who rejecting the slavery of secret societies, courageously oppose their insane attempts.

And would to God that all would judge of the root from the fruits, and would recognize the seed and first beginnings of evils which press, and dangers which are impending! We have to do with a deceitful and cunning enemy, who, servilely whispering in the ears of both peoples and rulers, has caught both by flattering opinions and seeming compliance. For by ingratiating themselves with rulers by an affected friendship, the Freemasons have had in view the securing them as their associates and powerful helpers in oppressing Catholicism. And in order to stimulate them the more to action

They have Charged the Church in the Most Bare-faced Way

of contending with rulers for the civil power and rights. Meanwhile, having sought security and acquired audacity by these acts, they have begun by gaining great influence in the ruling of the State, but really being prepared to shake the foundations of Government and to persecute the rulers of the State, to calumniate and even to expel them whenever they are found to act differently from what they desire. In a somewhat similar way they are cajoled by a feigned compliance, for they prate continually of *liberty* and *public prosperity;* they pretend that it is owing to the Church and to their chief rulers that the masses are not delivered from unjust servitude and want; they have imposed upon the people, and have incited them, tempered by the thirst for revolution, to rise up against both temporal and spiritual rulers. However, in spite of all this, the expectation of good things in the future always exceeds the realization. Besides, the people, worse oppressed, are compelled to a very great extent to do without those alleviations of their miseries, which, if public affairs had been regulated according to Christian principles, they would have easily and abundantly procured. Whoever strives against the order constituted by Divine Providence, are sure to receive this punishment of their pride, that there they meet with the wretched and painful lot whence they rashly hoped to have a fortune overflowing with good things.

But the Church, because it specially enjoins upon men obedience to God as the sovereign ruler of all things, injuriously and falsely should be thought to either envy the civil power or to arrogate to itself any of the rights of rulers. Besides, what it is just to render to the civil power, that certainly by its decision and knowledge of its office, it decrees is to be rendered. That right of ruling which comes from God Himself is a great accession of dignity to the civil power and no small help for conciliating the obedience and good-will of citizens. She, being the friend of peace and the fosterer of concord, embraces all with maternal charity; and being solely intent upon helping men, teaches them to join justice with clemency, ruling with equity, and laws with moderation; that the rights of no one are to be violated, that the public order and tranquility is to be preserved, the needs of the poor are to be alleviated, publicly and privately, by all possible means. But to use the words of St. Augustine, "they therefore think, or rather wish it to be thought, that the Christian doctrine does not tend to the good of the State, because they are unwilling that the State should rest on the foundation of virtue, but rather on the impunity of vice (10), to which, being the plain truth, it would be the part of civil prudence, and well for the common safety, if rulers and people would not

Conspire with Freemasons to Subvert the Church,

but rather unite with the Church to break the force of Masonic attacks. However the issue may be, in this so great and already too widely-spread evil, it is our duty, venerable brethren, to apply our mind to seek for remedies. But now, since we believe as the best and surest hope of remedy is to be found in the efficacy of religion, which the Freemasons hate the more because they fear it so much, therefore we think the best thing to do is to appeal to its most wholesome virtue against the common enemy. Therefore, whatever the Roman Pontiffs, our predecessors, have decreed for hindering the undertakings and attempts of the sect of the Freemasons, whatsoever they have sanctioned, either for the purpose of deterring men from, or calling back after they have entered those societies, all these, each and every one, we hereby notify, and with our Apostolic authority confirm; in which, indeed, trusting especially to the good will of Christian people, we beg each by his own sal

vation that they will make it a matter of conscience not in the smallest way to depart from the previous commands of Apostolic authority in this matter.

You, venerable brethren, we beg and entreat, joining your labor with ours, strenuously to strive to extirpate this plague, which is creeping through all the veins of the State. The glory of God and the salvation of your neighbor are to be defended by you; and, in fighting in such a cause, neither courage nor fortitude will fail you. It will rest with your prudence to judge by what means especially those things which oppose and stand in the way are to be met. But since, according to the authority of our office, it is right that we should point out a likely mode of action, we therefore determine that the first thing to be done is to strip the Freemasons of their mask, and show them in their proper character, and that the people are to be instructed, both by word and by pastoral letters, what are the artifices employed by these societies in coaxing and alluring, and what is the gravity of their opinions and iniquity of their actions. And what often our predecessors have confirmed, let no one think it lawful for any reason to enrol himself in the sect of the Freemasons if his Catholic profession and salvation are of such worth to him as they should be. Let not their pretended virtuousness deceive any body; for it may appear to some that the Freemasons require nothing of them which is openly contrary to religion and morality; but since the very nature and character of the sect itself is wholly vicious and flagitious, it is not lawful for any one to join them, or help them in any way.

Then it is your duty, by the assiduity of your preaching and exhortation, to draw the masses diligently to learn the precepts of religion, to which end we greatly exhort you, that both in writing and seasonable sermons, the elements of those most sacred principles contained in Christian philosophy should be explained. To this it belongs that the minds of men should be held by instruction, and that they should be fortified against the manifold forms of error and various incitements to vice, specially in this license of writing and unsatisfiable greed of learning. A great work indeed, in which however, the clergy will chiefly be of your fellow laborers and helpers, if it is by your endeavors, thoroughly instructed in virtue of life and sound learning. But so honorable and serious a cause requires the industry of laymen to be invoked in its favor, who associate the love of religion and country with virtuousness and learning. The forces, then, of both these orders being joined together, take pains that men may know and love thoroughly the Church of God; for, the greater is the knowledge and love of her, the more marked will be the hatred and aversion to these secret societies. Wherefore, not without cause, having embraced this favorable occasion, we repeat that which we have made known, that we ought most diligently

To Propagate and Foster the Third Order of St. Francis,

the rule of which we have tempered a little while ago with a prudent lenity. For the nature of that society, as constituted by its founder, is simply this: to call men to imitate Jesus Christ, to love His Church and to practice all Christian virtues. Therefore, it ought to be very powerful in suppressing the contagion of these most wicked societies. May this holy society, therefore, be renewed with daily increase, whence much fruit may be expected, and especially that men's minds may be drawn to real liberty, fraternity and equality. Not indeed, as the Freemasons absurdly think, but such as Jesus Christ purchased for the human race and St. Francis followed after. We call that the "liberty of the children of God," by which we serve neither Satan nor our lusts, those most wicked masters; that fraternity which derives its origin from God, the Creator and Father of all men; that equality which, founded in justice and charity, does not destroy all distinctions among men, but by the very variety of life, its duties and pursuits, produces that wonderful combination and harmony which naturally tends to the profit and dignity of citizens.

In the Third Place,

there are certain institutions wisely established by our forefathers, and which in the course of time have been dropped, which may become at the present time the type and model, as it were, of similar institutions. We speak of those guilds or associations of workingmen which aim at protecting, with the guidance of religion, their worldly interests and morality. And if our ancestors, after the experience of ages, appreciated so fully the utility of such institutions, our age perhaps will value it even more highly on account of the peculiar power they afford of crushing

the strength of the sects. Those who gain a bare subsistence by the labor of their hands, besides that they specially by their very state of life are most worthy of charity and aid, but also the most easily led astray by the deceits and wiles of the propagators of evil. They should, therefore, be induced all the more kindly to join worthy societies, to save themselves from being led into crime. For these reasons and for the common welfare,

We Fervently Wish to See these Guilds

so suited to the times, re-established under the auspices and patronage of the bishops. We are greatly rejoiced that similar associations and also guilds of masters have already been founded in various parts, both aiming at the relief and aid of worthy members of the working classes, to insure to them and their families the benefits of a titular patronage, and to supply them with the means of preserving, not only their morality, but the knowledge of religion and the love of piety. We cannot here pass over in silence one society which has given so many admirable examples, and which has deserved so well of the lower classes. We speak of the society which took the name of its father, St. Vincent de Paul. The work it has done, and the object it sets before itself, are sufficiently well known. The efforts of its members, prompted by charity, are solely directed to the relief of the poor and distressed — a work which they carried out with wonderful wisdom, and a modesty no less rare. But the more this society conceals the good it effects, the more is it fitted to the practice of charity and the alleviation of mankind's miseries. Fourthly, that the object of our desires may be the more easily obtained, we once more urgently commend to your fidelity and watchfulness

The Care of Youth as the Hope of Human Society.

To its formation give your greatest care; and be sure that, however great may have been previous zeal and foresight, you can never do too much to withdraw the young generation from the schools and teachers whence there is cause to fear the pestilential breath of the sects. Among the precepts of Christian doctrine there is one on which, urged by their bishops, parents, spiritual directors, and parish priests should lay stress. We speak of the need of warning their children or their pupils of the criminal nature of these secret societies, and, that they may thoroughly be on their guard, of letting them learn by what perfidious and varied artifices their propagators have been in the habit of using them to ensnare other men. Those who are entrusted with the duty of preparing young people for properly receiving the sacraments, would do wisely if they induced all to make a firm resolution never to join any society without the knowledge of their parents, or without the advice of their confessor.

We well know, however, that our common efforts to cast these pernicious seeds out of the Lord's field would not be sufficient unless the Master of the heavenly vineyard graciously deigned to help us in our endeavor. We must, therefore, implore His grace and help with an energetic and anxious zeal, commensurate with the force of the danger and with the magnitude of the necessity. Big with its previous success, the sect of the Freemasons haughtily rears its head, and no sign can be seen of any limit to its pertinacity.

United to one Another by a Kind of Guilty Union,

and by their secret plans, all its bondsmen reciprocally aid one another, and incite each other, to the perpetration of evil. Such violent attacks should be met with an equally strenuous resistance, and all men of good-will should therefore unite and form one vast society of action and of prayer. We therefore beseech them to stand fast, united and immovable, in their resistance to advancing power of the sects; let them also, bemoaning themselves bitterly, lift up their suppliant hands to God, and beseech from Him the prosperity and growth of Christianity, the enjoyment by the Church of the needful freedom, the return of wanderers to the path of good, that error may give way to truth, and vice yield to virtue. Let us take for our protectress and interpreter the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, that she who conquered Satan from the very moment of her conception, may exert her influence against these wicked sects, which are plainly the cause that is reviving, with indomitable craftiness and dissimulation, that diabolical spirit of rebellion among men. Let us seek the aid of the prince of the heavenly host, St. Michael, who cast out from heaven the angels now in hell; St. Joseph, also, the spouse of the Holy Virgin, the heavenly patron of the Catholic Church; and the great Apostles, Peter and Paul, the unconquered servers and defenders of the

Christian faith With their patronage, and continuance in united prayer on the part of all, we are confident that God will deign seasonably and graciously to succour mankind, at present exposed to so many dangers.

As a pledge of the gifts of heaven, and in token of our affection, we lovingly bestow on you, in the Lord, venerable brethren, on the whole clergy and faithful committed to your care, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 20th day of April, A. D., 1884, in the Seventh Year of Our Pontificate.

LEO, PP. XIII.

Honor.

ETYMOLOGISTS have given up all hope of finding the root of this word. The Greek synonym is a long way off, except on the known rules of Etymology, that consonants may be changed and vowels go for nothing. This is strange enough in a word which, in some shape, is in all languages and in all mouths. The Greeks as a commercial people put it plainly, and called it "price." It was the value others set upon a man: not that which he set upon himself. The world is an appraiser; and not always a wise one. Nevertheless, it is shrewd in fixing what men are worth; at least in the long run. Many popular estimates last only for a season, and are gone. Some last for a lifetime, and then gently die out. Some live forever. And some men, even after death, vindicate to themselves what was denied them in life, and live with an ever-spreading recognition in the memory of mankind. In this sense, honor means veneration, reverence, love, gratitude, recognition of personal and public utility and service, and the like.

It is remarkable, that though honor has many senses, it has not among them in other languages the special sense common in our own. Among the Romans, it signified the veneration of which we have spoken. There were many degrees of it, personal, civic, and religious. Divine honors lifted men to the gods. Triumphs, consulships, and ædileships were honors in civic life; estates and slaves in domestic or private life. To give honor, to pay honor, or to honor any one, have all one sense; but that sense is not the sense we are seeking. Mr. A. asks Mr. B. to honor him with his company at dinner: and Mr. B. gladly accepts the honor. After dinner, Mr. A. has the honor of proposing the health of Mr. B., which is drunk with all honors. All members of the House of Commons are for the time honorable. What happens when they lose their seat is not on record. They are no longer called so: and the name and the thing are so disjunctive, that they may be so when they are not called so, and may not be so when they are.

Now, neither Latins or Greeks would have understood an Englishman when he said, "Upon my honor." They would probably have taken it for a household god. They swore abundantly by Jupiter and Bacchus, and Edipol and Cato, and Charon and Styx; but they had no such deity as honor. It is among us the adjuration of a man by himself. And this is no empty form. A priest swears, or affirms *in verbo*

sacerdotis, because his priesthood is, or ought to be, the highest obligation, containing all that is sacred in his office and in his person. A knight pledged himself on the faith of a true knight, because to him falsehood was a moral death. When a man, then, says, "Upon my honor," he pledges himself by all that he is or has of truth, integrity, and dignity,—that is by his whole price, or worth before God and man. Here we come to the sense we are seeking. This honor is not the price that the world sets upon a man, but the price that he sets upon himself. When Shakespeare tells us that we ought to deal with other men not so much according to what they are as according to what we are, he says, "Treat them according to your honor; "that is, let yourself not them, be your measure. But it may be said that men set a very false price on themselves, and dream that they are what they are not.

This subjective consciousness is often self-love with a peacock's tail. And none treat others more haughtily than those who have least worth in them. Nevertheless, the rule is true. Just as there is a vicious self-love, and a rational self-love, so there is a vain-glorious self-consciousness, and a just consciousness of self. The first is inflated, unreal, and selfish; the last is humble, real, and true. Of vain-glorious self-consciousness we need not speak. If a man seeks for honors as the end of his actions, he becomes double. Even the good he does is not done because it is good, but because it will bring him popularity, or praise. This self-consciousness and reflection upon self is not to be found only in empty and unreal characters. Even greater and better men may be beset by it. But it is neither their motive nor their end; it is as the cloud of dust which follows the wheels that are in motion. Self-consciousness will envelop minds that are actively good and true. It is their temptation and torment: if indulged, it becomes their vice; if resisted, it is their discipline of humility. For humility does not consist in an ignorance of truth. If a man is above the average height of men, he cannot help knowing it. If he is stronger than others, he learned it in boyhood, when youths measure strength. If he be skilful in games and sports, he cannot fail to know it. If he comes out first in contest of strength and skill, in body or mind, or in moral action, how can he be unconscious of it? Every day he is learning by an accumulating experience what is his lot and share in the gifts of Nature, or in the acquisitions of his own mental and moral life. He cannot be ignorant of it if he would. If his own inward perceptions were so dull, his eyes and ears would learn it by the words and dealings of those around him. All this creates in a man a sense of duty and responsibility. What was fitting in his youth is no longer fitting in his manhood, in his maturity, in his old age. What is fitting for others is not, therefore fitting for him. Every lot has its own measures. This which to one man would be proportionate, to others would be too much or too little. Our state is made up of a multitude of conditions or elements, some within and some without; the essential are within, the accidental are without. The whole sum of what a man is by nature, habit, acquisition, mentally and morally,— together with his birth, state, name, possessions, office, and the like,— all these make up the standard by which what is proportionate in each man may

be measured. What in one man would be generous, in another would be narrow-hearted; what in one would be a fair advantage, in another would be exacting. A poor man may do many things which in a rich man would be out of all moral fitness. A man of low estate enjoys a liberty where another in higher estate must live in bondage. This does not mean that the one must die of dignity, or the other let himself down with laxities of speech and manners; but that there is a fitness and a proportionate attaching to every estate, and to every man: and it is an instinct of common sense to perceive it, and to make it the measure of our dealings with others and with ourselves This is what we mean by honor; and we feel at once the meaning of the words honorable and dishonorable: "Honor is as honor does."

To draw out somewhat in particular what this honor means and does, we may give the following heads:

1. Honor makes a man scrupulously exact in keeping engagements and promises, explicit and implicit. It is large, generous, and prompt, going beyond the strict obligations of law and conscience. To be sordid or mean, tricky or sharp, would be more painful than any loss. Some men will fulfil what can be legally enforced, but nothing beyond. They may have incurred "debts of honor;" but if they are not claimed, they will not offer them; if they are forgotten, they will not pay them. If they have only raised the hope and expectation of poor people by vague hints of help, they feel no obligation to fulfil them. In making bargains, they take advantage of every circumstance known to them, unknown to the other. Short of telling lies, they will depreciate what they want to purchase till the price is paid down. "It is naught, it is naught, saith every buyer: and when he has gone away then he will boast." Some men, when they find too late that they have made an unwise promise to their own disadvantage, will slip out of it. Honor will keep it, though it be to a man's own hindrance. Regulus promised to return to Carthage. He did not promise to discourage his countrymen.

2. Honor makes men faithful in keeping secrets, and therefore unwilling to receive them, for secrets are like red hot ploughshares. Only saints can walk safely between them. To keep secrets, under the cross-fire of questions and curiosities which harass the world, is not easy.

3. Honor makes men magnanimous in forgiving and forgetting offences and ingratitudes. It has a long memory for what is good and noble, and a short memory for what is evil and base. Petty spites, resentments, retaliations, mean revenges, secret animosities, jealousies, and malice in word or deed, are cast out of an honorable mind as if by exorcism. Men of honor deal with an especial generosity with those who have unworthily treated them. They treat them not as they deserve, but as they could least expect. It is honor's *lex talionis* to return good for evil: kindness for ill-will. The world calls it want of knowledge of men; but honor is wiser than the world, and as strong as it is wise.

4. Honor makes men to be respectful to everybody, but especially to those below them in station or education or social advantages—

such as the poor or servants or dependants in any kind or degree. It has no adulation for the great, and no loftiness for the lowly; but a sympathy with all that is honest and true, in serge or in broadcloth. It treats all men as king's sons, recognizing in them, through all the weeds of worldly inequality, the nature of man and its dignity; for "a man is worth what he is worth before God, and nothing more." And even the unworthy they will treat with a courtesy, which more than the keenest words, makes them conscious of their little worth. Honor acts honorably, as light shines, by its own nature; and is the same to all; not because of what they are, but because of what it is in itself.

5. Honor carries men over all private ends and private interests, when the public good comes in. It was said of a great heathen, that he was *indocilis privata loqui:* which may be rendered, that he could not be got to talk of anything but public affairs.

6. Lastly: honor inspires a certain indignation against all paltering with truth. It is impatient of equivocations, ambiguities, amphibologies or white lies. It has so strong an affinity with truth, that it would rather speak out even untimely truths than be silent. Truth will always take care of itself. It may make confusion, and turn things upside down, like a shell falling into a square, but in the long run the most veracious man is the most useful, and the most at peace even with those whom his veracity has offended. To mean what you say, and to say what you mean, wins even enemies at last. Honor never palters: and even enemies are disarmed before it.

Now all this may be full of pride; because like Pharisaism, the best things may be full of self: and self, unless mastered, is full of evil. But honor may be only the consciousness of what is high and right and true, prompting always to what is higher, nobler, and truer both in word and deed: and that not for vain-glory, nor for self-interest, but for its own sake. There need be no pride in conscious rectitude: in the *nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa* of an upright man.

Thus far we have spoken of what honor does; but we have not ventured to define what honor is. We will, however, run the risk, and it may be the gauntlet of the wise who abound in this world.

It would seem, then, that honor is the perfection of the virtues of the natural order, as charity is the perfection of the virtues of the supernatural order. And we must believe that the superstructure will not stand firm unless the foundation be four-square beneath. Christian talk, and pious emotions, and imaginative visions of perfection and devotion, if they do not rest upon these solid natural foundations, easily ascend in a balloon and float away. The virtues of the natural order are: first, prudence, which knows and measures the proportions and fitness of states and actions; secondly, justice, which gives to every one his right, and even goes beyond it: for justice is not only the doing things justly, but the doing them as a just man would do them, that is in motive and measure and manner; the justice of the just man is not merely liberal, but equitable and generous. After this comes temperance, which chastens, restrains and subdues passions, affections, and desires of what is pleasant, soft and sweet to self in all

its forms, so as to make men unselfish. And finally comes fortitude, which denies itself and suffers, and willingly sacrifices its own and itself for truth, justice, generosity, and the public weal. These four rise into what the old world called *virtue*, which was equivalent to courage or fortitude in a heroic decree, crowning temperance, justice, and prudence with a sovereign strength of mastery. In the supernatural order, this would be charity, the bond of perfectness, and the fulness of fortitude in self-oblation and in martyrdom.

HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop, in *Merry England.*

Why Do So Few People Marry?

DR. JAMES ELLIOT, of Newark, N. J., answers this question. The doctor said that in the last ten or fifteen years our young people have been moving very slowly in the direction of matrimony, and the number who make the venture is comparatively small. The Christian Church has elevated marriage to the dignity of a Sacrament. The first miracle of our Lord was performed at a marriage feast, at the solicitation of the Divine Mother of our Saviour. People are expected to obey their natural impulses and marry at a proper age. The Apostle Paul says that "marriage is honorable," and certain rules of the Church are given by which we can make it so. This espousal is no idle contract to be disregarded by either party. It binds for life, and is a matter too serious, too far-reaching in its results, to be performed by a mere layman, whether he be a mayor or a justice of the peace or an honorable alderman. Its minister must have the requisite authority. He must be one who has been sent as Aaron was, a priest of the order of Melchisidec. This is the only one who can administer the Sacrament of marriage and make it what God intended it to be,— a sacred and holy union.

It is Natural and Proper to Suppose

that young people should marry at the proper age, and yet we see every day, the old bachelor and the old maid travelling along life's highway alone. If this continues, single men and women will continue to be the rule among us and not the exception. This will be bad for the Church, bad for the State, bad for healthy young people, bad for everybody, because the condition known as single blessedness is a very doubtful commodity. The cause of this must be found in the artificial restraints of society that by its customs, manners and modes of intercourse hampers the affections, and by its arbitrary restraints makes marriage difficult. Ask a young man why he does not get married and he will probably say he cannot afford it. The reason will not be that he can get no one to have him. It costs too much to live and pay rent and keep a servant, etc. He has no money saved up, for the requirements of society have absorbed everything beyond what he

needed for food and raiment. Excursions and balls, and the theatre and the billiard saloon require more each year than he is aware of, and he has not the courage to curtail these sources of waste. Ask the young woman why she does not marry and she, most likely, will answer you with the sweetest naivete: "Because I can get no young man to have me."

988,44

There is No Doubt Something in the Answer.

She cannot go a-courting, but must wait and watch for the right one to come. If she possesses sterling character, moderate good looks, good manners and an amiable disposition, joined with industry and frugal habits, she will be found and courted, although she may never have left the precincts of her home. This will probably be controverted in this age, when the young lady must be a society lady. She must go to balls and theatres, and to those modern abominations called picnics. It is seldom a young man thinks of selecting for his life partner, one who frequents such assemblies. He wishes in her sobriety of conduct and virtue. Not that all pleasures should be discarded, but the young lady should have steadiness, seriousness, carefulness and scrupulous propriety of conduct. If a young lady intends to marry the time will surely come when she must meet face to face the stern duties of conducting a household, and must realize that nearly all accomplishments outside of those connected with her home life are worthless. There can be no happy home with a neglect of home duties. A young lady who sits up late at night, and hence is a late riser is unfit to be a wife, and the same remark is applied to a young man.

The Lecturer next Proceeded to Treat of Love.

The daily press is full of love tales, lovers' mishaps, murders for love, suicides for love, duelling for love, and, alas, insanity for love. This sort of love is almost frenzy. It is not genuine. The real foundation for love is esteem. There can be no true friendship and no true love unless it is mutual. The greater part of the mistakes that happen in married life spring from the bad disposition of those who enter that state. When trials and troubles come, the affection that was founded on vain caprice or a fancy for some real or supposed grace of person disappears. A young man in love is not his real self. If a lawyer or a physician, the clients or patients must suffer. A person should never allow a master passion to seize upon the soul. If the minds of lovers were filled with a supreme love for the Creator, we would not read in the daily press the harrowing tales of homicides and suicides and insanity as the results of love.

The lecturer went on to speak of the advantages of sobriety and economy, and read copious extracts from the poets about women and love. He spoke of the foolish fashion of beginning housekeeping with a servant. He did not see the need of this until the increasing family demanded more help. Why any healthy young woman in the humble walks of life should have another young woman to help her to attend

to one man, thus compelling him to support two instead of one, was what he could not understand. The lecturer spoke of those ladies who were trained to do their own work, and who were determined they would wear out, rather than rust.

Electric Girls.

THE introduction of illuminated ballet girls has greatly added to the attractions of the spectacular stage. Girls with electric lights on their foreheads, and batteries concealed in the recesses of their clothing first made their appearance a year ago, but as yet the use of illuminated girls has not spread beyond the stage. There is, however, a great future awaiting the grand idea of incandescent girls, and there is reason to believe that in a very short time private houses will be lighted by girls instead of stationary electric lights.

The formation of the Electric Girl Lighting Company is an event second in importance only to the invention of electric lights. This company proposes to supply girls of fifty candle power each in quantities to suit householders. The girls are to be fed and clothed by the company, and customers will, of course, be permitted to select at the company's warehouse whatever style of girl may please their fancy.

A very beautiful design for a front hall girl is now on exhibition at the company's office, No. 409 Gold Street. The present system of lighting the front hall of a dwelling house has the disadvantage that the light — whether it be a gas light or an electric light — must be kept burning all the evening, and that a servant must be employed to answer the bell. Thus there is a double expense — the cost of the light and the cost of the servant. The Electric Girl Lighting Company will furnish a beautiful girl of fifty or a hundred candle power, who will be on duty from dusk till midnight — or as much later as may be desired. This girl will remain seated in the hall until some one rings the front door bell. She will then turn on her electric light, open the door, admit the visitor, and light him into the reception room. One girl thus performs the duties of lighting the front hall and answering the bell, and her annual cost is much less than that of a servant and a gas-light. If, however, any householder should desire to keep the electric girl constantly burning and to employ another servant to answer the bell, there can be no doubt that the electric girl, posing in a picturesque attitude, will add much to the decoration of the house.

Under the present system electric lamps or gas burners are fixtures, and cannot be moved from place to place. The electric girls, on the contrary, are movable. One girl can be made to give as much light as a large sized drawing room chandelier, and she can be moved from one room to another, leading the way to supper, for example, and placed wherever she can do the most good. There can be no com-

parison between a beautifully designed and chastely executed electric girl and a massive chandelier that constantly threatens to fall on somebody's head; and every householder of æsthetic instincts will be glad to exchange his chandeliers for girls.

An inexpensive electric girl of one or two candle power will be of great use when a person desires to go from one room to another in a dark house. Instead of having to carry a candle in his hand and incur the risk of dropping it or of having it blown out by a draught of air, the happy possessor of an electric girl can turn her on or send her before him to light the way. The student who is now troubled by the flicker of his gas-light, or his inability to move the electric light from one part of his desk to another, can be made perfectly happy by an electric girl with a ground glass shade, who will take any position that the student may desire in order to throw light on his book or paper. No one who becomes accustomed to such a girl will think of returning to old fashioned methods of lighting.

The new company propose to furnish the new light at a little less than the charge made by the Edison and Brush Companies, and promise that in a short time their light will be decidedly cheaper than gas. Their plant already comprises 2,500 girls, and both electric boys and footmen will be at the command of the public as soon as certain experiments as to the possibility of enabling electric boys to give a steady light are completed.

Emigrant Poetry of Ireland.

At a banquet in London, Mr. A. M. Sullivan said:—Nearly every civilized country had a poetry of its own. Scotland was rich in the poetry of the people, as was Germany and France, but England in popular ballad poetry was singularly deficient, because the rural homes of the people had been swept away, and what might have been a thriving peasantry had become a mere set of laborers. You do not find welling up from the hearts of that people, and taking shape in song and ballad, that loving for the unforgotten land they have left behind them. That most singular fact singles out the Irish emigrant as having some cause peculiar to himself and a character that does not attach to the adventurous wanderer of any other nation in the world. When they gather round the fireside they whisper in song of another land that is far away. The Irish exile brings up his little children in the foreign land and teaches them half fabulous stories of his native land, for he tells him of the dreams of hope pictured in his heart. There are Legislators, I am afraid I must say in London at this moment, who could not pass a School Board Examination in Irish history, who believe Ireland belongs by right of conquest to England. They will find Ireland does not belong to her by any conquest. The treaty of Mellefont in 1601, Limerick, 1691, and the inter-Parliamentary treaty of 1782, made certain terms to be granted to our countrymen, and if

they had been kept, there might be no Irish emigrant nation to-night, and there would be no surging in the hearts of twelve millions of Irishmen all over the globe the passion that fills them this evening. The terms of the treaty of Mellefont were considered too liberal by a certain party in Ireland at that time. We have specimens of the same class there to-day. If ever terms are offered to Ireland, supposed to be liberal, you will find these hungry vultures crying out that the Government has delivered the loyal subjects into the hands of the seditious. The speaker next proceeded to speak of the first military emigration of the Irish chiefs to Rome, the asylum and the refuge of the persecuted and the oppressed. There no English revenge could touch them, and there England's edict never ran. There the Sovereign Pontiff assigned them a royal allowance out of his own purse, but they pined under a foreign sky. The treaty was broken at home; their clansmen were now like sheep without a shepherd, and they with broken hearts soon sank into foreign graves. The Earl of Tyrconnell died on the 28th of July, 1608; his brother in the September following, and the son of Hugh O'Neill in 1609; and on July 20, 1616, the old chieftain himself, who had so nearly won the total independence of his country, sank into a foreign grave, and was buried with Royal pomp in Rome out of the private purse of the Pope. Having briefly referred to Count O'Neill of Tyrone, who lives in Paris to-day, as the descendant of the great Owen Roe O'Neill, Mr. Sullivan proceeded to say that the military emigration from Ireland subsequently had grown to such an extent, and the Irish filled such high positions in the Courts and the Governments, and the Cabinets of Europe that the English Government became alarmed. The Irish emigrant in that hour was found as the companion of Kings, not as the delver and toiler on the railways of America or England, but as commanders in the armies of Continental Europe. Proceeding to refer to the misrepresentation of the Irish people by English newspapers, Mr. Sullivan said: If the Irish people had the sanctity of the twelve apostles, and had not power and influence, they might look out for sympathy or respect from the writers of this country. Their style of writing was more to this effect: "Tel-el-Keber; glorious victory; Baker Pasha; terrible massacre" (laughter). Wherever they went the same story. Ekowe was a glorious victory. Majuba Hill a terrible massacre (laughter). They say over here that the Loyalists must be taken care of. Who took care of Cromwell when the Loyalists were murdering King Charles I. below here at Whitehall? Mr. Sullivan proceeded to speak of the enforced emigration from Ireland during the time of the infamous Cromwell, when the little children were transplanted from their homes, torn from their mother's knee, and shipped to Barbadoes and sold into slavery in the sugar plantations. These children were taken like sheep to the shambles, where forty years later not one of them was found to have survived the pestilential swamps of that place. The speaker then enumerated some of the ballads that have found their origin in the wanderings of the Irish race throughout the world, and recited with much elocutionary skill and amidst deafening applause, Thomas Davis's "Battle Eve of the Brigade," as follows:

The mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set;
And the gallant Count Thomond is president yet;
The vet'ran arose, like an uplifted lance,
Crying, "Comrades, a health to the monarch of France!"
With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,
For King Louis is lov'd by The Irish Brigade.

"A health to King James," and they bent as they quaff'd,
"Here's to George the *Elector*," and fiercely they laugh'd,
"Good luck to the girls we woo'd long ago,
Where Sionainn, and Bearbha, and Abhain-dubh flow."
"God prosper Old Ireland," you'd think them afraid,
So pale grew the chiefs of The Irish Brigade.

"But, surely, that light cannot come from our lamp?
And that noise, are they *all* getting drunk in the camp?"
"Hurrah, boys, the morning of battle is come,
And the *generale's* beating on many a drnm."
So they rush from the revel to join the parade;
For the van is the right of The Irish Brigade.

They fought as they revell'd, fast, fiery and true,
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few;
And they, who surviv'd, fought and drank as of yore,
But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more,
For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

Subsequently, the lecturer recited the "Brigade at Fontenoy," and went on to speak of the emigration of later years since the famine, and continued: I have been amongst my countrymen in America. My honored friend Mr. Redmond and his brother William — (cheers) — have gone over a wider field and they may have met what I have in crossing the Atlantic, the literal realization of the idea portrayed in one of our emigrant ballads — an old Irishman, a poor grey-headed emigrant, finding his last hour approaching, creeps to the steamer at Boston or New York to come home and die in the sacred soil of holy Ireland. When I was coming across the Atlantic there was a young woman on board — God bless these young women of the Irish race — who was in the last stage of a fatal disease, coming home to die in the old land. But, alas, before we could see its fair hills, ere we descried the lights off Cape Clear, she died. In concluding, Mr. Sullivan said What is to come of this great emigrant land beyond the shores of their own native isle? Will the statesmen never see that not without a great purpose has the great God implanted so deeply in the hearts of a virtuous race a love so imperishable as ours? Will there never come a day when true statesmanship will see in this marvellous fidelity of a people to the home where their lot was hard and their sufferings severe — something pointing to a great task which will be for the benefit of liberty throughout the world? My faith is strong and my convictions invincible, that from the fidelity, the self-sacrifice, and the devotion of that emigrant Ireland beyond the Irish shore, as well as that of our country-men at home, will come the resurrection of that beloved isle. I believe if I am spared even a few years more, I and you shall live to see a great step taken towards that happy consummation.

Our Young Folks.

BABY-LOVE.

To Coz. Nannie.

I.

When the stars are in the sky,
And the moon is o'er the hill,
And the wind doth sob and sigh
As it bloweth where it will;
In the calm and dewy night,
In that holy silent hour,
Where mid orchard blossoms white,
In thy rose encircled bower,
Thou dost say thy rosary o'er —
Wilt thou then remember one,
Who in days that are no more,
Loved thee dearest 'neath the sun?

II.

Yes, he loved thee far too well
For the might of song to say,
With a love no power could quell,
That can never pass away;
In his heart, now dark and cold,
That can ne'er be bright again,
Like a jewel chased in gold,
Deep thine image doth remain.
Other hearts may faithful prove,
Other smiles may make thee gay,
But none other e'er can love
Like the bard who's gone away.

Sliev-an-Train.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE SNOWDROP.

CHAPTER III.

A HEARTY WELCOME.

The little station of Ballybrack is in commotion. The seven o'clock train from Kingstown is almost due, and people are crowding in on all sides; some to take the train to Bray, where a military band is playing, others to meet friends who may have come from town, or crossed over in the packet from England.

Amongst the most anxious watchers are a little boy of seven, and a tall, pleasant-looking gentleman.

"There is the train, just leaving Dalkey; it will soon be here," cried the child. "But, papa, papa, shall we know Snowdrop when we see her? Wouldn't it be terrible if we took a strange little girl by mistake?"

"Very terrible, Dermot," said his father laughing; "but not at all probable. I am not uneasy, dear boy. I have not seen her for two years, but still I am sure I shall have no difficulty in knowing her."

"How do you do Mr. O'Connor?" said a gentleman who came into the station in great haste. "I thought I was late. How excited Master Dermot looks; are you taking him to the band?"

"No; we are looking out for my little niece, who is coming over from England to stay with us for awhile."

"Ah, poor Elton's child?"

"Yes; Dermot has taken a sudden panic lest I should pick up the wrong child."

"That would be awkward certainly," said the gentleman smiling. "But here comes the train."

At this moment the great engine came steaming into the station; and Mr. O'Connor looked closely into every carriage as it whizzed past him.

"There she is! that fair-faced little creature must be Snowdrop. Certainly the name suits her well," he cried, and taking Dermot by the hand he walked up the platform in search of the traveller.

A young woman lifted a little girl from a first-class carriage, and peered anxiously into every face.

"Are you Snowdrop Elton?" asked Mr. O'Connor, putting his arm round the child; "I am sure you are!"

"Yes, I am Snowdrop; and this is Polly Green, my nurse."

"That is right," said Mr. O'Connor' kissing her; "I am very glad to see you, Snowdrop. One introduction deserves another. I am your uncle Jim, and this," drawing Dermot forward, "is your cousin Master Dermot O'Connor. Come, my man, give the litle one a kiss."

But Dermot hung back with crimson cheeks. He had longed for his cousin to appear; counted the days, hours, and minutes till she should arrive, and now, when he found her before him, he had not a word to say.

"Well, you are a little goose," said his father, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"He is shy, Uncle Jim," said Snowdrop, looking up with a smile: "boys always are."

"Indeed, is that your opinion?" said her uncle laughing. "He is shy at present, but I promise you it will not last long. Come, Dermot, be a man; give your cousin your hand, and take her out to the car, whilst I give directions about the luggage. How many trunks have you, Polly?"

"Two, sir," answered the nurse.

"Well, come along and show them to me; the children will be quite safe together." And Mr. O'Connor turned and walked across to where the luggage labelled "Ballybrack" had been tumbled out of the train.

As his father disappeared, Dermot put out his hand, and blushing deeply, said: "Come, and I will show you my donkey-carriage."

Snowdrop took his hand with a merry laugh, and, peeping up at the blushing boy, whispered coaxingly: "Don't be shy to me; I am only a little thing, and I want you to be glad to see me."

"I am glad to see you, and I am not one bit shy," and turning away his head he ran quickly out of the station.

An outside car stood at the door; but a little way in front, was a funny little carrirge of yellow wood and cushions covered with light covered cloth. This small conveyance stood about three feet from the ground, and into it was harnessed a quiet-looking donkey, who at this moment was enjoying a peaceful meal of grass by the roadside.

"What a dear little carriage," cried Snowdrop. "Oh, Dermot, is that yours?"

"Yes, it is mine," said Dermot smiling; "papa gave it to me for my last birthday. Would you like to go up to the castle in it, or on the car with papa?"

"Oh, I would rather go in the carriage; but would Uncle Jim allow me?"

"Yes, of course, he would. Jump in. I drive myself, you know; but we must wait till papa is ready."

"Can you really drive yourself? Well, you are a clever boy."

"Oh, that's nothing," cried Dermot, his shyness fast disappearing; "I can do far cleverer things than that. But isn't it nice and comfortable?"

"It's lovely," said Snowdrop, seating herself, and patting the donkey's back; "but, oh, I hope he would never run away."

"Of course not. Why, I would hold him in if he tried to run; but he wouldn't."

"Well, I'm glad he wouldn't. I don't think you could hold him in; you are only a little boy, and your arms are not strong enough."

"But I am not so very little; I'm past seven, and my arms are fi and strong, I can tell you. Uncle Tom says I've splendid muscle for my size."

"Ho, ho! so you've got over your shyness, Master Dermot," said Mr. O'Connor. "And now, Snowdrop, will you trust this young shaver to drive you up the hill? I will walk behind, so you need have no fear."

"I am not afraid, uncle. Dermot says he's a very good driver."

"I dare say he thinks so; but I would not trust him far out of my sight. Dermot, I would not boast so much, if I were you; it looks conceited, my boy."

"No, papa, I did not mean to be that."

"I hope not; but that is your rock ahead, my little man, so you must take care and avoid it."

"Yes, papa."

"What is a rock ahead, Uncle?" asked Snowdrop; "the road is very hilly — but I don't see any rocks."

"Don't you, my dear? But I did not mean a rock on the road, Snowdrop; I meant a big fault in Dermot's character over which he must take care not to stumble. He is apt to think he can do every thing well, and so he often comes to grief; eh, my boy?"

"Yes, papa, so I do."

"Well, now, away you go. Polly will follow on the car with her parcels and the trunks can go up on the cart. I shall walk behind you, just to see that Neddy and his master play no tricks. Do not go too fast, Dermot, as I cannot go quickly up the hill."

"No, papa; I shall go at a snail's pace," said the boy laughing, and gathering up his reins he started off.

"Look, Snowdrop, that is our home," he said, as the donkey plodded slowly up the road; "does it not look lovely from here?"

"Yes, indeed, it does; and, oh, dear, how high it is! How shall we ever get there?"

"Oh, easily enough; Neddy is accustomed to the hill, and will soon carry us up."

Kilteen Castle stood high above the road, and had a charming view of sea and mountains. The walls were of solid granite, that sparkled in the sunlight, and its gardens sloped in terraces and walks along the side of the hill.

"It looks like a fairy palace, up there in the sun," said Snowdrop; "I never saw such a beautiful house."

"No more did I," said Dermot, well-pleased at the little girl's praise of his home; "it's far away the nicest about here, anyway."

"Yes, I'm sure it is; and how pretty that ivy looks all along that big wall."

"So it does. But the part of the castle I like best is the tower, there at the other end; it is awfully high, and there's such a splendid view of the hills and sea from it. But I daresay you like shops and houses and things better; London people always do."

"Indeed they don't," cried the little girl, indignantly. "I just love the country; you are so much shut up in London."

"Well, I'm glad you like the country. But, Snowdrop?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Are there many girls in London?"

"Of course there are; heaps and heaps."

"Dear, dear, I am sorry," said Dermot, flipping the donkey with his whip; "I thought it might be different over there."

"Different from what? There are plenty of girls everywhere."

"Yes, that's just it; there are too many over here. We have four: Nora, the twins, and Baba. Mrs. Mulvane has six, theB ruces five, and ever so many people have some that I cannot think of now."

"Well, but that's very nice," said Snowdrop, leaning back comfortably in her seat; "I like girls; my greatest friend in London is a girl."

"Oh, it's very well for you," said Dermot, mournfully; "but I like boys. I used to think that over in England there must be plenty, and there the first cousin that comes over to us is a girl."

"Oh, but there are a great many boys there, too. There was Jack and Harry and Joe. Oh, lots of boys, and—"

"Boys like me; not big tall chaps?"

"Yes, like you," examining him critically; "some were fatter, some thinner. Jack was a little taller and Harry not quite so big, but—"

"I wish you had brought one or two of those chaps with you then; we should have had fine fun together."

"But are there no boys in Ireland?" asked Snowdrop, wondering much at such a strange state of things.

"Of course there are. But the only fellows I know about here are the O'Briens. They are big chaps of twelve or fourteen, and rather wild. Mother thinks it would make me rough to go with them much."

"That would be a pity," said Snow, wisely; "rough boys are so disagreeable."

"That's very fine; but boys ought to be rough: at least, so the O'Briens say. They call me 'Miss Molly,' and that makes me so angry."

"Well, that is very unkind; but, oh, Dermot, how lovely the sea looks from here."

"Yes, not bad," said Dermot, carelessly; "but it is much nicer to be out on it in a boat, catching shoals of fish."

"How nice; and can you really catch fish?"

"I should think so; but I don't often get the chance. Those O'Brien chaps have a boat of their own, and they would like to take me out sometimes; but then my mother is too frightened to let me go."

"Now, Dermot you may go a little faster," said Mr. O'Connor, from behind; "Neddy seems in a lazy humor to-day."

"Oh, no, uncle," cried Snowdrop; he is a dear old donkey. Dermot and I have been having such a nice talk that we forgot to make him go on. But is that Kilteen Castle?"

"Yes, that is Kilteen Castle, and there is Aunt Julia at the hall-door; and dear me, there is the whole nursery turning out to meet you. Goodness, what a hurry the young ladies are in."

As he spoke, four little girls, the eldest a golden-haired trot of five, the youngest a ball of two, came one after the other down the road.

"Gently, my children, or you will surely fall," called their father, and, smiling at their eagerness, he caught the baby in his arms. "Here is a party of pickles, Snowdrop," he said; "I hope you will not be too much shocked at their country manners."

"No, uncle, I am sure I shall not," said Snowdrop, kissing her cousins, as they clambered up the side of the carriage.

"I am Nora, Snowdrop," cried one; "I am the biggest; I am five, so remember, you must be my friend."

"Yes, I am sure I shall," answered Snowdrop, gaily.

"Ah, but you must be my friend, too," exclaimed Topsy, a wild-looking child, with merry, dark eyes. "Nora always wants to keep everybody to herself. Doesn't she, Lesbia?"

"Yes," said Lesbia, "so she does; but Snowdrop will be our friend just as much. Topsy and me is two twins, so you must love us just the very same."

"And I hope you will all love me," said Snowdrop, in a low voice. "Mamma told me you would all be my friends."

"Me fen, too," cried Baba, from her father's arms, "me fen, too."

"What a great big friend Mistress Baba will be," cried Mr. O'Connor, hoisting her upon his shoulder. "But now, Dermot, start off again; don't keep your mother waiting."

"Get down, you kids," said Dermot; "we must take Neddy up in great style to the gate.

The little girls dropped from their perches on the side of the carriage; Dermot cracked his whip, and the donkey trotted briskly forward.

"Now, Nora, for a race," cried Mr. O'Connor; and shouting and cheering, the baby on his shoulder, his three small daughters at his heels, he ran gaily up the road.

"Here is Snowdrop; here is our London cousin," cried the little girls as they flew along.

"Here we are at last, mother," said Dermot; and in an instant Snowdrop was in Aunt Julia's arms.

"Welcome to Kilteen Castle, darling," said Mrs. O'Connor, clasping the child to her heart, and kissing her lovingly; "welcome a hundred times. I do hope you may be happy here."

"Yes," said Snowdrop, looking up into her face, "I know I shall, for every one is so kind; and, oh, Aunt Julia, you are so like my own dear mother."

CHAPTER IV.

COUNTRY COUSINS.

BEFORE many weeks had elapsed Snowdrop felt quite at home at Kilteen Castle. The little girl was so gay and at the same time so gentle and obliging that she won all hearts, and was soon a great favorite with her Irish cousins. And the free country life and fresh air suited her very well, and before long she grew fat and rosy.

"We shall have to change your name, Mistress Snowdrop," said her uncle one day; "you are getting so plump and sunburnt that it does not describe you any longer. I think we must begin to call you May."

"Oh, no, please don't, uncle," cried the child, earnestly. "My own dear papa gave me that name when I was a baby; he called me nowdrop always, so please let me keep it."

"Very well," he answered, laughing; "I shall not attempt to make a change if you love the name so much. But you are more like a rosy-cheeked apple than a snowdrop."

"Yes, I know I am," she said gaily; "that is because the air is so good, and Aunt Julia takes such care of me."

"And you are happy over here, little woman?" he said, smoothing the long fair hair as he spoke, "quite happy and fond of your cousins?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle Jim, so happy. My cousins are so nice; and then in a few more weeks mamma and papa will be here."

"So they will; but we must try and make them stay for a long time. We shall be sorry to part with you, darling."

And when this conversation was written over to Mrs. Elton in her lonely lodgings, her heart was filled with joy.

"Thank God, I did what was right for my child," she said; "it was a hard trial to be obliged to send her away; but since it has been for her good, and she is happy, I can bear the separation." And comforted by this thought, she threw herself into her work with renewed vigor.

And Snowdrop did love all her cousins dearly. But her greatest favorite was Dermot; from the first moment they met, they were fast friends. To him she told her secrets; to him she talked of her dear mother and the books she was writing; to him she grieved over her father's troubles, and told all her plans for their future life. And

Dermot returned her affection in full. He was interested in her little thoughts, and did what he could to make her happy at Kilteen. He was a high-spirited, generous fellow, and although he had longed for a boy cousin as companion, still he devoted himself to the girl, when she happened to come in his place.

Dermot was kind and lovable; but I am sorry to say he had some dangerous faults, faults that my little readers will do well to guard against. He was, as I have said, a high-spirited boy, but, alas! he was boastful and conceited. He thought, or pretended he thought, that he could do everything well, at least everything he cared to do. And yet he was no cleverer than a hundred other children of seven. But he had been a great deal with grown-up persons, had a sharp little way of repeating things he had heard said by his elders, and so had acquired a reputation for talent, that was not at all good for him. "What a bright fellow little Dermot is," he heard people say frequently; "I declare he is wonderfully clever and sharp." And so the young man began to think himself a genius, and fancied he knew how to do many things, of which in reality he was very ignorant.

Had Snowdrop been a boy somewhat older than himself it would have been fortunate for Dermot. A lad of eight or nine would have lowered his pride a little, and shown him that he was not quite so clever as he imagined. But being a simple little girl, Snowdrop only encouraged his faults by looking up to him with admiration and respect. And so when she had been at Kilteen about a month Dermot was more conceited than ever. His greatest wish from the hour she arrived, was to show off and make her think him a wonderful fellow.

One evening the three little girls and Dermot sat round a table in Mrs. O'Connor's boudoir. They were all occupied with pencils and paint-boxes, drawing men and women, very much to their own edification and delight.

"Mine is a splendid fellow," cried Topsy, gaily; "I think he's like Uncle Tom in his uniform; isn't he?"

"Yes, I declare he is," said Lesbia; "but his arms are too thin."

"Oh, that doesn't matter one bit," replied Topsy; "we'll *pe*tend they're fat. But look at him's eye; isn't it fine and big?"

"Snow draws better than any of us," said Nora. "I say, Dermot, you couldn't draw half such a good woman; why, it's just like mother when she's got on her fur cloak; isn't it good?"

"Not bad," said Dermot, condescendingly. "But I could do just as good; better if I tried."

"Then why don't you try?" questioned Nora.

"Oh, because I don't choose to; but I can draw splendidly when I like."

"Dermot," said his mother, looking up from her work, "I don't like that tone; you should always try to do everything as well as you can, dear."

"But I don't feel inclined to, mother. But, there, I shan't draw any more men and women; they are stupid things; they never will come right. I'll draw a sky, and paint it blue, and then put in the stars and moon; won't that be nice, Snowdrop?"

"Yes, very nice," answered his cousin laughing; "but the sky is not blue like that when the stars are out; that would be a fine day sky."

"Much you know about it," he cried, covering his paper with brilliant color. I suppose you would like a nice yellow sky, like your London ones when there is a horrid fog."

"Oh, no, that would not do either; but I don't think it should be blue like that."

"I don't care what you think; my sky shall be blue. Here goes the moon; oh, I must make her yellow. Then, here goes the stars. You see, Snowdrop, I know more about these things than you do, for Uncle Tom showed me the sky and told me the names of the stars."

"Did he? That must have been nice. But we are always in bed when the stars are out."

"Yes, generally. But one night Uncle Tom kept me up with him; and after dinner he took me out on the top of the big tower and showed me the stars and told me their names. It was fine fun."

"Yes, I'm sure it was; I would love to go."

"Oh, but it didn't do you much good," cried Nora, "for you forgot all the names before morning. Papa said Uncle Tom was a queer teacher, for he didn't know much about ass, ass, something (I can't remember the word) himself."

"Astronomy you mean, I suppose," said Dermot scornfully. "But papa was wrong, Miss Nora, and you are wrong too; Uncle Tom knows lots about it, and I haven't forgotten the names. Look here, Snowdrop," placing his blue sky before his cousin, "that's Jupiter and that's Mars, and that's," making a third big dot, "that's oh, bother, I don't remember that fellow's name, but I'm sure I'd know him in the real sky."

"Oh, Dermot," cried Snowdrop, laughing, "I'm sure you wouldn't."

"Just you wait," he answered, confidently. "I have a splendid memory; I'll get the key of the tower, and then, if you come up, I'll soon show you.'"

"But you'll never get to the tower," said Nora, nodding her head, and looking very wise; "papa keeps the key of the tower himself, and I know you shan't be able to find it."

"Shan't I, indeed?" said Dermot, gazing admiringly at his lovely sky; "you'll just see."

"Bubby Dermy, tea 'edy," called Baby, toddling into the room, "Nana say 'oo bess be tit."

"Oh, we'll be quick, never fear," said Dermot, jumping off his chair. "I am starving with hunger; I have worked awfully hard at my sky, but I must say I have done it very well."

"You are conceited," said Nora; "you think you do everything beautifully."

"And so I do; it would be a good thing for you if you were half as clever," and off he went to his tea.

"You dear little darling," cried Snowdrop, throwing her arms round Baby, "come along, and we shall go into the nursery together."

"Mine dive mudder a tiss," said Ba, and trotting across the room she flung herself into her mother's lap.

"Why, Baba, how did you come here?" said Mrs. O'Connor, kissing her. "*Mine* ought to be with nurse."

"Nana send Mine say tea'edy. Mine do now, tousin So," and she put her hand in Snowdrop's, and marched her off.

"Mother," cried Lesbia, tearfully, "Topsy is putting my paints in her box, and it isn't fair."

"No, I'm not," replied Topsy; "they're my own paints, and I will have them."

"Children, children, I cannot allow you to quarrel so much. Come now, be good little girls; put your paints away carefully and go to tea. Look how good and gentle your cousin from London is; my darlings will try and be the same, I hope."

"Yes, mother," said Topsy, hanging her head.

"We shall put them all together, Top, that will be the best," said Lesbia, gently.

"Very well, whatever you like."

Then having packed away their boxes the little girls kissed their mother, and went off hand-in-hand to the nursery.

To be Continued.

NOT A BAD ANSWER FOR A CHILD.— The Rev. J. J. Moriarity, of Syracuse, N. Y., author of "Stumbling Blocks Made Stepping Stones," etc., tells the following story:

This morning I met one of my ministerial (Protestant) friends, who asked me what was the subject of my lecture for to-morrow evening. I answered: "The Intercession of Saints." "Very good!" he replied. "A powerful argument can, no doubt, be made in its favor. "It reminds me," he said, "of an excellent answer to one of my questions on that subject which I received from one of your little Catholic children the other day. I asked her: "Why do you pray to Mary, my little girl?" "Because," she answered, "if our Saviour didn't feel like granting what we ask, Mary *teases* Him, and *teases* Him, and *teases* Him, until He'll do what she wants Him to!" "Now," said he, "I was taken with that answer of the little one."

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.— At the solicitation of the Irish Colonization Society, Cardinal McCloskey has established a new mission at Castle Garden, to give advice to the newly arrived immigrants, and to give them all necessary assistance. It is known as the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary. The mission is under the charge of Rev. Father Riordan, a popular and well-known young priest, who has heretofore been curate in St. Peter's Church, in Barclay Street, N. Y.

Useful Knowledge.

RUNNING FOR TRAINS. — The *Medical and Surgical Reporter* cautions those persons who are in the habit of "running for trains," against the practice. Even to one whose heart is sound, running, when not accustomed to such hurried movement, is certainly not beneficial to the delicate cords and valves of the heart; and should this organ be deceased it must prove very injurious. We all know that violent and tumultuous action is to be avoided when the heart is weak, and we also know that running is not the way to avoid it. In our own experience, says the writer, we know several instances where men who had previously supposed themselves to be *sound* have run for trains, and getting aboard have fallen exhausted into seats from which they never arose. Better miss a train than run the risk of running into the jaws of death; for this strain on the heart cannot prove beneficial to one that is sound, while it is likely to prove disastrous to one that is weak.

ICE WATER. — There is no more doubt that drinking ice water arrests digestion, than there is that a refrigerator would arrest perspiration. It drives from the stomach its natural heat, suspends the flow of gastric juice, and shocks and weakens the delicate organs with which it comes in contact. An able writer on human disease says: Habitual ice water drinkers are usually very flabby about the region of the stomach. They complain that their food lies heavy on that patient organ. They taste their dinner for hours after it is boiled. They cultivate the use of stimulants to aid digestion. If they are intelligent they read upon food and what the physiologist has to say about it; how long it takes cabbage and pork, beef and potatoes and other meats and esculents to go through the process of assimilation. They roar at the new bread, hot cakes, fried meat, imagining these to have been the cause of their maladies. But ice water goes down all the same, and finally friends are called in to take a farewell look at one whom a mysterious providence has called to a clime where, as far as is known, ice water is not used. The number of immortal beings who go hence to return no more, on account of an injudicious use of ice water can hardly be estimated.

SEA-SICKNESS. — This is caused in part by the confusing effect which the tossing of the water has upon the brain, and multitudes of ways have been pursued for avoiding, or at least mitigating this annoyance. The best plan is to let it have its course and rid the system of that excess of bile which is almost always present in this overeating age; the general health rarely fails to be greatly improved by it, although in very rare cases, perhaps not over one in a million, the patient dies under the effects of the long continued and exhausting retching.

If a person will lie down with the eyes closed, and not allow the head for an instant to be raised from the pillow, there is an almost entire exemption from nausea and other discomforts, but the result of this course is that it will be necessary to keep abed during the entire voyage. The effort should be to shorten the sickness and get rid of it as soon as possible, and this is best done by not lying down at all, but resolutely keeping on the feet on deck, in the open air, if the weather permits, that is, if it be not raining; this requires moral courage, and some considerable force of will and character, but it seldom fails to abridge the period of seasickness, sometimes to confine it to a few hours' duration, and then the remainder of the voyage can be enjoyed as it ought to be. The tendency to nausea on shipboard is abated somewhat by any stimulus which acts decidedly on the nervous system, such as chloroform, brandy, opiates, etc. Irritants, such as the strongest spices, abate nausea: so will great mental emotions, in short anything that draws off the attention of the mind. No person can get sea-sick if the ship be on fire, nor will a person who is drunk. A brisk purgative is good just before going on board, or a dose of medicine taken the night before. Still, the wisest, most healthful and most expeditious method of meeting sea-sickness is to avoid all preventives, all medicines, and manfully determine to keep upon your feet and let it do its worst.

ON account of several recent cases of death in England among children who had been fed on wheaten biscuit, a physician states in the *British Medical Journal* that infants under six or eight months should be fed with nothing but milk.

The Humorist.

RELICS of Burns — blisters.

FORCED POLITENESS — Bowing to necessity.

A JOKE is not so durable as a church bell. After it is told a few times it is worn out.

IT is all well enough to say, "Take things as they come;" but suppose they don't come.

IN a game of cards a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing depends on a good deal.

"WHISTLERS are always good natured," says a philosopher. Everybody knew that. It's the folks that have to listen to the whistling that get ugly.

A NEWS item tells of a man being killed "in a quarrel about two cents." One of the parties was two cent-sitive, and the old nickel got him.

RAILWAYS are aristocratic. They teach a man to know his own station, and to stop there. They are eminently social, too, being held together by many ties.

"YES," said a fashionable lady, "I think Mary has made a very good match. I heard her husband is one of the shrewdest and most unprincipled lawyers in the profession, and, of course, he can afford to gratify her every wish."

A CERTAIN professional beauty has been photographed in one hundred and fifty different positions. It is said that the only person who can beat her for a variety of attitudes is a boy told to sit still on a chair.

A WAG tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him whether the fatted calf of the parable was male or female? "Female, to be sure," was the reply; "for I see the male," looking the questioner full in the face, "yet alive in the flesh before me."

IT was a Shawmut Avenue car. Two young ladies were standing up directly in front of a morbidly eccentric man who had not once looked at them or offered them a seat. One of them stepped on his foot, which had no business to be there anyhow, and maintained her position. Then he looked at the other passengers and asked aloud: "Why am I like a character in an old nursery rhyme?" Nobody answered, though all were dying to know. "Because," said the eccentric man, as he settled back in his ill-gotten seat, "I have belles on my toes."

NEGRO WIT AND WISDOM. — Gap in de axe show itse'f in de chip. Hailstones don't pick hard heads to drap on. De price o' tame coons don't pester many folks. De right sort of 'ligion heaps the half-bushel. Old satan couldn't get 'long widout plenty o' he'p. De bes apples float on de top o' de peck medjer. De top o' de hill is harder to find dan de bottom. De lead steer know when de whip cracker mended. De candy-pullin' can call louder dan de log rollin'. De bes' bravery is de sort dat aint skeered o' de hot sun. Little hole in your pocket is wusser'n a big one at de knee. When de bait is wuf mo' 'an de fish, 'tis time to stop fishin'. Dar's a bad streak in folks dat think de whole wul' is a pen'tench'ry. De shirt buttons he'p de looks o' things, but de gallus-buttons do de solid wuk. De steel hoe dat laughs at de iron one is like de man dat is 'shamed o' his grandaddy. A mule kin tote so much goodness in his face dat he don't hab none lef' for his hind legs. De billy-goat gits in his hardes' licks when he look like he gwine to back out o' de fight.

"IS YOUR sister at home?" asked a St. Louis gentleman of the little brother who answered the bell. "Yes, she's home," answered the boy; "we're going to have cocoanut pies for dinner to-morrow and she's out in the kitchen helping mother to make 'em." "Indeed," replied the young man, evidently much pleased, "and what part of the pies does your sister make?" "She cracks the cocoanuts with her teeth."

A POET hath remarked that "all paths lead to the grave." He undoubtedly referred to the allopaths and the homœopaths and the rest of the M. D. paths.

TOO MUCH study is said to affect the mind. A teacher of our acquaintance says that he knows a number of cases where it would effect it very favorably, too.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JULY, 1884.

Notes on Current Topics.

LETTER FROM THE POPE.— We give in this issue of our MAGAZINE, The Encyclical Letter of Our Most Holy Lord Leo XIII. by Divine Providence, Pope, on Freemasonery. The learned Father Mahar says of this document in the last *Universe* published at Cleveland, Ohio: "There can be no doubt but that this latest production of the mind and pen of the Holy Father is the most exhaustive official study which Freemasonry has had from the Pontiffs. The opportuneness of the document cannot so well be judged here. Freemasonry itself is comparatively unattractive to Catholics in the United States, and the same is true of Canada. The misapprehension was greater fifty or sixty years ago. It is above all in Catholic countries that the Encyclical will be read with most profit. In Italy, France, Spain, Belgium, Portugal, all the countries of South America, the Central American republics and in Mexico Freemasonry has enrolled many Catholics, and undoubtedly forms in most of these countries the greatest barrier to Catholicity. We who are accustomed commonly to recognize in Masonry nothing but a tendency to nice uniforms and parade with a high-sounding-mystical jargon, do not appreciate the hard reality which that organization forms in Europe. Some time ago we had occasion to write on this subject and gave sufficient proofs of the principal facts of which the Holy Father supposes a knowledge. Readers here will find in the Encyclical many statements of fact at which Masons here may smile, and which they may declare to be nothing but fiction. In Europe there will be no such questioning. Yet the principles of Masonry here and Masonry there are the same; the practical difference is simply due to circumstances. As we have said, our difficulties here are not so much with Masonry as with a thousand and one other societies. They grow up too fast to allow proper consideration of them. It is very important to have some general criteria by which we may be guided in forming judgment as to these societies. In this the present Encyclical will be found very useful. For there never was before so thorough a dissection of Freemasonry."

IRELAND FOR THE IRISH.— The convention of the Irish National League of America will be held in Boston on the 13th of August. Faneuil Hall has been selected as the place for holding the convention. The session will occupy at least two days, and on the evening of the second day, August 14, a great mass meeting will be held at the Institute building on Huntington avenue, at which Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish tribune, is expected to be present and deliver an address. He will preside at the convention, and on this as well as on other accounts its course will be watched with interest. The reverend gentlemen of the committee of arrangements, Father P. A. McKenna of Hudson, Mass., has made special terms with all the leading railroads from the North, South, and West for the transportation of delegates at half rates, and every preparation has also been made with the leading hotels for the accommodation of delegates while they remain in Boston. At the close of the convention the delegates will be taken on an excursion down the harbor.

The state executive of the League in Massachusetts, Rev. P. A. McKenna, having been delegated by the national council to exercise a general supervision over the preliminary arrangements for the convention, has earnestly devoted himself to that duty with the most gratifying re-

sults. The work already done has involved a vast amount of labor, and will undoubtedly have a potent influence in contributing to the success of the work to be prepared. Every convention thus far held under Mr. Parnell's guidance has been remarkable for intelligence, judgment and energy, and the coming assemblage will undoubtedly be larger and more far-reaching in its results than any that has yet been held.

THE *Boston Daily Globe* says:—"Hon. P. A. Collins has won golden opinions for himself on his speech recently delivered in the House in favor of considering a national bankrupt law. As usual, he leaves no doubt in anybody's mind as to his views. He states his position clearly, and with the vigor and directness of which he is such a master." Mr. Collins has also scored an initial victory in his efforts to destroy that injustice which robs naturalized citizens of the rights of suffrage in Rhode Island and perpetuates the ring rule of Senator Anthony in that commonwealth. He has been directed by the judiciary committee of Congress to report a joint resolution proposing an amendment to article fifteen of the constitution, which shall make the first section of that article read as follows: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of nativity, race, color or previous condition of servitude." If Mr. Collins can now succeed in getting his resolution adopted and in abolishing the property qualification laws which disfranchise naturalized citizens in Rhode Island, he will have achieved a great victory.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, whose death Boston has not yet ceased to mourn, once visited Rome. A surprise he there experienced is thus recounted by himself: — "I entered the Eternal City and went to St. Peter's. I listened to the music, and as it died away, standing as I was behind a massive pillar, which obscured my view, I caught the words of a sermon, pronounced in faultless English, and, moving forward to catch a view of the speaker, to my astonishment, I beheld there in the pulpit of St. Peter's a full-blooded negro, preaching the Gospel of Christ, and I said, nowhere else could I have witnessed such a scene but in the Catholic Church. All honor to such democracy; all honor to the College of the Propaganda for its grand work in behalf of Christian civilization."

MLLE. ROSE D'ERINA, the famous Irish cantatrice, recently merged her identity into that of Vicomtess de St. Croix. The wedding took place in the church of the Holy Innocents, Twenty-seventh street and Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y., and was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. Father Larkin. The bridegroom was Professor G. R. Vontom, the Vicomte St. Croix, a Frenchman, for some years resident in this country, and better known to the public as the first tenor in the Holy Innocents choir. Long before the hour announced for the ceremony, the church was crowded with the friends of the bride and groom, and many of their acquaintances thronged in the streets about the carriage in waiting for the happy pair. The bridesmaids, arrayed in white, were the Misses Jourdan, Drenin, Nurenburger, Daly, Ferguson, and Gill. Professor Jackley, an old friend of the groom acted as best man. As the procession marched up the centre aisle to the strains of Mendelsohn's "Wedding March," the congregation stood up on the seats in the pews to see them pass. Mlle. d'Erina was radiant in white silk, with a veil of tulle, and looked charming beneath a wreath of orange blossoms. The wedding was followed by a reception at the home of the bride, and the happy couple left at midnight for a short wedding tour.

GOOD! — The Augustinian Fathers of Lawerence Mass., announce a dividend of 10 per cent, on deposits, payable to creditors in July,

---

The annual loss by fire in the United States is about $100,000,000. It is about twice as much per inhabitant as the fire loss of Great Britain and four times as much as that of France, and six times that of Germany. At the average rate of production it would require the constant labor of about 400,000 men to replace the loss.

VERY REV. FATHER BERNARD, O. S.F. C., who lately occupied the office of Provincial in Switzerland, has been elected Superior-General of the Franciscan Capuchin Order.

A CRUCIFIX, ten feet high, presented to the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, on the occasion of his golden jubilee by the Very Rev. Father da Nazanno, O. S. F., on behalf of the Franciscan monks, has been placed in front of the Gothic canopy over the seat of the Archbishop's throne, erected against the first column of his Eminence's Cathedral. It is surrounded by statues and angelic figures. The Cross was made entirely from olive-wood, grown in the Garden of Gethsemane, and is the work of priests and other men in holy orders. The figure of Our Lord is also of olive-wood. The Cross itself is inlaid with fourteen medallions of mother-of-pearl, in which are set relics taken from the ground on which the Saviour stood during the Passion, representing the fourteen Stations of the Cross.

IRISH TWEEDS.— Dr. Lyons writes to the *Freeman's Journal* to call attention to the fact that a superfine cloth, hitherto not made in Ireland, has just been successfully produced, for the first time, by Dublin looms. The merits of Irish tweeds have long been recognized, but it seems that finer cloths had not been attempted till now — not since our fifteenth century serges were sung by Dante's Florentine fellow-countryman and poet. Material for a suit of evening clothes of the new Irish cloth has been ordered by the Prince of Wales, and it is thought that Irish priests may now show their patriotism by dressing in clerical black of home manufacture. To the skill of a family named Price, now in the third and fourth generation of Dublin weavers, combined with the enterprise of the firm of O'Reilly, Dunne & Co., the production of the new manufacture is due.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.—At the solicitation of the Irish Colonization Society, Cardinal McCloskey has established a new mission at Castle Garden. It is known as the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary. The mission is under the charge of Rev. Father Riordan, a popular and well-known young priest, who has heretofore been curate in St. Peter's Church, in Barclay street. The object of the mission will be to care for and to give advice to the newly arrived immigrants, and to give them all necessary assistance. Father Riordan has sent a letter to a number of papers in Ireland, conveying his intentions. The matter is being taken up all over the United States, and Father Riordan has missions established as far as California.

WHAT WONDER that there is blood-spilling in Cincinnati. The *Catholic Telegraph* remarks: "The otherwise fair fame of Cincinnati has received unmistakable damage, owing to the late killing of a family of three inoffensive colored people at Avondale, one of our suburbs — by two men who had bargained with an officer of the Ohio Medical College, in advance, to deliver the corpses to them for dissecting purposes. The deed is so horrible as to almost surpass belief. Crime and greed of a few dollars—the price thereof—has come to an alarming pass in this city of music halls and fine parks, and operatic and other festivals. The killing of the man Kirk by the two boys, last fall, was thought to have been as deep as the degradation of crime could descend; but this last scene of horror casts the other far into the shade. Just think of it! The poor family, retiring to their beds in complete unconsciousness that by a process of "bargain and sale" they were to be slain within a few hours, and their bodies delivered — and "no questions asked" — in our midst that night!"

HOMES WANTED FOR POOR CHILDREN. — There are a large number of children, boys and girls, in the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, on Harrison Avenue, Boston, of from three to ten years of age. Among them are several fine healthy and intelligent boys and girls, who have neither parents or relatives to provide for them, and whom the Sisters of Charity in charge of the Home desire to place in good Catholic families The conditions upon which children are placed out are, that they must be kindly and paternally treated as members of the family; attend church and school regularly, and have good, comfortable homes. Applicants for children are required to furnish recommendations from their pastor or his assistant, certifying to their good moral character, and their ability to properly care for the children. Charitable persons desiring to give a home to one or more poor children are invited to write to SISTER MATILDA, HOME FOR DESTITUTE CATHOLIC CHILDREN, BOSTON, MASS.

MR. CHARLES EGAN OF WATERBURY, CT., an old and respected citizen, passed quietly away from the trials and troubles of this life on Sunday, May 11, at the ripe old age of 94 years. Mr. Egan was born at Garrymore, King's county, Ireland, Nov. 1, 1789, and though in the days of his youth it was a hard matter for a Roman Catholic to become possessed of anything more than a passable education, he, however, progressed under the tuition of the clergy until he could master the dead languages, etc. He became a thorough Latin and Greek scholar, and could master the Celtic tongue, writing and translating the same. He emigrated to this country in 1850, and after residing in New York for two years, settled in Waterbury, Ct., where he has resided ever since, with his family, or such of it as has not wandered to other sections. During his residence of thirty-four years in this country, he never entered into any business whatever, he and his aged wife (by a second marriage) living alone on means furnished by his son, a merchant of New York city His wife still survives him at the age of 79 years. He has been the father of sixteen children. The oldest is 72 years of age and at present resides in Michigan; the youngest died last week in Waterbury at the age of 40 years. There are also 84 grandchildren, 132 great grandchildren, and 4 great great grandchildren, all of whom are scattered over the United States and the Australias. For over twenty years he served mass, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in both old and new edifices, and was well known and respected by all the clergy who during the past thirty-years were located here.

THERE are eighteen hundred colored Catholics in New York City.

THE name of the prince who is at the head of the Siamese embassy and is a full brother of the king of Siam, takes up about a whole page of the register of the Fifth avenue hotel, New York and attracts almost as much curiosity as the prince himself. It is as follows: "Somdetch-Phra-Paraminda-Maha-Chulalonkoru-Patindr-Debia-Maha-Monghut-Purusiaratue-Raja-ra-wongse-Warut-mabrongse-Parabut-Warakh-attiararaja-nikerotama-Chaturanta-parama-maha-Chak-rubar-tira-gasangkas-Parumad-harm-mika-Maha-rujad-hiraja-Para-manarth-Pabite-Phra-Ghula-Cromklow-Chow-Vu-Hua."

KANSAS CATHOLIC COLONY. — Rev. Father Leary, of Solomon City, and Berry Bros., of Abilene, Kan., have secured some 20,000 acres of land, northwest of Solomon City, on the line of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, on which they propose to found a colony. Those at all acquainted with the general features of the Golden Belt are aware that those lands are considered the finest in Kansas. Full information can be obtained by addressing Rev. Father Leary, Kansas City, Kan., or J. J. Berry, Abilene, Kan.

THE Limerick Army Clothing Factory have received a large order from the Government for clothing, The order will have the effect of giving employment to a large number of persons in that city.

IT is stated that Wicklow is really to become a steam-packet station, and that Messrs. Bacon and Co., of Liverpool, are arranging preliminaries for starting a first-class steamer on the station, to meet the demand of the cross channel trade. The vessel will carry passengers as well as goods, and the fares will be moderate. The agents are Messrs. George Kent and Son.

THE London *Tablet* says: "During the month of March the Italian government sold 363 pieces of property confiscated from various Church estates, which brought in a sum of 661,756 lire. Up to the 30th of that month the entire sum pocketed by the State from the sale of the property of the religious orders, and other ecclesiastical goods, amounted exactly to the colossal sum of sum 578,438,-036 lire 53 per cent. That is to say, in round numbers, about £23,000,000.

MR. CHARLES RUSSELL, as well as most of the Parnellite party among the Irish members, voted in favor of Mr. Willis's motion for the removal of Bishops from the House of Lords. Mr. A. H. Bellingham and Mr. F. H. O'Donnell voted on the other side — forming part of the very narrow majority of eleven by which in a rather full House the motion was rejected.

WHAT A PRIEST SAYS.

St. John, Maria Stein P. O. Ohio, May 1, 1884.

Dear Mr. Donahoe.— Enclosed please find Two Dollars ($2.00) as payment of my subscription for your valuable Magazine for 1884. I am more than well pleased with your valuable Magazine and would not be without it. It contains a vast amount of good, healthy reading and is really a store of knowledge in itself. May God bless your grand and noble undertaking, is my fervent prayer. Believe me,

Sincerely yours,
John P. Bayer.

The Carney Hospital.— There were 950 patients treated at the Carney Hospital during the past year, according to the annual report, and 280 of these were suffering from incurable diseases and would not be received into any similar institution in the city. Of the patients 569 were unable to pay for treatment, 172 paid in part, 209 paid in full, and 1922 out-patients were treated. The burdensome debt of the institution has been practically extinguished. The outstanding liabilities now amount to $4,925,07. The hospital has been besieged with patients more than ever before, and the facilities for treatment, particularly in the out-patient department, are becoming very inadequate. Only the construction of a centre building can afford material relief, and the institution has no funds available for that purpose.

Pope Leo XIII., at the request of the American Bishops, has appointed the Very Rev. William Kiernan, D. D., rector and professor of dogmatic theology of St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., the successor of the late Right Rev. Mgr. Hostlot, as President of the American College, Rome. The new rector was born in Philadelphia, in 1849; his primary education was received in that city, and his classical studies were made at St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, on the completion of which the late Archbishop Wood sent him to the American College, Rome. His theological course was made at the famous College of the Propaganda, when, on account of his proficiency, he was awarded the title of Doctor of Divinity, and promoted to the priesthood, 1872. On his return to this country he was appointed assistant priest at the Cathedral. On the resignation of Dr. Horstman in 1879, he was appointed by Archbishop Wood the Rector of St. Charles Theological Seminary.

The U. S. Government, has arranged with the Sisters of the House of the Good Shepherd for the education of twenty-five more Indian girls in Milwaukee.

The Archbishops and Bishops of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island have petitioned the Queen to protect their interests in the funds of the Propaganda at Rome, now threatened by the Italian government.

Welcome Home.—Rev. Fr. Scully, Pastor of St. Mary's church, Cambridgeport, Mass, has after an absence of nearly nine months abroad arrived home on Sunday, June 1. He went to Rome for the purpose of placing the first two graduates of his college in the Propaganda. After finishing that work he visited Ireland, England, Belgium, and other countries. A reception was given the reverend gentlemen in Aquinas hall Monday evening which was packed by the congregation to tender him a welcome home. After the applause ceased, Mr. John Cavannagh, chairman, made an address, in which on behalf of the parishoners he welcomed the pastor home. At the conclusion of his remarks, Father Scully was presented with the receipts for finishing the hall, and another sum of money, making in all over $4,000. The reverend gentleman was taken completely by surprise, and it was some minutes before he could respond. Then he thanked them and gave an interesting account of his travels. In concluding his remarks, he said that he tried to return home without the knowledge of his parishioners, so that he might surprise them, but instead he was surprised himself.

A Compliment to a Catholic School.— The Newburyport (Mass.) School Committee Report for 1883 contains the following reference to the large parochial school established by the zealous Catholic pastor of that city, Rev. A. J. Teeling: — "This school was established by the Roman Catholic Society in 1881. Being a sectarian school, designed especially to propagate the tenets

of a large religious body, it is debarred from government support and is dependent on the funds of its patrons. Being thus constituted a private school, this institution is not thereby wholly excluded from the jurisdiction of this school board, as is seen from section 2 chapter 47, of the General Statutes of Massachusetts: 'For the purposes of the preceding sections, school committees shall approve a private school only when the teaching therein is in the English language, and when they are satisfied that such teaching equals in thoroughness and efficiency the teaching in the public schools in the studies required by law. They will not refuse to approve a private school on account of the religious teaching therein.' Indirectly the school committee has a voice in the conduct of all private schools, as the law specifies what studies shall be taught, and as the prosecution of these studies by all youths of certain ages is compulsory, and as, moreover, a school not approved by the proper government officers could not have a legal existence. The present school board, therefore, claims an interest in the parochial school, a school which has assumed large proportions within two years and now numbers more than 600 pupils, and notes with satisfaction the thoroughness of the teaching and the excellent discipline in the several departments of this school.

THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY of the Cathedral parish, Philadelphia, has a membership of 1,775; it has purchased and fitted up a hall at a cost of $21,000; it has paid out in benefits $23,000, to sick and deserving members: it has founded an immense library, relating to Irish history and antiquities of over 1,000 volumes; it has established a flourishing night school with paid teachers, and two mutual aid societies. This society is composed almost entirely of working men.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC COLONIZATION ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES.—Attention is called to the work undertaken by this Association for the better protection and guidance of Catholic immigrants arriving at Castle Garden, New York. At the urgent request of the Board of Directors, represented and voiced by Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, the ecclesiastical authorities of New York last year assigned the Rev. John J. Riordan late of St. Gabriel church, New York city, to the care of the "Mission for Immigrants," this association guaranteeing the Reverend gentleman's salary and expenses while engaged in this charitable work. Father Riordan has devoted himself with self-sacrificing zeal to this Apostolate, and daily attends at Castle Garden to look after the newly arriving immigrants, co-operating with the authorities there in guarding them against danger and imposition, imparting needed information regarding different sections of the country, lands, opportunities for employment, etc., giving special attention to the protection of immigrant girls whose condition has hitherto excited just solicitude and concern on both sides of the Atlantic.

In order to maintain this Bureau for help and guidance at Castle Garden, and to place on a secure footing the general work of colonization, the directors decided to initiate a *permanent colonization fund* for this special work, to which contributions are solicited. Donations will be received by any of the directors and by the Secretary, these will be suitably acknowledged. Shareholders who may wish to apply their stock in aid of this "Permanent Colonization fund" will indorse on the certificates "for Permanent Colonization Fund" sign the same, and inclose the certificate to the Secretary. Very respectfully,

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN, Secretary.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for June is an eminently readable number. Among other articles of literary and historical value may be mentioned "Cromwell in Ireland," "Mitchel's Jail Journal" and a deeply interesting essay on "The Right to Private Ownership in Land," an expose of the socialistic land theory from a theological stand-point, by the Rev. H. A. Brann, D. D. This magazine well sustains its reputation as a repertory of pure and entertaining reading.—*The Republic.*

MILL HILL FOREIGN MISSIONARY COLLEGE.—That institution has a Paris equivalent, the "Séminaire des Missions Etrangères," which, according to the *Univers*, was lately the scene of a touching incident. The affecting function which precedes a departure of missionaries was taking place, when a telegram was received with the news of the terrible massacre of missionaries and Chris-

tians in Tonquin. The emotion of those present — for the telegram was read aloud — will be easily understood. Among the young missionaries there were two just about to depart for Tonquin itself. These received the news with superhuman joy, as holding out to them the pledge of a similar crown.

THE notorious Clifford Lloyd, who was sent from Ireland to Egypt to drill the natives into submission, is being made to feel that his presence is not wanted there. The Khedive, who is strongly supporting the right of Egyptians to administer their own affairs, has urged the dismissal of the English Bashi-Bazouk, whose exploits in bayoneting women and children in Ireland has made the name of Clifford Lloyd infamous throughout the world.

MR. BUNTING, of Toronto bribery and Mail fame, when ordering the American flag to be hauled down from the Mail Building, called it a "dirty rag." The *Philadelphia Call* thereupon rises to offer the rather logical remark that "he ought to know, as it is made of bunting."

THE reported attempt to burn the Cathedral and assassinate Bishop Mullen, in Erie, Pa., is a canard.

AT the sale of the library, of the Earl of Gosford, was the treasure of the collection — the first volume of the celebrated Mazarin Bible, published in 1450. It was purchased for £500.

A RECENT decree of the Congregation of Rites has approved of the works of the Rev. Father Ferini, who with patient erudition has established the origin of the celebration of the Month of Mary in the form at present used in all parts of the world. Father Ferini has come to the conclusion that devotion was rendered to the Blessed Virgin for the first time, publicly, at Tarare, in the month of May, 1784. The month of May, 1884, was consequently the first centenary.

LITTLE SNOWDROP.— The story for our young folks is from the pen of Miss Clara Mulholland, which is appearing in *Irish Monthly*, a Magazine to which we are indebted for many interesting articles.

THE MEXICAN WAR PENSION BILL.

APPEAL FOR JUSTICE TO THE BRAVE SURVIVORS OF A BITTER STRUGGLE.

To the Editor of Donahoe's Magazine:

Allow me to correct the impression, as stated in some of the papers, in relation to the number of survivors of the Mexican war.

Through our national organization we have carefully canvassed the States and Territories, and find not over ten thousand men living, which at $8 a month would amount to only $960,000 per annum. Some will have it that more are alive than ever stood on the soil of Mexico at any one time during the war.

Some four years ago there were left but eight out of the eleven hundred gallant men of the brave Palmetto regiment of South Carolina, who fought shoulder to shoulder with our own Bennett's First New York regiment of over one thousand men under the brave General Shields, and in our parade on Decoration Day all we could muster were fifteen, and one of those comrades was over eighty years of age.

The result of that war is the command of the great Pacific Ocean and acquisition of Texas, California and New Mexico, an empire double the size of all Europe, Russia excepted, the value of which cannot be calculated in dollars and cents. The mineral product alone since 1848 has averaged over $50,000,000 per annum. Far sighted England, seeing the great value of that territory as early as 1840, offered Mexico $50,000,000 in money for California alone.

To return to those who fought and suffered to acquire those splendid acquisitions, and who hold up their hands this day in supplication to the American Congress, I will here allude to the small army of 6,600 men who, on the 13th of September, 1847, captured the City of Mexico, with its population of 200,000, defended by 30,000 brave, well-drilled soldiers. Was there ever such another instance in the history of the world? It was fortunate for us that the Mexicans thought we were only the advance guard of a large army, and such audacity for a rabble, as we appeared to be, to capture an important city and the strong works defending it appeared incomprehensible to them; and now, after a period of thirty-eight years, we ask the small pittance of $8 a month from the passage of the bill to soothe our downward path to the grave, and our rulers

hesitate to give us even this small sum, but hamper the bill with amendments which oblige us to take an oath that we are paupers before entitling us to this beggarly monthly stipend.

The government has done well for the soldiers of the late war, and no more than they deserve, and now, with an overflowing treasury and a united, prosperous country, let them pass our bill at once without any amendments, and give us a little of what we helped to acquire.

CHARLES J. MURPHY,
Marshal New York Mexican Veterans, No. 150 Chambers Street, New York.
May 31, 1884.

ALL HALLOWS.—A Missionary, writing in the *Freeman's Journal* with reference to All Hallow College, Dublin: — "It is not now many years since the voice of thousands of our people spoke from beyond the seas to the humble and saintly Father Hand, like that which came to St. Patrick of old, to send priests to those far-off lands to absolve them from their sins, and prepare them for death. Under the influence of this heavenly message the holy priest resolved to found a College for the training of young priests to go forth to save those dear souls burning with the Faith of the old country. Without five pounds in the world, and with hardly a friend to assist or encourage him, he leased from the Dublin Corporation the old mansion of the Coghills, with its extensive grounds, on the north of the city, and on the 1st of November, 1842, he entered it with one student. Since then over eleven hundred priests have gone forth from its walls to do the work of the ministry in all parts of the earth. Many a poor dear countryman to-day sitting on the banks of some broad, deep river, or in the lonely valley of distant and strange lands, will raise his hands to heaven and pray God to reward the charity of the benefactors of All Hallows for having sweetened the bitterness of his exile by sending within his reach a priest of his own Catholic land. Our Missionary College has in this our day furnished splendid proof of the spirit bequeathed by St. Patrick to a Killian, a Columbanus, a Virgilius, and those other great names who in early Christian times by their preaching made the moral desert of the then Pagan Continent to bloom into a waving crop of true Christian piety."

CITY OF TORONTO.

PROGRAMME OF THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

THE week beginning June 30 will be observed as a gala week in Toronto, and the inhabitants will join in celebrating the semi-centennial anniversary of the incorporation of the city. An excellent and varied programme has been arranged.

Monday, June 30, is designated as "Municipal and Historical Day," especially commemorative of the city's municipal organization and progress, and there will be a parade of the municipal bodies, police, fire brigade, etc. The York Pioneers will accompany the parade, giving a pictorial representation of prominent events in the history of the city. In the afternoon, there will be an historical oration, and in the evening a fireman's torchlight procession, military promenade concert at the Granite rink and a grand fancy dress ball at the Pavilion, with quadrille sets in costume, illustrative of fifty years ago and dances then in vogue.

Tuesday, July 1, will be "Military Day," and the exercises will consist of a grand military parade, comprising some 4000 men. The Canadian Wheelmen's Association will parade 500 men in the afternoon, at the conclusion of which a bicycle tournament for the championship of Canada will be held at the Rosedale grounds. In the evening there will be a grand display of fireworks and a band concert.

Wednesday, July 2, will be "Trades and Industrial Day," and will be observed by a parade in the morning, especially commemorative of the progress and present condition of the commercial interests of the city. In the afternoon, a band competition will take place at the exhibition grounds, and in the evening Hadyn's grand oratorio "Creation" will be sung at the Horticultural Pavilion by the Choral Society, assisted by Miss Fanny Kellogg and the Mendelssohn Quintet Club of Boston.

Thursday is set aside as U. E. loyalists' day, commemorative of the settlement of the U. E. loyalists in Canada 100 years ago. Addresses will be delivered in the morning by prominent men. In the afternoon a reception will be held at the Government House by the lieutenant-governor of Ontario, and there will be sports at the Rosedale grounds. The oratorio "Redemption" will be sung by the Philharmonic Society, Miss Fanny Kellogg and the Mendelssohn Quintet

Club at the Pavilion. At 10.15 P. M. there will be a grand harbor parade, which will continue until midnight.

Friday is "The Benevolent Societies' day," and the morning will be occupied by a parade of these societies. In the afternoon, the laying of the corner stone of a monument on the site of the ancient Fort Rouille, at the exhibition grounds, will be laid with proper ceremonies.

The last day of the celebration, Saturday, will be "Educational day," when a parade commemorative to the educational institutions of Toronto will be held in the morning. The concert at the Pavilion in the afternoon will include a chorus of 600 children, and there also will be games at the Rosedale grounds. In the evening, the farewell concert at the Pavilion will be given.

PARNELL IN DROGHEDA.—The London *Weekly Dispatch*, one of the most influential papers in England, has the following comment upon Mr. Parnell's speech at Drogheda: "No fair critic can find much to complain of in Mr. Parnell's speech at Drogheda on Tuesday. In acknowledging the compliment paid to him by the citizens it was not at all strange that he should make the most of the success which they, along with other members of the Land League, had already achieved, and while rejoicing over 'the great Democratic movement that had swept over the country during the past four years,' should congratulate his hosts on the energy they had shown in maintaining the Corporate strength, and remind them that 'in every nation local self-government had been the cradle and precursor of national self-government. There is nothing incendiary in such language. It merely points to the development of local institutions which English Radicals desire as much as Irish Home Rulers, and the healthy progress of which in Ireland is the quickest and surest way of utilizing all that is good and removing all that is objectionable in the Home Rulers' theories. Equally acceptable was Mr. Parnell's repudition of Mr. Henry George's doctrines regarding the nationalization of land. Instead of striking any fresh note of disaffection this Drogheda speech is a distinct intimation, especially welcome just now, that Mr. Parnell and those he leads are prepared to aim by constitutional methods at reforms which no Englishman can reasonably refuse to the people of Ireland."

CONDITION OF THE LABORING CLASSES IN AUSTRALIA.—Evidence of the progress of thrifty and industrious habits among the laboring classes in Australia is afforded by the last Savings' Bank returns of New South Wales. From these we learn that at the close of 1882 the New South Wales Savings' Bank at Sydney was in possession of no less than £1,856,641 9s. 2d., belonging to 33,412 depositors in town, and 8,862 in the country. At the same time the Government Savings Bank held £1,158,454 3s. 4d., belonging to 38,853 depositors throughout the colony. This makes a total of £3,015,095 12s. 6d., deposited by 81,127 individuals, out of a population, of 800,000. Considering the relative population, this is a much larger amount than is to be found similarly invested in any country in Europe or in the United States.

MR. THOMAS F. GALLWEY, recently assistant editor of the *Catholic World*, and formerly of the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, has become editor and business manager of a new Catholic paper, known as the *Texas Monitor*, published in Galveston by a joint stock company. The paper makes a good start and means "to come to stay." We welcome it into the fold.

COLONIZATION.—At the meeting of the Irish Catholic Colonization Association in Chicago recently, six directors were re-elected: Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Right Rev. Stephen V. Ryan, Right Rev. John Ireland, Right Rev. John L. Spalding, Rev. D. J. Riordan and James H. Dormer. The same officers were reappointed. Six per cent. dividend on the stock was declared payable forthwith. All the affairs of the association are reported to be most satisfactory.

A NEW STREET for public traffic has been opened in Dublin which considerably shortens the distance from the north side of the city to the Westland Row Terminus and the south side squares and suburbs. The passenger along this way crosses the Liffey by the Swivel Bridge, being seldom stayed in his course through the passing of tall-masted ships, as only twice in the day, at high tide, is the drawbridge put in requisition. The New National Theatre is to be built on this

site. The construction of Tara Street has been of great service to the public, apart from the shortening of distances, as some of the worst slums of the City had to be swept away to give place to it. Another desirable improvement is promised Dublin in the erection of public baths and washhouses, of which the first stone has already been laid.

THE *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore announces the death of Brother Dennis, of the Brothers of the Christian schools. He passed away peacefully to his reward on the 17th of May last in the 22d year of his age and 3d of his religious profession. A solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated by his brother, Rev. D. Manley, of Baltimore, assisted by Rev. Fr. Caughy, at Ammendale, Ind., where the funeral took place on the 19th of May. *Requescat in pace.*

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.—The Republican Convention assembled at Chicago on the 2d of June, and after a stormy session of five days, nominated JAMES G. BLAINE of Maine, and Gen. JOHN A. LOGAN of Illinois, for President and Vice President of the United States, at the coming election in November.

THE Fourteenth Annual Convention of the C. T. A. Union of America will be held at Chicago, August 6th and 7th.

THE Bishop of the Soudan has just arrived at Cairo from the south. He reports that seven Italian priests and four Sisters of Mercy have been massacred at El Obeid. He also reports that three priests were exposed naked to the sun for four days and died from the effects of their exposure.

PERE HYACINTHE, who lately visited his wife's relatives at Madison, Ia., was charmed over his successful capture of a stray sheep from Mr. Beecher's flock, and expressed to the Pope his enthusiasm in securing such a noble soul. The worthy far-sighted Pius IX. replied: "You have converted her my son; take care she does not pervert you." She married him. Was it perversion, conversion, or diversion? When the saintly Head of the Church was afterwards told that Pere had married her. he replied, "The Lord be praised, he has taken his punishment into his own hands."

DOM BOSCO of whom we gave some account in a recent issue, is in Rome, much wearied with the increasing labors of his extraordinary apostolate. The number of the orphans now under his shelter and protection amounts to 166,000. From the ranks of the destitute fatherless and motherless, whom he has succoured during long vears past, he has given 6,000 priests and religious to the Church.

THE *Salve Regina*, or Hail Holy Queen, which is to be said after every Low Mass, was composed by Hermans, surnamed Contractus, a monk of the 12th century. He received miraculous knowledge and he was restored to health through his fervent prayers to the Blessed Virgin. St. Bernard added the words, "*O Clemens, O Pia, O Dulcis Virgo Maria.*"

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE OPIUM TRADE. — The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster was among the speakers at the annual meeting of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade. His Eminence said that no time should be lost in deciding to utterly extinguish the traffic; and if the House of Commons took that step, he, for one, would promise to exercise all his Christian patience as to the how and when, though his patience in this and the drink question was not much. The Opium traffic was a violation of the comity of nations and of Christian justice and charity. It must be borne in mind that this nation professed to teach Christianity and civilization to China. Heaven help us for such hypocrisy! There was such a thing as retribution in international affairs, and in the corruption of youth in British Burmah by this vicious practice, political troubles for us in India might be hatching even now.

THE Austrian Court celebrated Good Friday and Easter Sunday with great pomp. At the Hofburg Chapel there walked in the Sacramental procession the Emperor, the Crown Prince, and the Archdukes, and all the Court dignataries, attended by the Emperor's body guard.

Personal.

Personal

Mr. Parnell has returned to London from Nice, where he was attending the funeral of his sister.

THE Holy Father has named Bishop Salpointe of Arizona to be Coadjutor to Archbishop Lamy of Sante Fe, New Mexico, with the right of future succession.

THE Archbishop of Sydney has returned from Rome to Ireland, where he will receive many addresses wishing him God-speed, and expressing regret for the loss of him, before he sails for Sydney in June.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY paid a graceful compliment to President Arthur, by calling upon him, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, notwithstanding the enfeebled condition of his health. The President appreciated the courtesy, and received the venerable prelate with the respect due to his position.

RT. REV. JOHN B. SALPOINTE, D. D., Vicar Apostolic of Arizona, has been nominated Coadjutor (with right of succession) to Archbishop John Baptist Lamy, D. D., of Santa Fe, New Mexico, whose increasing years and accumulating duties demand an assistant in his large missionary field of labor.

REV. DENIS M. BRADLEY, whose appointment as first bishop to the new see of Manchester, N. H., which comprises the whole of the Granite State, is at present the pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Manchester. Father Bradley made his collegiate course at Holy Cross College, Worcester, and was ordained about ten or eleven years ago. His first priestly appointment was to the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland, Me., of which he was for many years the rector. Bishop Healy, a few years ago, assigned him to the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church, Manchester, where his untiring energy and priestly zeal have wrought wonders in promoting the interests of the parish. Father Bradley is a young man yet, and his elevation to the episcopacy will be hailed with pleasure by all who have the happiness of his acquaintance. His friends in Portland and Manchester are particularly proud of his promotion.

MARSHAL MACMAHON lives now in a very quiet, unobtrusive way in Paris. He goes thence for a few months every summer to his Chateau de Scilly, near Autun, where he has a rare collection of Irish relics and memorials.

BISHOP O'FARRELL, of Trenton, New Jersey, on his way to the Eternal City, paid a visit to his family in Cork city, where he remained a few days. His Lordship is a native of Limerick, and was educated at All Hallows College, whence he proceeded to the College of St. Sulpice, Paris. Having been ordained in Cork, by the late Bishop Ryan of Limerick, he joined the Order of Sulpician Priests in Montreal. In the Sulpician College in Montreal, where he was appointed Professor, he was distinguished by his close application to literary and scientific study. He was such an ardent student that he actually got into debt with his bookseller in procuring the necessary volumes. To meet this liability he set out ona lecturing tour through the United States, where his erudite and eloquent addresses secured for him not only the necessary funds but a large measure of fame.

SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE (the Nun of Kenmare), who has been during the past few weeks in Rome, has been received with very great courtesy and kindness by the Holy Father, the Cardinals of the Propaganda and other illustrious dignitaries in the Eternal City. On Easter she assisted at the Pope's Mass and received Holy Communion from his Holiness, with whom she has had several private audiences. Her religious and literary work are appreciated by Propaganda, and her efforts in behalf of the poor and oppressed in Ireland, and towards educating and training poor Irish girls, are approved and encouraged. The Pope has dispensed her from her vows as a Poor Clare, to enable her to found, with greater facility and despatch, the new order of "St. Joseph's Sisters of Peace." Among her numerous distinguished friends who visited her at her residence in Rome, and have been unremitting in their kindness towards her, may be mentioned his Eminence, Cardinal Howard, who presented her with magnificent "Easter Presents."

Notices of Recent Publications.

Union Catholic Publishing Co., Chicago.

PILGRIMS AND SHRINES. By Eliza Allan Starr. "Sing ye to the Lord a new Canticle; let his praise be in the Church of the Saints." In two volumes. Price $5. Can be had of the authoress, 299 Huron Street, Chicago, Ill.

This work is one of great merit. It is profusely illustrated and well printed. We will let the authoress tell her own story in the preface.

"In putting forth this work I have not been moved by the natural desire to tell my own story, still less by the expectation that I could tell a new story. The real motive has been to tell the story of places made sacred by Christian associations according to Christian testimony. To give to Catholic children, more especially, the story of these places as written by the greatest historians of the great Christian centuries; not modified by modern suppositions or modern incredulity; but according to that integrity which belongs to the earliest documents and the earliest itineraries; transmitted to us, as they have been, by men living in the full blaze of criticism, and to whose reputation for learning, for exactness, to say nothing of honesty, the least twisting of facts, the least flaw, would have been fatal. With all the simplicity of narrative which I have tried to keep, I have diligently woven into it whatever I could lay hold of from the writers within my reach. Murray, Bædeker, Hare, were my companions through their valuable guide-books; but I frankly own, that when these works conflicted with a Chanoin de Bleser, or the testimony of a Bosio, a Baronius, a P. Marchi, or an M. de Rossi, I have, unhesitatingly, followed the latter; inasmuch as they are acknowledged to have touched the fountain heads of knowledge as investigators, and to have had at their command every assistance possible to men; while their honesty, their absolute singleness of eye for the truth, has borne the severest tests of modern criticism in a manner to silence all who are not too prejudiced to accept sound testimony.

"It is with a profound gratitude to the Providence which allowed me the privilege of visiting these shrines, that I record my impressions in this regard; and, also, with an enthusiastic desire to inspire in the minds of the Catholic youth of America, a veneration for the spots made sacred by that heroism which is born of faith, and a desire to emulate this heroism in their own lives, according to their circumstances and state of life.

"These pages, begun and continued under the very shadow of the Vatican, and with the blessing of Pio Nono upon my labors, I hope may deserve, when before the world, the blessing of our present Holy Father and Sovereign Pontiff, the approbation also of our own revered Prelates and Priests, and of the religious Orders, of whom nearly every one is represented by one or more of the shrines to which I have invited their attention.

"The illustrations have been etched directly from sketches taken on the spot during my visits, and, with few exceptions, represent objects and localities which have not been made familiar by photographers. Years ago, the etcher's needle was taken up with the intention of illustrating my own pages without regard to anything but the benefit of my readers, knowing well that the simplest representation to the eye assists the imagination to take in the description. I present them to my young friends as an expression of personal regard, hoping that printed page and picture may be an incentive to thousands of youths and maidens in these United States, to visit Europe, Italy, Rome, with the intentions of pilgrims rather than of tourists; and trusting that they may bring with them from the old homes of faith and the shrines of martyrs and confessors, the aroma of a piety worthy of the first, the middle, and the last ages of that Church, which has never ceased to give saints to God and to humanity, which is still beautiful as the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse, and still worthy to be called the Bride of the Lamb."

We trust that every Catholic family in the country, who have the means, will purchase this book, not only on account of its intrinsic merits but in compliment to the gifted authoress.

Benziger Bros. N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

OUR BIRTH-DAY BOUQUET, culled from the Shrines of Saints and the Gardens of the Poets. By Eleanor C. Donnelly, author of "Pearls from the Casket of the Sacred Heart," "Out of Sweet Solitude,', "Domus Dei," "Legend of the Best-Beloved,',

"Crowned with Stars," "Children of the Golden Sheaf," "Hymns of the Sacred Heart," and other works. 16mo, cloth, price $1.

The compiler of the present work has long desired to present to Catholic readers a "Birthday Bouquet," sufficiently fair and odoriferous to be worthy their acceptance. Her labor to this end, in fields so vast and prolific, is at last conscientiously accomplished. To the choicest flowers from the shrines of the servants of God she has united the purest and most fragrant blossoms (exotic and native), from the haunts of the children of song. The golden chain of our Lady's feasts, interlaced with the slender ribbon of a daily Christian Practice, binds the blooming mass together. The culler of these *immortelles* therefore cherishes the hope that her Bouquet may prove a blessed birth-day gift to many a gentle reader, and may long diffuse over Name-day and Fete-day its mingled odors of sanctity and sweetness. A very appropriate book for premiums.

YEAR OF THE SACRED HEART. A thought for every day of the year. Drawn from the works of Pere de la Columbiere, of Blessed Margaret Mary and of others. Translated from the French by Miss Anna T. Sadlier. 32 mo, cloth, with steel plate frontispiece, 50 cents.

We cannot have too many books of devotion in honor of the Sacred Heart. These are brief meditations for every day in the year.

POPULAR LIFE OF SAINT TERESA OF JESUS. Translated from the French of L'Abbe Marie-Joseph, of the Order of Carmel, by Anne Porter. With a preface by Rev. Monsignor Thomas S. Preston, Vicar-General of New York, etc. With steel plate frontispiece, cloth, ink. and gold side, $1.

This book excels in conciseness and in the graphic view of her great virtues any life of this great saint. As this book is to be sold for the benefit of the Carmilite Convent in New Orleans, it will be a work of practical devotion to St. Teresa to aid in its circulation. For this and for the good it may accomplish we commend it to the Catholics of the United States. *Maxim of St. Teresa, found written in her own hand in her Breviary:* "Let nothing trouble you! Let nothing frighten you! All things pass away. God never changes. Patience gains all things. He who possesses God wants nothing. God alone suffices!"

LIFE OF MLLE. LE GRAS, (Louise de Marillac), founder of the Sisters of Charity and Co-operator of St. Vincent de Paul. Preceded by letters of Mgr. Mermillod, Bishop of Lausanne, and of Very Rev. A. Fiat, Superior General of the Priests of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity. Translated from the French by a Sister of Charity. 12mo, cloth, price $1.50.

All that is generally known of the woman, whose name in the world was Louise de Marillac, is that she founded "The Congregation of Daughters of Charity." But the circumstances connected with her foundation, the great virtues she practised in a life of seventy years, the active part she took in almost all the charities of St. Vincent de Paul, are sealed letters to a generation eager for biographies and curious for historic exhumations. To supply this want has been the aim of our author. Numerous documents preserved from the destruction of St. Lazare in 1789, and mostly unpublished; some letters, addressed to Mlle. Le Gras by Mgr. Camus, Bishop of Belley, her first director, and by Michel de Marilfac, her uncle, and also a precious manuscript history of this statesman (himself too little known), serve as a part of the record of the early years of her life, and the family circle in which these years were passed; nearly four hundred letters of Mlle. de Gras to St. Vincent de Paul give an insight into her life as mother, widow and foundress; numerous writings, such as prayers, meditations, and rules of conscience, throw light on her spiritual life; while biographical sketches of the first Sisters of Charity, written by their companions, retrace the virtues of those who were associates in her works. Such are the sources of incontestable value to which our author has had recourse, and the result is a work which will interest, instruct, and edify both people of the world and those consecrated to God.

THE CHILDREN OF THE GOLDEN SHEAF AND OTHER POEMS. By Eleanor C. Donnelly, author of "Out of Sweet Solitude," "Crowned with Stars," "Hymns of the Sacred Heart," and other works.

This is a beautiful book, and by the sweetest of our Catholic poets. It is dedicated to the children of our Catholic schools at home and abroad, with the tender love and prayerful interest of the authoress. It is neatly bound and well printed and sold for sixty-five cents, and may be had of any of the Catholic booksellers.

Sheldon & Co, N. Y. & Chicago.

SHAW'S NEW HISTORY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. Revised and greatly improved edition with the American Literature entirely rewritten, and the English Literature revised and brought down to date. By Truman J. Backus, LL.D., President of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Some of our Catholic papers are not particularly pleased with this book on account of the omission of prominent Catholics. The *Freemans Journal* re-

marks: "In the list of English writers in the *Nineteenth Century*, we find no mention of Cardinal Newman; Lingard's name does not appear, and we have looked in vain for that of Cardinal Wiseman. The modern American writers who were or are Catholics have no place in it. Miles, as a poet and dramatist, ought to be remembered; but he is not. Catholics have no use for a book this." If authors expect to get Catholic patronage they must do us justice.

THE ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC AND COMPOSITION; A text Book for schools and Colleges. By David I. Hill, LL.D., author of the Science of Rhetoric." A new edition.

So great has been the success of this book, and so large the numbers which have been printed from the plates, since its first publication a few years since, that it has been found necessary to re-electrotype it.

P. O'Shea, New York.

THE SHAMROCK GONE WEST AND MOIDA. By William Seton, author of "Romance of the Charter Oak," "The Pride of Lexington, "The Poor Millionare," &c. Price 75 cents.

THE POOR MILLIONARE; a tale of New York Life. By William Seton. Price 75 cents.

The above books are gotten up in good style, and make good reading for the warm weather.

THE above books can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co., as well as of the Publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FATHER COSTELLO, of St. Clemente, who for many years has been working in the Roman Archieves, has now ready for the press his long-expected book of the Irish Annales from the year 1413 to 1555. The text is largely illustrated with matter derived from the Pontifical Regesta and other official sources of information. There will be also a copious index of the names of persons and places. The work will be put into the printer's hands immediately.

WHAT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH MOST NEEDS IN THE UNITED STATES: of the Voice of the Priests in the Election of the Bishops. Rev. P. Corrigan. The American News Company, 41 Chambers street, New York. Price 50 cents.

THE Messrs. Benziger Bros. announce that they have in press "Lessons in English Literature," by Dr. John O'Kane Murray. This new Text-Book is a genuine *multum in parvo* — is the result of ten years' labor and research. This little volume is divided into four books. Books I. treats of the English Language and the History of English Literature from *Caedmon* to *Chaucer*. Book II. covers British Literature from *Chaucer* to *Newman and Tennyson*. Book III. treats of the Literature of Ireland — *Celtic* and *English*. Book IV. covers the English Literature, of America. The volume ends with a *Short Dictionary* of British, Irish and American Authors.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Home is Where The Mother Dwells," Male Quartette, by C. A. White. "Shrewsbury Clock," Ballard, words by Frank W. Green, music by W. H. Montgomery. "O Maria! or The Plumber's Daughter," words by Earl Marble, music by Charles D. Blake. "A Sailor's Life for Me." Mixed Quartette by C. A. White.

Instrumental: "When the Blue Birds Build Again," arranged for Piano by Charles D. Blake.

Books: White's Male Quartette Book," also "Walter Emerson's Solos for Cornet and Piano vol, 2," Both these works are excellent in their line and very tastefully issued in Messrs. White, Smith & Co's best style.

CONSUMPTION CURED.— An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human sufferings, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this MAGAZINE. W. A. Noyes, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS.

DEATH OF BISHOP WARREN.—We regret to announce the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Warren, Bishop of Ferns, which occurred on Tuesday morning, on the 22d of April, at his residence in Enniscorthy. He had been ailing for only a brief period; and the intelligence of his demise was received with almost as much surprise as sorrow. Bishop Warren was born in 1830, in the parish of Glenbrian, near Enniscorthy.

CLERGYMEN.

IN Chicago, Rev. J. S. O'Neil, of St. Patrick's Church.

REV. FATHER SEIBOLD OF RACINE, Wisconsin, died in that city, aged eighty years.

IT is with deep regret that we announce the death of the Rev. Abbe Louis Regourd, of the seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal.

REV. P. SHERIDAN, formerly of London diocese, Ont., who in 1882 went to Colorado for his health, died at Denver in that State on the 23d of April.

THE death of Rev. Father Willson, O. P., St. Rose's monastery, Louisville, Ky., in his 80th year, is announced. He was converted from the Methodist Church.

IN St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia, May 11, Rev. John A. O'Rourke, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Port Carbon, Penn., aged 30 years. He was a native of Philadelphia, and ordained Dec. 3, 1879.

THE REV. EDWARD HEANEY, P. P., FAUGHART, died at the residence of his sister at Beltichburne, Ireland, at the age of 77 years, on the 7th inst. Deceased was for a long time in delicate health. He was over fifty years in the priesthood, and officiated in St. Peters, Drogheda, as curate in the year 1836.

REV. THOMAS KIERNAN, a well-known and popular priest, died at Philadelphia Saturday morning. He was for many years the pastor of St. Ann's Church, at Fort Richmond, in that city. He has two sisters in the Order of St. Joseph and a brother who is professor of dogmatic theology and rector of St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, at Overbrook, Pa.,

IN New Orleans, La., May 11, Rev. J. Moynihan, pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, aged 38 years. He was born in Kanturk, County Cork, Ireland, Dec. 25, 1846; educated at the Seminary in Cork, and at St. Mary's College, New Orleans, and completed his ecclesiastical studies at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Md.; was ordained in New Orleans, Aug. 4, 1872, and appointed assistant of St. John's Church, then pastor of St. Teresa's, and in 1879 took charge of Sts. Peter and Paul.

REV. THOMAS J. SYNNOTT, died at Bridgeport, Conn., on the evening of the 31st of April. Father Synnott was born in the County Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1818, and was about 66 years old at the time of his death. After receiving an ordinary education he entered Carlow college (a noted institution in Ireland), and there made a nine-years' course; among his classmates was the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan of St. Louis. He then came to this country and was ordained a priest in Providence, R. I., from whence he was transferred to Bridgeport. Father Synnott has served faithfully in Bridgeport for the past 33 years as pastor of the St. Augustine church, and was the second oldest priest in the diocese.

WE regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. William Canon Brennan, V. F., of Mooncoin, Ireland, after an illness of only one week. Born in Kilkeary, county Kilkenny, and educated in St. Keran's, Kilkenny, and subsequently for eight years in St. Patrick's, Maynooth, the deceased priest had made many friends among the Irish priesthood. Such was the respect in which he was held by his fellow priests of Ossory that it is well known, had he lived, he would on next Thursday, at the election of a Bishop for the Diocese have received a

very large number of votes; for those who knew him longest loved him best. The great number of priests,—over eighty—who assisted at his funeral obsequies testify to the respect in which he was held, not only in his own but in the neighboring diocese of Waterford.

NEWS comes from Pau of the death of the Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Missionary Apostolic, an Irish priest, who having spent his life on the Mission in America, New South Wales, New Zealand, and the Pacific Islands, came to Pau to die. During the late Lent he preached there constantly, in spite of his increasing weakness and the approach of death. A correspondent writes:—"He made a resolution to preach the Passion sermon of Good Friday or die. He kept his resolve. On the great Day of Atonement he appeared for the last time in the pulpit, and his final discourse was consecrated to the last and terrible agony of his Divine Master. On Easter Sunday, in the sixty-sixth year of his age and the forty-third of his ministry, he closed his eyes to the world in which he had so ardently labored to fulfil the great aim and object of existence—the glory of God and the salvation of souls."

IN the archdiocese of Glasgow there have just passed away from this life two worthy clergymen, in the persons of Fathers Bisset and Cantwell. Fathers Bisset was for some years past senior priest at Houstan. There he effected a great deal of good for the Catholic Church and her children, who rejoiced in that district that they possessed such a "fine gentlemen" for their pastor. By the Catholics he was esteemed and beloved, and by the Protestants he was much respected.

THE death of Father Cantwell, which took place on Holy Thursday at the Pro-Cathedral, Glasgow, cast a solemn gloom on the parishoners, which soon spread over the whole city, when the news of his death became known. The intimation of his death in the Cathedral on the evening of Holy Thursday, must have excited melancholy and tender memories in the breast of many present. It must have occurred to them, as it occurred to the writer, that it was Father Cantwell who, on that same eventful occasion last year, preached the evening sermon, when touchingly referred to the uncertainty of life, he remarked then that although it seemed a little improbable, yet it was highly and very possible, that many of those he was addressing would, before another Holy Thursday had come and gone, have passed through their last agony and entered into eternity.

THE death is announced, at Jerusalem, in his seventy-third year, of the Rev. Father Marie-Alphonse de Ratisbonne, whose conversion from the Jewish faith, forty-two years ago, created such a sensation on the continent. It is only a few months since we chronicled the death of his brother, the Rev. Father Theodore de Ratisbonne, who received the grace of conversion fifteen years before Alphonse, and who was the founder of the community of Our Lady of Sion in Paris. Father Marie Alphonse de Ratisbonne never ceased to believe that his conversion was due to a miracle; and assuredly the circumstances under which the happy event came to pass, as they are related by himself and by eye-witnesses, largely justified the belief.

LAY PEOPLE.

MR. JOHN BYRNE, an Irishman, father of the Press Gallery in the English Parliament, died, on May 9, in his eighty-fifth year. The deceased, who was connected with the *Morning Advertiser*, had been a Parliamentary reporter for over sixty years. He continued his duties until about a fortnight before, when the brave old man was seized with his fatal illness.

CHARLES O'CONOR, the eminent Catholic lawyer, died at Nantucket, Mass., on the 12th of May. Mr. O'Conor was born in New York, Jan. 22, 1803, and was what is called a self-made man. In 1880 Mr. O'Conor left New York and took up his residence at Nantucket, where he lived a quiet and uneventful life. His remains were taken to New York, when, after grand services at the new Cathedral, were interred in the vaults of the old Cathedral, with the rest of his family. An exchange says:—"If Charles O'Conor had entered politics and achieved its highest honors he could not have gone to the grave with more respect than follows him as the useful private citizen, whose great abilities and attainments were devoted to the practice of his profession. A gentleman of the old school, in that he lived a quiet life and shunned mere notoriety."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XII. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1884. No. 2.

Sketch of an Ancient Irish Family.

THE O'KANES OF ULSTER.

"No people," says Edmund Burke, "who do not often look back to their ancestors, can look forward to posterity." These are wise words. For the Irish and their promising descendants in America, they proclaim a truth, grand, but half forgotten; while they are none the less suggestive of a pungent rebuke to that pert ignorance, or pityful mental vacuity which claims to scout the past, and yet only adds another blank to the present.

The family, whose career I am about to sketch, played a prominent part in the history of Ireland, for over 600 years. *Ua Cathain* or *O'Cathain* is the true Irish form of the name, as it appears in the "Annals of the Four Masters," the "Chronicum Scotorum," and other works on ancient Ireland. "But," says the Rev. J. S. Porter, "the *th* being sounded like the English *h*, it began to be written in English books and documents *O'Cahan;* and when in process of time the slender sound of the vowel *a* began to be substituted for the broad one, the name was pronounced and written *O'Kane.*" (*Ulster Journal of Archæology, Vol. III.*) It is commonly spelled O'Cahan in the State papers and other Anglo-Irish documents, till about the year 1700. O'Kane is now the established form of the name, though it is sometimes written O'Kean, O'Keane, and often without the O', which, however, it should always possess.

According to the most ancient and reliable authorities on Irish genealogy, the O'Kanes are descended from *King Niall the Great*, generally called Niall of the Nine Hostages, in one of whose expeditions the youthful St. Patrick was carried captive to Ireland. Among the famous sons of King Niall was *Owen*, from whom we have the word *Tyrone*, or Owen's territory. "The descendants of Owen," writes John O'Mahony, in his translation of Keating's 'History of Ireland,' "were the most celebrated of all the Milesian Clans; of them a great many were Kings of Ulster, and sixteen were monarchs of Ireland."

From a son of Owen named *Cathain*, the O'Cahans or O'Kanes derive both their name and their pedigree.

These facts have often been stated by various writers, and I take pleasure in citing the words of one of the very last who has handled the subject. "This high origin of the family," says the Rev. J. S. Porter, a Protestant clergyman of Belfast, "seems to be allowed by MacFirbis, and other genealogists whose works are accessible; and of these it may be remarked, that not one belonged to the O'Kane line, or had any interest in magnifying its antiquity; so that their statements must be held to give the traditionally acknowledged descent of the tribe. We are thus led to ascribe to it *an antiquity far exceeding that of any existing royal family on the continent of Europe;* for there seems no reasonable ground for doubting that the ancestors of King Niall the Great were monarchs of Ireland as early at least as the commencement of the Christian era." (*Ulster Journal of Archæology, Vol. III.*) The italics are by the Rev. Mr. Porter.

The family history of the O'Kanes is obscure until the tenth century, when surnames became hereditary in Ireland. I find in the "Chronicum Scotorum," under the year 979, the following entry; "Owen O'Kane, successor of Brendan, of Clonfert, died." He was a Bishop, and, it seems, one of the first that bore the surname O'Kane. Dungiven Abbey was founded by Dermot O'Kane in the year 1100. "Great benefactors to the Church," writes Father Meehan, "were the O'Kanes; for they founded and endowed the monastery of the Regular Canons of St. Augustine, at Dungiven, where the sculptured tomb of the greatest of their race, Cooey-na-Gall, still exists."

The following entry is taken from the "Annals of the Four Masters:" "A. D. 1145. Slowey O'Kane, bishop and virgin, of the people of Leithghlinn, died."

By the middle of the twelfth century, the O'Kanes were a very distinguished family. The Charter of Newry — a translation of which can be found in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, Vol. I., page 102 — is a document from the hand of Maurice MacLoughlin, King of Ireland, conferring certain lands on the abbot and monks of Newry; and it is signed as witnesses and sureties, by a large number of eminent persons, clerical and lay. The first of the witnesses is "Giolla Mac Laig, Archbishop of Armagh, holding the staff of Jesus in his hand," — that is, the famous crozier of St. Patrick. Then follow the names of four bishops, after which comes: "Eachmareach O'Kane, King of Fir-na-Creeva and Kienachta." O'Kane's signature immediately follows those of the archbishops and bishops, and precedes the names of all the abbots and other lay chiefs. His superior rank, or personal worth

— or both combined — was doubtless the cause of this distinction. The date of the charter of Newry is about 1100.

I turn over the "Annals of the four Masters," and read: "A. D. 1172. Brigidian O'Kane, the successor of Maidoc, died:" which signifies that he was Bishop of Ferns. It will be noted that this date marks the year, a portion of which Henry II. spent in Ireland.

What part of Ulster did the O'Kanes rule over at the period of the English invasion? The Abbé MacGeoheghan, in his "History of Ireland," chapter VIII., describes it as "a territory comprising nearly the whole of the county of Derry, the patrimony of the O'Kanes of the race of Heremon by the monarch Niall of the Nine Hostages and Owen his son." The Rev. J. S. Porter, calls it a "princely domain," and adds: "It extended from the river Foyle on the west to the eastern side of the Bann near its mouth, bounded on the north by the sea, and on the south by the mountains of Munterlooney, those of Glenshane, and a line stretching thence eastward to the Bann. In these limits are included some of the most fertile lands in the North of Ireland; watered by two navigable rivers — the Foyle and the Bann — and by a multitude of streams of inferior note; possessing a varied surface, with considerable diversity of soil, fit for almost every description of produce that is suited to a northern climate. In ancient times it abounded in wood; in some places there are yet remains of the natural forest. At the time of its occupation by the O'Kanes, it was well provided with churches, having enjoyed the benefit of the labors of Saints Patrick, Columbkille, Caindech, Brecan, and other pious missionaries, who had left behind them abundant proofs of their zeal and success in establishing ecclesiastical foundations. The O'Kanes were liberal benefactors to these institutions." (*Ulster Journal of Archæology*, Vol. III.)

The O'Kanes were ever the stern and unchanging foes of English power and English misrule in Ireland. So far as I can discover, the *first* of the family that had the honor of falling for his native land in battling with the Saxon invader was Gilchreest O'Kane. The event is thus given in the "Annals of the Four Masters:" "A. D. 1182. Donnell, the son of Hugh O'Loughlin, marched with an army to Dunbo, in Dalriada, and there gave battle to the English. The Irish were defeated, and Randall O'Breslin, Gilchreest O'Kane, and many others were killed. On this occasion the English carried off with them the Gospel of St. Martin."

It seems this was a copy of the Gospels which once belonged to St. Martin of Tours, and was brought to Ireland by St. Patrick.

The first of the invaders to set foot in the territory of the O'Kanes was John de Courcy, the brave but needy adventurer to whom Henry

II. made a "present" of Ulster—if he could take it. In the "Annals of the Four Masters," under the year 1197, we read: "John de Courcy and the English of Ulidia marched with an army to the Salmon Leap, and erected the castle of Kilsanctan, and wasted and desolated the territory of Kienachta." The Salmon Leap was a cataract on the River Bann, south of Coleraine; and Kienachta was the territory of the O'Kanes. Thus the sept got a first taste of English "civilization." Turning over a few leaves more in the "Annals of the Four Masters," I see another entry: "A. D. 1205. Manus O'Kane, son of the Lord of Kienachta and Fir-na-Creeva, tower of the valor and vigor of the North, was wounded by an arrow, and died of the wound."

In the year following, the English kindly paid another visit to O'Kanes country, and the result is thus given in the "Annals of the Four Masters:" "A. D, 1206. An army was led by Hugh de Lacy and the English of Meath and Leinster into Tullagh-oge, and burned churches and corn; but obtained neither hostages nor pledges of submission from Hugh O'Neill on this occasion. The same people led another army into Kienachta, *and burned all the churches in that territory, besides driving off a countless number of cows.*"

Burning churches and stealing cows—what a fine method of English government! The O'Kanes never forgot this brutal and sacrilegious raid. They can be found for centuries in every battle in Ulster, fighting like lions against the odious English invader.

"It is worthy of notice," says the Rev. J. S. Porter, "that in the long interval of over 350 years, which elapsed between the year 1206 and the reign of Elizabeth, the English appear never once to have penetrated into Kienachta, much less to have made a conquest of the territory." (*Ulster Journal of Archæology, Vol. III.*)

In the "Annals of the Four Masters," we find recorded: "A. D. 1212. Farrell O'Kane, Lord of Kienachta and Fir-na-Creeva, was slain by the English." It is not stated where or at what battle this brave chieftain was killed.

A little farther on in the same "Annals," we run across the following record: "A. D. 1229, Gerard O'Kane, the wisest of the order of Canons, died." Happily peace, piety, and learning have their triumphs—more certain and lasting than those of the sword.

O'Neill, O'Kane, and the other princes of Ulster had made it so hot for the English, that about the middle of the thirteenth century the invaders in the North were almost confined to their stronghold at Downpatrick. In 1260, Brian O'Neill, King of Ulster, attacked the English Downpatrick. The O'Kanes were there in force. The Irish unhappily were defeated, and Brian O'Neill, Manus O'Kane,

and the flower of the Irish army were slain. "Fifteen chiefs of the family of O'Kane were slain on the field," says the "Annals of the Four Masters." Manus O'Kane was head of the sept, and grandfather of the celebrated *Cooey-na-gall.*

Among the poems in Irish, written on this battle, is one by Farrell Og Mac Ward, the hereditary bard of Tirconnell. It contains thirty-one four-lined rhyming stanzas. I give a number of stanzas as literally translated by the late learned Dr. John O'Donovan. Manus O'Kane seems to have been fostered and educated in the home of the old bard of Tirconnell, and the younger Mac Ward chiefly deplores the death of his companion and foster-brother. He loved O'Kane as David loved Jonathan. The poem opens by sadly lamenting that

"The tomb of friends is in the battle of Brian;"

and after enumerating the most eminent among the fallen, he continues:

"My brother being left in the slaughter,
And my foster-brother O'Kane,
We are not safe in our houses,
Though far away from the carnage,

"Though to me each man is a grief,
For O'Kane the yellow-haired I most grieve;
He is the wound in the artery of my head —
This is the blow that I cannot bear.

"Grievous to our women and children
Is the killing of Manus O'Kane;
If Brian* was not in the slaughter
There would be no loss like O'Kane.

"I gave great love, ah woe is me!
To him from the period of my fifth year;
Wo, that I have not gone with my beloved,
For early I loved O'Kane.

"We used to give the chieftainship, in our sports,
To him, when high spirited youths,
We and the King on a mound which he disgraced not,
Going thrice around it.

"Until he would take me on his back
I used to continue to shed tears after him;
At all times I was the rider —
Our horse was ever Eachmarcach.†

"His stipend to me was always coming to us,
Just as if we were his heirs;
He had for me as much as for two;
Far are we forever again from our gambols!

"I used to go with a poem on his manly form,
As if it were the poem of my ollamhship;

* That is Brian O'Neill, King of Ulster. † Eachmarcach O'Kane, a brother of Manus.

And to me he gave much for my poem,
Although that which I made was not a poem.

"Order Masses of each priest,
For thy foster-brother — for O'Kane,
For the son of the King who bowed in each church,
Let the prayers of Mass be offered.

"For mercy to thee in each church,
Were there a thousand students,
For the son of Randal there should ascend
Psalm-singing from their psalters.

"As the poetic art is hereditary to me,
For this white-souled, pure-skinned man,
I shall chant a flowery dirge,
In the hour of solemn prayer for his spirit.

* * * * * *

"I have not seen seeking for gifts
One whose request he would refuse;
Eachmarcach was ever ready
To sustain the bounteous work of Erin.

* * * * * *

The son of O'Kane of the Creeve.
Son of Randal, King of Fermoyle,
A peaceful meeting after him will be difficult,
The art poetic shall be an orphan."

MacNamee, the chief bard of Ulster at that period, in his poem on the battle of Downpatrick, gives four stanzas to the O'Kanes who fell in the engagement, and concludes by saying:

"A misfortune to our children and our wives
Was the killing of Manus O'Kane."

He ranks him next to King Brian O'Neill. The Irish always fought at immense disadvantage in their early conflicts with the English. At the battle of Downpatrick the Irish were simply dressed in satin, while their enemies were protected by *coats of mail.* The fact is thus expressed by the bard MacNamee;

"Fair satin coats on the race of Conn —
The English in one mass of iron."

While the fatal engagement at Downpatrick, cost the O'Kanes both blood and tears, it seems not to have interrupted the prosperity of the family. They founded the town of Dungiven in 1297. Sixteen years later, a chosen body of O'Kanes helped to defeat the English on the famous field of Bannockburn, in Scotland. They formed part of a powerful corps of Irish archers sent by Donald O'Neill, King of Ulster, to aid Robert Bruce; and the Ulster warriors must have made a deep impression on the English, as one of their poets writes:

"To Albion Scots we ne'er would yield,
The Irish bowmen won the field."

Between the O'Kanes and the ancient historic family of the MacDonalds of Scotland — which is of Irish descent — there was a warm friendship. We read that John "Cahanach" MacDonald, one of the "lords of the Isles," was so called from having been fostered by O'Cahan or O'Kane in his Castle at Limavady.

The family reached the zenith of its greatness in the person of Cooey O'Kane, a grandson of the fearless patriot, Manus O'Kane, who was slain at Downpatrick. He is known in history as *Cooey-na-Gall;* that is, the hunter of the English or the terror of the foreigners. He began to fill the office of chieftian in 1350. I have not been able to find a detailed account of the many achievements that have made his name celebrated. I recollect reading in some work — whose name I cannot now recall — that the family records of the O'Kanes were destroyed in a conflagration early in the sixteenth century. Thus the history of the sept perished, and a sketch of it, at the present day, selected from the dry and often meagre materials scattered throughout the various Irish annals, is no easy undertaking. I have not had an opportunity, however, to consult the "Annals of Ulster." The following lines from the "Topographical and Historical Poem" of the bard O'Duggan, who died in 1372, refers to Cooey-na-Gall;

"Of the valiant race of Owen
The now fair King of Kienacht is O'Kane,
His host in each quarter are mild towards you."

It was through the aid of Cooey O'Kane that Hugh Boy O'Neill was enabled to gain a footing in the English territory in Antrim. This Hugh was the founder of the Clan-na-Boy O'Neills.

The following record in the "Annals of the Four Masters," shows that for once the crafty English got the upper hand of the illustrious Irish chieftain: "A. D. 1376. Cooey O'Kane, Lord of Oireachta-O'Cathain, was taken prisoner by the English at the port of Coleraine, and sent by them in fetters to Carrickfergus." It seems he was held captive a long time, but I have not been able to ascertain the exact number of years. He had regained freedom, however, before his death, which is thus recorded in the "Annals of the Four Masters:" "A. D. 1385. Cooey O'Kane, Lord of Oireachta-O'Cathain, died while at the pinnacle of prosperity and renown."

"He was buried," writes Dr. O'Donovan, "in the old church of Dungiven, where his tomb is still preserved, of which an illustration is given in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, Vol. I. p. 405. It is an altar tomb of much architectural beauty, situated in the south side of the chancel.

O'Kane is represented in armor in the usual recumbent position, and on the front of the tomb are figures of six warriors sculptured in relievo."

The Rev J. S. Porter, writing of this precious monument a few years later, says: "The design is graceful, and the sculpture must have been beautiful when in a perfect state; but time, long exposure to the elements, and I fear it must be added, wanton injury, have greatly marred its appearance." It is said to have once borne the inscription *Congallus*, the Latin form of the Irish name *Cumoighe*, or as we write in English, *Cooey*.

The family had undoubtedly reached great eminence at this period. I find that the "Annals of the Four Masters," record the death of each of Cooey O'Kane's children, including his daughters, which is an uncommon occurrence, as the death of women is seldom given in that famous historical collection. Under the date 1381, we read: "Finola, the daughter of Cooey O'Kane, and wife of Turlogh MacSweeney died;" and under the year 1396 — "Mary, the daughter of O'Kane, and wife of O'Doherty, died."

It may be proper at this point to glance aside at the principal family seats or castles of the O'Kanes — *Ainoch*, *Dungiven*, *Limavady* and *Dunseverick*. Those were all famous spots. Ainoch castle was situated on the shore of a beautiful little lake, not far from the town of Derry. The Rev. J. S. Porter, who wrote in 1855, says: "Its ruined walls are still standing to the height of four feet from the ground, and show that the place when perfect, must have been commodious, and picturesque, as well as strong." I have already referred to Dungiven, its famous Abbey, and the tomb of Cooey-na-Gall. The chief Castle of the family "was built on a romantic spot called *Lim-a-vady* (the Dog's Leap) near a waterfall of the same name, where the river Roe forms a cataract of no great height but of surprising beauty. The castle was situated on the salient angle of a precipice nearly 100 feet high, overhanging the stream; and being defended on the land side by a deep ditch, which seems to have been spanned by a drawbridge, it must have been nearly impregnable before the use of artillery. This castle was inhabited by the O'Kanes till the time of James I; and traces of the gardens, fish-pond, &c, are still, or were until very lately, discernible." (*Ulster Journal of Archæology*, Vol. III.)

The "Four Masters" speak of Limavady as "a strong, impregnable castle, and the mansion seat of O'Kane."

A branch of the O'Kanes settled in the County of Antrim about the end of the thirteenth century, and made the famous Dunseverick Castle their head-quarters. It is now a lonely, picturesque ruin. "On

an insolated rock," writes the historian MacSkimin, "near the centre of a small bay, three miles east of the Giant's Causeway, stand the ruins of the Castle of Dunseverick, formerly the seat of a branch of the ancient family of O'Cahan, or as they were commonly called by the English and Scotch settlers, O'Kane. Traces of the outworks of these buildings are visible around the rock on which it stands, while its shattered keep appears to 'nod o'er its own decay;' and is destined at no distant period to become as prostrate as other fragments of the ruin scattered about. Immense masses of the rock have been hewn away, evidently for the purpose of rendering the castle as inaccessible as possible; an enormous basaltic rock, south of the entrance, also appears to have been cut into a pyramidical form, and flattened on the top, perhaps as a station for a warder, or for the purpose of placing upon it some engine of defence." A picture of this historical rock, capped by its ruined castle, and overhanging a wild sea that chants the dirge of ages, may be seen in the Dublin *Penny Journal*, Vol. I. p. 361,— also in "Hall's Scenery of Ireland."

But to resume the history of the family. During the fifteenth century the O'Kanes were blessed with a large share of peace and prosperity. Turning over the pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters," my eye catches the following: "A. D. 1428. Dermot O'Kane, Lord of Kienachta and Creeve, a man full of triumphs and honors, died."

In 1442 hostilities began between the O'Kanes and the MacQuillans — a powerful clan in Antrim. The unhappy feud between the two families lasted for over a hundred years.

The sixteenth century was one of severe trial for Ireland, and the O'Kanes bore their part manfully. At the opening of this stormy period the family sustained a severe loss in the tragic deaths of two promising young chieftains. The facts are thus briefly recorded in the "Annals of the Four Masters:"

"A. D. 1523. Donnell Cleireach O'Kane, the son of John O'Kane, the paragon of the youth of his tribe, and a man of genial hospitality, was slain by the people of the Route."

"A. D. 1526. The son of O'Kane, i. e., Godfrey, heir to the lordship of his country, set out upon a predatory incursion into Glenconkeine, in the month of January; and he perished in consequence of the intense cold of the winter. Nor was there a word heard about him until the end of the following Lent, when his body was discovered."

The O'Kanes were ever the faithful allies of the O'Neills, kings of Ulster, to whom only they were second in rank, to whom they owed allegiance. The chief of the sept was the highest lay functionary

present whenever the O'Neil was inaugurated on the royal hill of Tullahoge, for it was his office to cast the gold shoe over the head of the prince-elect, or as the poet Davis puts it —

> "While hierarchs are blessing, the slipper they fling,
> And O'Cahan proclaims him *a true Irish King*."

Dymmock wrote, in the year 1608, that "O'Kane, the chiefest of O'Neill's *uraughts* (i. e. sub-kings) createth him *O'Neill*, by casting a shoe over his head."

In the sanguinary reign of Elizabeth, the Irish princes who remained true to themselves were forced to battle for faith and fatherland. The O'Kanes filled the ranks of Shane O'Neill, when that princely warrior swept the English Pale with fire and sword; and after Shane's death, when an act of the English Parliament declared himself and his allies attainted, English power was not able to transform the territory of the O'Kanes into shire ground.

Rory MacManus O'Kane, who took a distinguished part in the wars against Elizabeth, was inaugurated chief in 1577. It was sixteen years after this that an event occurred, which I find mentioned at length in the "Annals of the Four Masters," and in Mitchel's "Life of Hugh O'Neill." It marks almost the beginning of that last and desperate struggle made by the princes of Ulster for the freedom of the Catholic Religion and the independence of Ireland.

"Upon the eastern border of O'Donnell's country," writes John Mitchel, "where the two old rivers Finn and Mourne, which the deluge left behind, mingle their waters, dwelt Tirlough L. O'Neill, in the town and castle of Strabane, holding such poor state as the Dungannon chief still permitted him. This foolish old Tirlough kept certain English troops in his county under the command of one Captain Willis — perilous auxiliaries for an Irish chief. And 'it was a heart-break,' says the chronicler, 'to Hugh O'Donnell that the English of Dublin should obtain a knowledge of the country.' He fiercely attacked Strabane, drove back Tirlough and his Englishmen as far as Dungiven, and besieged them in O'Cahan's castle, on the banks of the Roe river. O'Cahan came forth to treat with O'Donnell, reminded him that he had been his foster-son, and that the fugitives were his guests, and so persuaded the young chief to refrain from violating the hospitality of a friendly roof."

This incident is recounted with some fine touches by the Irish poet, Collins:

> "Away! away, o'er bank and brae, with wild despairing speed —
> And never yet was Saxon churl than he in sorer need.
> The Foyle is crossed — Ardmore is passed — Dungiven's heights appear,
> And close beside O'Cahan's tower they halt in dread and fear.

"Tyrconnell's kerns spur hard and fast, Tyrconnell's steeds are fleet —
In battle's brunt or headlong chase 'twere hard their match to meet;
And as the Saxon horsemen halt before O'Cahan's gate,
O'Donnell's troops came riding in with fierce and deadly hate.

"One moment's pause — with bated breath, the foemen deadly glare;
Each heart is nerved for blood and strife, and every weapon bare;
O'Donnell's ready blade leaps out, his spears and axes gleam,
But ere one deadly blow could fall, O'Cahan stepped between.

"'I am thy father's friend,' he said, 'and thou my foster-son,
O'Donnell brave, with blood of guest stain not my threshold stone;
Beneath my roof, although God wot, no friends of mine they be,
Unharmed and safe they must remain, though false to mine and me.

"'I pledge my word O'Cahan's clan is true to Erin's cause,
And love not speech of Saxon tongue, or Saxon throne or laws;
And ere to-morrow's sun shall set on Roa's grassy vale,
I'll drive these base mauraders hence, back to the English Pale.'

"'Enough! enough!' O'Donnell said, 'I take O'Cahan's word —
In peace or war 'twas ever true and trusty as his sword.
In freedom and in friendship's name, O'Cahan, here's my hand —
When next we meet, together we shall strike for motherland.'"

In the long and gallant struggle of the great Hugh O'Neill, "the Irish Hannibal," with the armies of England — which began in 1595 — his chief ally was Rory MacManus O'Kane, who supported him "with 1200 foot and 300 horse, the ablest men that Ulster yielded." Rory's son and heir to the chieftancy, Donnell Ballagh O'Kane, became O'Neill's son-in-law, and distinguished himself at Clontribret, at the Yellow Ford, at Kinsale, and at all the bloody engagements that took place during the long conflict. Rory died in April, 1598, and Donnell Ballagh O'Kane was installed in his place as chief of the family. At length, the English made peace with Hugh O'Neill, who stipulated for perfect immunity in person, property, privilege and the free exercise of religion to himself and his allies. This was granted by the officers of Elizabeth, and, after her death, was solemnly confirmed by her successor, James I. But under English rule truth and justice are unknown in Ireland. Some time after O'Neill's flight to the continent, Donnell Ballagh O'Kane was arrested without cause, and his estates were shamefully confiscated in 1609. He was immured for a time in Dublin Castle, and finally sent to the tower of London, where, after an imprisonment of seventeen years, he died in 1627. And thus perished the last chieftain of the family, who of all the fair lands that once were his, could not so much as claim a final resting-place near the sculptured tomb of his great ancestor, Cooey-na-Gall!

By an act of unparalleled perfidy the O'Kanes were dispossessed of every inch of land they held. They were basely robbed of their territory by the English crown. "It was," writes Montgomery, first

Protestant Bishop of Derry, who got his share of the plundered property, "large, pleasant, and fruitful; twenty-four miles in length between Lough Foyle and the Bann; and in breadth, from the sea coast towards the lower part of Tyrone, fourteen miles." This region is now comprised in the baronies of Keenacht, Tikeeran, and Coleraine. In that rich domain, in Glinconkeine alone, a horde of English thieves and adventurers in 1609, felled oak to the value of $300,000 for the purpose of building the city of Londonderry. A number of Scotch and English upstarts became the new proprietors of O'Kane's country; and thus this ancient and noble Irish family was plundered by the grasping and treacherous government of England. It was an act of the blackest atrocity.

The family had its glorious martyrs for the True Faith. Sir Arthur Chichester — one of the vilest names in the crime-stained history of this period — prevailed on an idle gambler to make false charges of high treason against six Irish gentlemen of unsullied character whose presence, however, was disagreeable to the new settlers. Five of them were knights, and one a priest; and among the number were *Sir Rory O'Kane*, and *Sir Godfrey O'Kane*. "They were tortured," writes the historian O'Sullivan, "but confessed nothing. But as they were tried by twelve English and Scotch Protestants, who had received land in Ulster, and did not wish to have Catholic neighbors, they were at once found guilty. Chichester referred the sentence to the king, who gave instructions that a free pardon should be granted to the knights and the priests if they would renounce the Catholic religion. But they boldly answerd that they would never accept such a condition. That night they mutually exhorted each other to endure death for Christ. The priest gave sacramental absolution to the others. The next day, having hung a short time, they were cut down, embowelled, their entrails burned, their bodies cut in four parts, and exposed in public places. This happened in the year of our Lord 1615. About the same time Sir Patrick O'Murray, and Connor O'Kieran, a priest, were put to death in like manner on the same charge."—(*Historiæ Catholicæ Compendium*, p. 260.)

During the inhuman rule of the Puritans in Ireland, Father Eugene O'Kane, a pious and learned Franciscan, was taken prisoner and severely scourged. He was offered the alternative of dying or becoming a Protestant. "And when they saw that they prevailed nothing," says the old chronicler, "they hanged the good Father, on Mount Luochren, in Thomond, A. D. 1651."

Among the members of the O'Kane family, in those days of trial and misfortune, was an eminent bard and minstrel whose name has passed down the ages. "Rory Dall O'Kane, a celebrated minstrel and

author of some of the most beautiful strains that ever sounded on the harp of Ireland," writes the Rev. J. S. Porter, "was a member of the ancient sept of the O'Kanes of Kienachta. He is the same person who is so famous in Scotland under the name of Rory Dall Morrison, and who, Sir Walter Scott, with his usual skill in employing facts for the illustration of his tales, introduces as the musical instructor of Annot Lyle in the 'Legend of Montrose.' (*Ulster Journal of Archæology*, Vol. IV.)

Among the most famous of Rory Dall O'Kane's compositions are the "Hawk of Ballyshannon," and "Give Me Your Hand." "The first," says Porter, "is one of the most beautiful of Irish airs; it would add a bright leaf to the laurel of any composer, living or dead."

"He is remembered," writes Bunting in his "Ancient Music of Ireland," "to this day as one of the chief O'Kanes of O'Kane's country; and the names of the estates to which he was supposed to be entitled, were still enumerated in tradition at the time of the meeting of the harpers in Belfast," which was in the year 1792.

It is related that during a visit of James I. to Scotland, after the confiscation of Ulster, he heard of Rory Dall O'Kane, and expressed a strong desire to hear him. The Irish minstrel was brought to the court. The King was delighted with his performance, and walking toward him, he laid his hand familiarly on O'Kane's shoulder. A courtier present remarking on the honor thus conferred upon him, the minstrel said: "A greater than King James has laid his hand on my shoulder." "Who was that?" exclaimed the King. "The O'Neill, sire," replied Rory Dall O'Kane. He was banished from Court.

After the confiscation of their broad lands, many of the O'Kanes took service in the armies of Spain, France, and Austria. One of these, General Daniel O'Kane, won high distinction in the Netherlands. He came to Ireland in 1642, as Lieutenant General to the celebrated Owen Roe O'Neill, and fell in battle gloriously fighting for the freedom of his native Isle. "This Daniel O'Kane," writes the Rev. C. P. Meehan, "was singularly gifted as a linguist and general scholar, and was much lamented by his chief."

We find a number of officers of the name at the famous battle of Ramilies in 1706. "Among these officers," says the historian O'Callaghan, "was one of the respectable Munster or Clare branch of the great Ulster name of O'Cahan, O'Kane, or O'Kean, also anglicized, or written without the O' as Kane or Kean. That branch contributed (according to its pedigree in French) several gallant gentlemen, some of them Chevaliers of St. Louis, to the Regiment of Clare. Eugene O'Kean, on the first formation of the corps, raised an entire company

for it at whose head he fell in Italy in 1693, at the battle of Marsaglia. His brother Charles, who accompanied him to France, commanded the grenadiers of the regiment in the village of Ramilies, when a cannon ball carried away his legs, and he was despatched there, with twenty-two more wounds, by the English soldiers. Just as this occurred, he was recognized by an Ulster officer of his name, but, as a Protestant, then in the English army, in the very distinguished corps at present known as the 18th Royal Irish Regiment of Foot. This officer was Richard Kane, subsequently, Brigader-General in the British service, and Governor of Minorca, to whom a monument has been deservedly raised in Westminster Abbey. He had the unfortunate Charles interred the day after the engagement, with due military honors, in the village of Ramilies.

"On the 'horrid necessity' by which Irishmen, as in opposite armies were too frequently exposed, in those times, to act against their own countrymen in battle, the celebrated Lord Charlemont, who deplored the circumstance with an illustrious Irish officer in Austria, remarks—'My most particular friend, the brave and truly amiable General O'Donnell, when speaking on the subject, has often wept.'

"General Kane died in 1736. He was one of the best officers of his time, as well as a gentleman of the greatest humanity and generosity, particularly kind to his relations; so that his death was very generally lamented. In a word, he was a noble character." ("History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France." Book IV.)

Though reduced to the condition of tenantry to English upstarts and adventurers, the O'Kanes still continued to hold a good portion of the modern county of Londonderry. And there many of the name, highly respectable families, can be found even to this day. I am told that at the beginning of the present century, the representative of the oldest branch of the family was Dermot O'Kane, who held a considerable district of country in the territory of his ancestors. This venerable man died about the year 1830. His eldest son, Bernard O'Kane, came to the United States in 1817, and made his residence at Philadelphia, where he died. Bernard O'Kane's family consisted of two daughters, the younger of whom — the mother of the present writer — was born at Philadelphia, and now resides in that city.

Among the distinguished descendants of this family in the present century, may be mentioned: Sir Robert Kane, the eminent chemist and learned author of the "Resources of Ireland;" Dr. E. K. Kane, the celebrated Arctic explorer, whose "great grandfather, John Kane, came from Ireland about the year 1756;" General Thomas L. Kane, the organizer and commander of the famous Pennsylvania "Bucktails," during the late civil war — a man who certainly inherited

some of the old spirit of Cooey-na-Gall; and the Rev. James O'Kane, late senior Dean of Maynooth College and author of "Notes on the Rubrics." The present eminent Bishop of Richmond, most Rev. Dr. Keane, who was born at Ballyshannon, in Ireland, is doubtless a member of the same family; and it is probable that the present distinguished Bishop of Wheeling, most Rev. Dr. Kain, who was born in Virginia, belongs to the southern Irish branch of the sept. I believe I can also include Commander James O'Kane of the U. S. Navy.

The MacCloskeys are a younger branch of the O'Kanes, and the famous old family has indirectly, at least, the honor of giving the Catholic Church in America its first Cardinal. "A branch of the O'Kanes of Ulster," writes the learned Dr. John O'Donovan, "took the name of MacBloscaidh (now MacCloskey), from Bloscaidh O'Kane, who flourished in the thirteenth century." (*Int. to O'Duggan's Historical Poem.*) Bloscaidh signifies *a strong man.*

In conclusion, let us note some of the characteristics of this ancient and illustrious family:

1. It was ever true to Ireland.

2. Its territory was the *last* spot in which Irish freedom found a home; and the family greatness perished only with the downfall of Irish independence.

3. It was true to the Catholic Religion.

4. It was a great benefactor to the Church; and old Dungiven Abbey is, perhaps, the most interesting ecclesiastical monument in Ireland.

5. It is a family, which, on the whole, has a remarkably clean and noble history.

6. It gave countless princes, bishops, priests, soldiers, scholars, musicians, martyrs and patriots to Ireland. "The Annals of the Four Masters" mention over one hundred persons of the name of O'Kane.

7. It is a family that can point to its warrior-sons at Dunbo in the 12th century; Downpatrick in the 13th century; Bannockburn, in the 14th century; the Yellow Ford, in the 16th century; Marsaglia, in the 17th century; Ramilies in the 18th century; and Gettysburg, in the 19th century.

8. It is a family that England shamefully robbed of its princely possessions before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and which had a distinguished history before Christopher Columbus was born.

"The great old Irish houses, the proud old Irish names.
Like stars upon the midnight, to-day their lustre gleams;
Gone are the great old houses, the proud old names are low
That shed a glory o'er the land a thousand years ago;

But whereso'er a scion of these great old houses be —
In the country of his fathers, or the land beyond the sea,
In city, or in hamlet, by the valley, on the hill —
The spirit of his brave old sires are watching o'er him still!"

JOHN O'KANE MURRAY, M. A., M. D.

Musings Among Foreign Poets.

MORNING PRAYER.

From the German.

I.

O STILLNESS! most profound, most wondrous,
What loveliness o'er all things reigns!
The trees alone their heads are bending
To Him who walketh o'er the plains.

II.

I feel as if anew created,
Life's needs and cares, where have they fled?
The fears that yesters' en unnerved me,
I blush for in the morning-red.

III.

With gladsome heart henceforth a pilgrim,
I'll journey thro' this earthly clime,
As if it were a bridge which leadeth
To Thee, Lord! o'er the stream of time.

IV.

Long while my song men's praises seeking
Hath wooed the dross of vanity.
With shattered lyre I now forever
Stand in thy presence silently.

AN EVENING IN WINTER.

From the Italian.

I.

I LOOK around me, and on every side
Deserted is the earth, the clouds hang low,
And Winter silent weaves o'er Summer's pride
A shroud of snow.

II.

Ah! what a wealth of light and loveliness,
Of verdurous hues are hidden in that tomb!
Earth languisheth and murky clouds oppress
My heart with gloom.

III.

Sweet smiles and laughter from the lips have fled,
They perish in the season's icy breath,
All colorless and pale the sky o'erhead—
Like unto death.

IV.

While on the hearth the crackling fagots blaze,
In solitary cell I ponder o'er,
With many a sigh, the bright and happy days
That are no more.

V.

And from the overburdened heart gush forth
The tears, and down my cheeks roll silently,
Till all is hushed, and on the cheerless hearth
The embers die.

VI.

O come again, ye blissful days of spring!
Return, ye days for smiles and gladness made,
Your crown of violets and roses bring—
E'en tho' they fade.

SOUNDS OF THE SEA.

From the French.

I.

WHAT hollow sound doth sweep
Across the stormy main,
Moaning as if in pain?
Ofttimes it seems to weep
And sob; and, hark! again

A louder peal rings out,
And clearer, fuller grows—
It is the ocean wind
That in its trumpet blows!

II.

The rain unceasing falls,
Dun clouds are rolling by,
In gloom they shroud the sky,
The sombre scene appals,
The sea heaves mountain high;
You'd think the wintry hour
Hath come of falling snows,
No—'tis the ocean wind
That in its trumpet blows.

III.

Ho! hapless sailors, ho!
Your ship is sinking fast,
What wailings on the blast!
What piercing shrieks of woe
What wild looks shoreward cast!
The anchor snaps in twain,
And downward swirling goes—
Hark! to the ocean wind
That in its trumpet blows.

IV.

Imprudent mariner!
Well may your courage quail:
To shreds each tattered sail
The toothed storm-wind tears;
The lights of heaven fail;
At pump and helm the crew
Are battling with their foes—
Hark! to the ocean wind
That in its trumpet blows.

V.

And thou, O beacon light!
Torch lit by God's own hand,
To warn the sailor band,
Toiling thro' storm and night,
From rock-environed stand:
Piercing the misty gloom
Thy crimson splendor glows—
Hark! to the ocean wind
That in its trumpet blows.

PRAYER.

From the Spanish.

I.

BEING of goodness infinite! to Thee
For aid I fly, and in Thy presence stand
In this my woe: stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And rend apart the veil of calumny —
Tear out the stamp of shame mine enemy
Would fain forever on my forehead brand.

II.

God of my sires! from Whom all blessings flow,
King of kings. Thy suppliant servant save;
To Him are all things possible who gave
Light to the sky, the sun its burning glow,
Ocean its tides, the North its ice and snow,
Life to the plant and motion to the wave.

III.

Thou canst do all things, Thou! they feel the stress
Of Thy dread word, and are or cease to be;
From Thee apart, they perish utterly,
And sink into the fathomless abyss;
Thou exercisest sway o'er nothingness,
For man from naught created was by Thee.

IV.

My inmost secrets lie before Thee bare,
Nor can I screen them from Thy searching gaze
Which pierces to my soul, as solar rays
Suffuse with splendor all the fields of air;
That slander may not triumph is my prayer,
Thy servant stricken by its shafts upraise.

V.

But if Thou dost decree that I should long
Where silent, cold, and dead sustain this ill,
Cut short the tenor of my days — fulfil
My destiny, and tho' the slanderous throng
My corpse dishonor with envenomed tongue,
I bow before the fiat of Thy will.

MOTTO of the Iron Steamship — "I run."

A Jesuit Scientist.

DEVOTION to natural science is not *per se* a clerical duty, but a clergyman, who is at the same time an eminent scientist, is a standing protest against the assumption that science and religion are antagonistic to each other. Hence Catholics read with pleasure such items of news as that given some weeks ago by a contemporary, to the effect that the Rev. Father Dechevereus, S. J., director of a meterological observatory at Shanghai, in China, was the successful competitor in proposing plans for a public Signal Service at that place. Probably at no period of its existence has the Jesuit Order lacked men of eminence in scientific investigation. The one whose career I propose to briefly sketch for the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE belongs to the last century. The Rev. Esprit Pezenas, S. J., was born at Avignon, in 1692. At that time the Jesuits had a flourishing college in nearly every city of France, and young Pezenas became one of their most promising pupils.

In the first years of his reign, Louis XIV., who aimed at making France a great naval power, established a school of hydrography in Marseilles, and in 1702, the Jesuits completed an astronomical observatory in the same city. In 1729, Father Pezenas, on account of his known ability in natural science, was placed in charge of both these institutions. For twenty years he taught with signal success in the school of hydrography, and during the same time he published several memoirs bearing upon the application of astronomy to the art of navigation. What especially occupied his attention was the problem of finding the longitude of a ship's place at sea — a problem so important that the governments of Europe had offered prizes of great value for a practical solution. Father Pezenas gave a solution derived from the motion of the moon and depending upon one observation. Marseilles was then as now a great commercial port, but the art of gauging, so necessary at such a place, was very imperfect. In the case of simple forms, the gauging was easy enough; but when they had to deal with the gauging of a ship, for instance, the merchants of Marseilles had no safe guide. Father Pezenas was the first to show that the commercial interests of the city suffered in consequence of this defect. By an application of the Differential Calculas he found a method at once practical and exact of gauging complex forms — a method which is used to this day at the port of Marseilles. His published work on this subject, as well as several other treatises by him, was honored by being reprinted by order of the Paris Academy of Science.

From the time of his appointment in 1729 till 1763, when the Society of Jesus was suppressed, Father Pezenas prosecuted his astronomical researches as director of the Observatory. He was a predecessor of the illustrious Father Secchi in his study of the sun, and his memoirs upon the motion of the spots on the sun were highly valued by the astronomers of his time. Besides the daily routine of work usually carried on in a well equipped and favorably situated observatory, such as the one under his direction was, he gathered round him a number of young men into whom he instilled his own love and knowledge of science. One of his pupils became in time director of the Observatory of Milan; another, professor royal of mathematics at Toulon; and another, professor at Genova. But all this real progress was soon to be ruthlessly interrupted. A tyrannical State decree dispersed the Jesuits in France, and Father Pezenas retired to his native city of Avignon; there he continued his labors in private till his death at the ripe old age of eighty-four. He had been since 1749 a corresponding member of the famous Academy of Paris.

Father Pezenas was a scientist, but he was also a priest. His eloquent voice was frequently heard in the pulpits of Marseilles, and crowds flocked to hear him. He was for many years spiritual director of a very numerous society of workingmen in that city. Every Sunday they used to assemble in the church of the Holy Cross and there receive the instructions of their spiritual director. But it was especially in giving missions that the apostolic zeal of the good Father was manifested. L'abbé Aoust, from whose *Etude sur le P. Pezenas* I have taken nearly all the given facts in this sketch, says :—

"It would be impossible for me to indicate the numerous apostolic campaigns he undertook with aid of the Fathers of whom he was the superior, and the abundant fruits resulting from his preaching. The account we still have of the mission of 1757, which caused great excitement and did a vast deal of good, gives us the the truest idea of the labors and the successes *de cet homme evangélique.*"

SCOTIA.

POTATO SCONES.— Mash boiled potatoes till they are quite smooth, adding a little salt. Knead in flour with the potatoes until it will take no more. Knead the dough to the thickness required, bake on a griddle or frying pan, pricking them to prevent blistering. Sprinkle with flour, and smooth with the hand before putting on the fire.

Strictures on Irreligious Writers.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the men who write against religion are men of first class ability. As Cardinal Manning says, "All great men are not professors, nor all professors great men." I attack these men as Sidney Smith says, on the same principle that a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dyke, not for the value of its skin, but lest it might cause a leak in the embankment and flood a province. Listen to an unimpeachable witness:—

Thomas Carlyle speaking of the *coryphæus* of the pseudo scientists —"their prophet and their guide," says: "He is a man of very little intellect. Ah! it is a sad, a terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion and finding no God in the universe. The older I grow, and I now stand on the brink of eternity — the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism, which I learned when a child, the fuller and deeper it becomes. What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy Him forever? No *gospel of dirt* teaching that men have descended from frogs, through monkeys, can ever set that aside."

Over-hasty generalization is the rock on which the irreligious scientists founder. I remember that when I was about perhaps twelve years old I caught the infection of over-hasty generalization. I may or I may not have read at the time that a great genius had affirmed that there was no royal road — (no short-cut, in fact)— to knowledge, but I fancied myself like Archimides, and thought, if I did not cry out "*Eureka.*" I noticed as the ground of my philosophical induction that three or four or more men of my acquaintance wore knee-breeches, and the name of each was Jim, so I drew my conclusion that "every man who wore a knee-breeches was named Jim." Alas! for induction, a man passed by who wore knee-breeches; I applied my handy criterion — the man's name was Tom. Thus early in life I learned the fallacy of the inductive philosophy, when Bacon was to me but a shadow of a great name. Like Franklin's whistle, I have remembered my over-hasty generalization on that occasion. As I was only a boy there would be much indulgence accorded me, for, like the measles, I had the disease early. Later in life, at the age to which the writers I censure have arrived, the effects would have been more serious. Some writers have converted history into romance. Macaulay may give you a picture of English history as detailed as the "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe,"

and perhaps not a whit nearer the truth; but his veracity is (so to say) of a high order, when compared to those men who give us such accounts of geology and astronomy. Dr. Johnson says, that a composition may be written in a thousand different ways, and each way be a correct one. Now, for what we know, with our little knowledge of either astronomy, or geology, there may be a thousand theories as good and as satisfactory, as those that are in vogue at present. I have lately looked into the history of the Inductive sciences, and I must say that it is a useful commentary on the feebleness of the human intellect. The absurdities and the charges of scientific men sufficiently demonstrate how restricted is our field of knowledge. The tallest man is only eighteen or twenty inches taller than the smallest, of course, excepting dwarfs and giants. In power of intellect, unless in cases as rare as dwarfs or giants, and those cases generally were enlightened by the Holy Spirit of God, such as St. Augustine and St. Thomas, the difference between the natural intellectual power of men is not very great. In fact a distinguished English writer lately asserted that the idea that any man was immeasurably superior to his contemporaries was exploded. Just look at the theory of gravitation. If that be true how does it come that comets can come and go where they please without winding up their tails.

Cardinal Newman says, that it is only lately Professor Sylvester covered the proof of a principle laid down by Newton. And from Newton's time to ours, astronomers had built on that as a secure foundation, depending, says Cardinal Newman, on Newton's sagacity. The scientific men are busily idle. Life is too short, and eternity too important, to be spent in dissecting frogs. Travellers take a license to draw the long bow, but when a man travels to the stars, and has the effrontery to tell us what they eat with their cabbage in Jupiter (for really the absurdities of these men are far worse), we cannot help thinking that the followers of such a man are like the people mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, who imagine that Antichrist is to come in the form of a jackass, and entice people to hell by the music of his braying. This age of ours is likely to go down to a remote posterity as "the boastful age." Erskine was nicknamed counsellor *Ego*, because he spoke so much about himself, and the cant of this age is, "How much wiser are we than our fathers." Like the Yankee in Dickens who says, "We are a great people, sir, we've got to be cracked up, sir." So far as sound science points, we have derived everything in germ at least from tradition. Our modern notions to be consistent ought to send the man of mature age and large experience and cultivated mind, o learn from the infant in the cradle. Would they set the pyramid of the world on its smaller end?

Am I an enemy to modern science? No, but I am an enemy to absurdity and conceit. Men, like those mentioned by St. Paul, who are full of conceit and ignorance, I think deserving of a severe castigation. Cardinal Wiseman says, speaking of a certain science: — "No less than eighty systems arose in threatening array, like pillars of the desert, against Christianity; but like pillars of the desert they were made of sand and fell as suddenly as they had arisen." The Holy Catholic Church recognizes the benefits to human life of the arts and sciences, but she holds that the sciences and arts, as they come from God, ought to lead to Him in a golden circle.

The celebrated and lamented Dr. Brownson speaks of "such miserable charlatans as Darwin and Huxley." As wave succeeds wave, so do the theories of science succeed each other. The present scientists see clearly how short-lived have been the theories of their predecessors; but like men in consumption they hope on to the hour of their death for a long life. But as I deny those men the benefit of the axiom "that every man is to be believed or listened to in matters concerning his profession." Well, let us see! It is related that when Socrates heard a composition of a great Greek poet, he remarked, that he understood a part of it and the remainder he did not understand; but as what he understood was good, he concluded that what he did not understand must be equally good. Here is a good model for the bogus philosophers, with regard to Christianity; but these men show by their dense and stupid ignorance of the great truths of Christianity that they must be very unreliable vouchers in their own line. Cardinal Newman says, that "such is the meanness of their intellectual make that they cannot understand the feelings of a Catholic." I should like to see those men examined by my old friend, and professor, Dr. Balfe, God rest his soul! It would be laughable, surely.

Well, let us admit that they know more of their business than other people do. Much depends on the nature of the business. They may know more of their business than other people, and the knowledge may be of little account. No man is expected to know or can know everything. In this world we are like men in a burning house where there is gold and silver and copper coin. The wise man takes the gold coin, while the unwise spends his time in gathering pennies. A traveller out West inquired of a little boy who a man working in the field was. The little boy, like the scientists, thought, here is a piece of knowledge now that this intelligent man does not possess, so he says, "Why, don't you know who that is? Why that's daddy." So the Holy Catholic Church, taught by the Holy Spirit of God, is asked to pin her faith on the unfounded theories of scientists. The Catholic theologian

who has his knowledge in sound and solid general principles is to sit at the feet of the dissectors of frogs! The inductions of these men are highly spoken of. It is not by such means that any great discovery was ever made. Some facetious writer has defined science as "tying a tin kettle to a dog's tail and watching which way he runs." There is a good deal of modern science, such as it is, ay, and shall I add? plenty of it too, what there is of it. Physicists tell us that our bodies could be compressed into a very small compass, and so with science. Josh Billings says, "A man might as well not know so many things as to know so many things that ain't so." It has been the fashion to praise modern science as James Payn said the man praised "Paradise Lost," without having read the book at all, but it reminds me of the story of the man who wanted to see Pat McCarthy. The man who volunteered to give him the necessary information said to him, do you see that man then with the red head, and blue shirt? Yes! Well, that is not McCarthy. But do you see that fellow with the clay pipe in his mouth? Yes! Well, that is not McCarthy. So after going the rounds he at last pointed out McCarthy. Now, I like to deal with an informant who will point out McCarthy (or anybody else) that I want. Modern science is as full of that McCarthy humbug as an egg is of meat. Isaac Watts says, that it is poor satisfaction to a man who has read a book through to discern that all he learned was that the book was not worth reading.

A celebrated painter of antiquity exposed his masterpiece for the inspection of the public. A cobbler came among others to examine or criticise as occasion might offer. He noticed that the shoe on the foot of one of the figures in the painting was not properly made, so he spoke to the artist, who at once adopted the cobbler's suggestion. But not content with his first suggestion, the cobbler remarked that the nose of the figure was not as good as it might be. On this the painter said, "The cobbler must stick to his last." We may accept the statements of the scientists when they tell us how many feet a spider has or any other matter of the kind, but when these men presume to advise in matters of a higher nature, they are to be set back. "A cobbler should stick to his last."

Oxford, N. J. REV. P. A. TREACY.

LAW PROFESSOR — "What constitutes burglary?" Student — "There must be a breaking." Professor — "Then if a man enters a door and takes a dollar from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" Student — "Yes, sir; because that would break me."

Cardinal Manning on Conversion.

"How great is the multitude of thy sweetness, O Lord, which Thou hast hidden for them that fear Thee."

His Eminence said: To-night we come to the reward of conversion, or, the turning to God with all our hearts. This is twofold. There is the reward in this life and that in the life to come. As for the sweetness in the life to come, that I must leave for to-night, for we have Whit Sunday and Trinity Sunday coming, and those are days on which to contemplate the bliss of eternal life. The rewards given in this world to those that turn their hearts to God are many in number and great in their beatitude. I can only touch on the chief, and that briefly; the first reward is that we gain a great confidence in Him. We know God has made specific promises to us and we confide in them. He has said, "As I live I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but that the sinner turn from his way and live." God created life, not death. Man brought that into the world. God is life and the Life-giver. God has promised us eternal life if we believe in Him, and God cannot break His word. Surrounded as we are all our life long by the love of God, and the blessings and graces that come down on us daily in such showers, we must have confidence in Him founded on experience. The words of the inspired psalmist are true to every one who turns with all his heart to God. That is the first reward, and the second is a great and growing sorrow for the sins whereby we have offended God. At first sight you may think sorrow can be no great reward. But a loving sorrow is full of consolation. Sorrow for sin is just in the measure that sin is cleansed from our heart.

Our greatest sorrow in the commencement of a life of penance is very little, but as we grow to know the sinfulness of sin, the greater will our sorrow become. Next, sorrow will grow just as the love of God grows more, and as we go on in the love of God growing continually, our sorrow for our past life will grow in the same measure, so that the time will come when the sorrow we once had for grievous sin will not be equal to the sorrow we have in after life for a much less sin. As we grow in experience of the goodness of our Divine Master and meditate on His Passion, there grows up a new kind of sorrow. Our first sorrow is because our sins are deadly and base, our second sorrow is because they offend our Father, our third because we have destroyed our soul by great ingratitude against the Holy Spirit of God, and lastly comes a sorrow called compunction, that is a sorrow for the holy Passion of Our Saviour, for the anguish we laid upon Him, for it is we who crucified Him. There is another reward, and that is, that we come to know God as our friend. Our God has called us friends, and, therefore, we are so. If you forget everything I have said or shall say to-night except that one word, and go home and say "I heard it said in Church that Our Lord has called me to be His friend and told me He is my friend," you will have begun to turn your heart to God in love and gratitude. One more

reward is this, you will be content with your lot in life whatever it is. There are murmurs all round us, and to find one man or one woman content with their lot is a very rare and difficult thing. One will say: "If I had only a little more." There is always something wanting. Hardly ever do you find a person who says, "God be praised. Thank God; my lot is His will. If ever I am in trouble it is my doing not His." How seldom do we meet men like this. We ought to meet with them. We ought to be content with our lot, because our life is a multitude of blessings and graces without number, each one of which is a singular and special gift coming down from Him.

God who gave you this or that consolation, for a time withdraws it from you when the work is done, for your greater perfection now and greater reward in eternity. If we only recognize that we shall be content with our lot. When there come crosses and trials upon you, it is God who is working out your perfection. One more reward is, that when these crosses, losses, and trials come, there will come with them a special joy. The Apostles when they were scourged rejoiced when they went out from the face of the council of judges because they were accounted worthy to suffer for the faith of Jesus Christ. There is nothing more certain than this, that the more of our Divine Lord we have in our lives, our actions, and our words, the more the world will be against us, will speak evil of us, misinterpret our actions, lay to our charge things we never did, and put into our mouths things we never said. When the world persecutes you, only take care it is not justly. Sometimes these things come from friends, and that is harder to bear. I have known of such cases. A son or a daughter has been by the grace of God brought to know the truth, and for conscience sake has forsaken everything in the world. They have told their parents, in great fear, "I believe the Catholic faith, and I am a Catholic in heart, and I must live and die according to my conscience." I have known sons disinherited of vast fortunes by hard-hearted fathers, and daughters driven out of their homes into the street without a shelter to their head.

Perhaps you will think that a very terrible lot. But it was thus that they treated the disciples of Our Lord in Jerusalem. Thus in all ages have they treated those who, for the sake of God and his truth, have forsaken father, mother, and home, and all that they possessed. I have seen those who have been afflicted by this cross almost broken-hearted, and yet saying, "For all the gold and silver, and all the broad lands in this world, and the inheritance of my forefathers, I would not give up one particle of that truth which God has made me to know." I have seen tender and delicate young women with the courage of martyrs in them, willing to labor for their bread, though they had never known what it was before to toil for their living. I have known them to bless God for giving them the inheritance of that perfect truth which is the pledge of eternal life. Therefore, be sure if any of you having that light leading you onward, should be called on to carry your cross, you will have this great reward and joy in your heart when you have the Cross of Christ to bear. There will come to you a strength that shall never fail, and a joy that can never be overcast. They

who have in them the beginning of this work of God, have a pledge from Him that they shall persevere unto the end, because it is God that has begun the work; and it is only when we, on our part, pull down the work which He is building up by any wilful sin, that we wreck the work of salvation. St. Augustine said in his day there are many sheep without the fold, there are many wolves within it. Dear children in Jesus Christ, I look on this land of ours as a Christian land, I would to God I could call it a Catholic land; that I cannot, but those who believe the Baptismal Creed, who believe in the ever Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation of the Son, His Holy Passion, and the grace of the Holy Ghost in the work of our salvation — they are Christians, and I embrace them with all my soul, though they are not in the unity of the fold of which I am an unworthy Pastor. The Catholic is he who believes the whole revelation of the day of Pentecost as preached by the Apostles in all the world from sunrise to sunset, that one perfect faith the same in every age, in every language, and in every land, without contradiction and everywhere identical; that Catholic Faith which overspread England once. We are grafted into that unity, and yet there are many sheep without it, true Christians, knowing no better, seeking the truth, willing to follow it, if they can see it; and there are many wolves within, for the worst thing under the sun is a bad Catholic. A bad Christian is bad enough, but a bad Catholic is worse. I know nothing worse than a bad Catholic, except the devils in hell, who fell, for they were angels and they fell from the light and love of God, and as their perfection was before, their wreck and ruin was afterwards; so the Catholic, if he shall fall from his religion, or if, believing it still, he violates it by an evil life, he is a wolf in the fold. And yet how easy is salvation, even for the greatest sinner, who has committed mortal sins black as midnight, and repeated them again and again, and gone on for years in his sins. There is the Precious Blood, of which one drop will wash all away, and though his sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow. If his temptation is strong, there is the almighty power of grace; if he says I do not know which way to go, there is God the Holy Ghost to guide him. Salvation is easy to those that have the will to be saved; to those who have not the will, impossible. Let us lay to heart, to-night, that it rests with us whether we will be saved or not.

A Cough Remedy.— One of our English contemporaries, in reply to an inquirer, recommends a sirup made of the following ingredients for colds and coughs: Take 18 ounces of perfectly sound onions, and after removing the rind make several incisions, but not too deep. Boil together with 13½ ounces of moist sugar and and 2¾ ounces of honey in 35 ounces of water, for three-quarters of an hour; strain, and fill into bottles for use. Give one tablespoonful of this mixture (slightly warmed) immediately on attack, and then, according to requirement, five to eight half tablespoonfuls daily.

A Sunny Day in the South of France.

CETTE! Picturesque little Cette! A charming seaport of the Mediterranean — why is not more said about it in the guide-books than "There is a good buffet to be found at the station?" and yet a more enticing little town one would not often stumble upon in many days of travel. We reached Cette, *en route* for Perpignan and Spain; this last being the Mecca towards which our eyes were turned on the 8th of September, a feast day known in Spain as that of the *dulce nombre de Maria* (the sweet name of Mary), and at once wended our way to the little church, to hear Mass, where we found ourselves much observed, being the only bonneted part of the congregation — the rest wearing peasant's caps. Civilization, as we understand it, had not so far penetrated into this little town as to undermine the native honesty of its simple people, whose only guide was the teaching of the Catholic Church: for as we passed through the market to the church, we found the stalls unattended — all the women having gone in a body to hear Mass, and those, meanwhile, wishing to buy food, deposited their "sous" upon the stands, and helped themselves, scrupulously, to the fruits and vegetables required (for the poor eat little else in these parts), there evidently being a tariff of prices. Returning to our hotel, we also determined to invest in fruit for breakfast, which we found plentiful and cheap, and asked a woman of whom we were buying, if this was the usual mode of conducting business in the early morning. She answered, in some surprise, "*Mais, oui, nous n'avons pas peur les uns des autres.*" It set me to thinking whether the day would ever come in our so-called higher civilization, when this thing could be done in our part of the world. Happy people! May they never be awakened to the necessity of being governed by other than the code they now possess. Their patois is half French, half Spanish, and as picturesque, if one may so say of language, as their town. The houses remind one of those in Italy, off the route of travel, with windows in impossible places — opening upon little corner balconies, where one may breathe the air freely and get a look at the sea.

After a good night's rest we took train for Perpignan, where our journey, by diligence over the Pyrenees, was to begin. "*Messieurs et Mesdames, ici on change pour Perpignan,*" was shouted lustily by the guard; but I, who had been constituted the ears and eyes of the party, so far as business went, was beyond ear-shot, having accompanied one of them to the buffet for a glass of water; the rest, all unheeding

the hurry-scurry of those changing their train, went on, chatting gaily, not supposing themselves to be immediately concerned in what was going on. Returning, we took our places once more, and were whirled away as fast as steam could carry us, from our destination.

And here let me say a word about one of the minor miseries of life, that of travelling with those unaccustomed to control their most trifling wants. The good lady who was the cause of the blunder I am about to relate, had been "tucked in," as one of her clerical friends expressed it, all the days of her life; and it never entered her brain there were times when, even *should* she be thirsty, she was not to drink. I say this in all deference, — the person in question being a dear friend, and of the salt of the earth. I must mention here, we were five women, about to penetrate into Spain (1879, just before Queen Isabella was dethroned), unaccompanied by a gentleman. This fact made vigilance all the more necessary.

We had travelled some hours when we were awakened to the fact that Bradshaw said we were to reach our destination at a quarter past nine, and it was now nearing twelve o'clock. I hurriedly thrust my head from the carriage window to inquire of the guard when we should reach Perpignan.

"Perpignan!" he exclaimed, in great excitement; "*Madame, vous auriez du changer à Narbonne!*"

This being the point where the glass of water was partaken of! Here was a dilemma; so long as we kept to our programme, all went well, but we were not prepared for any mischance. There was, however, no help but to bundle out of the train, as best we could, trusting that Dame Fortune would set us right; and she did not forsake us. The guard had counselled us to see the station-master, and be advised by him, as to our next move. We were about seeking him, to carry this into effect, when he came forward to meet us. We were not then aware, as now, that in France the position of station-master (*chef de gare*) is frequently filled by sons of illustrious, though impoverished families of rank; and this gentleman was a case in point. His name, Raymond de Furgole, sounded to our republican ears like a title of nobility. He had served as a Papal zouave, but being too poor to continue without pay, — which the meagreness of the Holy Father's exchequer, made it necessary to do, — he was compelled to resign and accept the position of *chef de gare*. He lent an attentive ear to the particulars of our misadventure, only evincing a little fire, when the lady of the glass of water suggested that we had not been notified to change our train, by saying, politely, —

"Madame might not have understood, but the guard always

advises *Messieurs les Voyageurs* of all the changes that are to be made." He then added, that it would afford him much pleasure to set us right as soon as he could; but no train would be returning to Narbonne, where we were obliged to pick ourselves up, so to speak. until a late hour in the evening; and, *ad interim*, he advised us to see something of Carcassonne, whither our mishap had brought us, as, perhaps, we were not aware how interesting a place we were in. He felt himself empowered to enlighten the ignorance of five American women; not supposing we might have numbered an archæologist or two among our acquaintance, however, we accepted the information, and the proferred kindness to procure us a carriage, both in the same spirit; and, after partaking of an excellent dinner at the inevitable buffet, we drove to the site of the ancient walled town, the newer part not being so interesting.

At the cathedral, which, like San Clemente, in Rome, is one church built upon another, we saw the subterranean chapel, which was only discovered at the restoration of the church on the upper church. There were some fine old tombs; one of a bishop, and the marble slab of that, that was once the tomb of Simon de Montfort, the crusader who fought in Palestine, and also against Raymond de Toulouse, the head of the Albigenses. He was a brave and successful warrior, though his bravery was tarnished by cruelty. Simon de Montfort, younger son of the above, became by an English alliance, Earl of Leicester, and revolted against his brother-in-law, Henry the III., making him admit, into a new parliament, borough representation (1265), which was the beginning of the British House of Commons.

This, *en passant*, historical research not being the object of the sketch, but an effort to make others visit Carcassonne. The weather was beautiful, and we felt elated with our proximity to the land where we fancied it "was always afternoon," beautiful, poetic Spain! and driving about in the sunshine, of which there seemed to be no stint, with an exquisite view of the Pyrennes, which we caught from the bridge, the time flew by, and, returning to the station, we had not long to await our return train for Narbonne; and when it arrived, — wonder of wonders! — our *chef de gare* had another carriage attached to the train, into which he placed us, countersigning our tickets for Narbonne and Perpignan, — these last to be used on the morrow, — bidding us God-speed! Not even in America could this courtesy to women and strangers have been surpassed. And it has been our boast ever since that five American women travelled six hours free of charge, on a French railway, through their own intrinsic merits.

M. F. Grace.

The Flight From Rome of Pio Nono.

THE true account of the flight from Rome of Pius the Ninth may be found in Hare's *Walks in Rome*, vol. i. p. 460, as follows :

" On the afternoon of November 24th, the Duc d'Harcourt had arrived at the Quirinal in his coach as Ambassador of France, and craved an audience of the sovereign. The guards wondered that he stayed so long ; but they knew not that he sat reading the newspapers in the Papal study, while the Pope had retired to his bedroom to change his dress. Here his major-domo, Filippani, had laid out the black cassock and dress of an ordinary priest. The Pontiff took off his Purple stole and white Pontifical robe, and came forth in the simple garb he had worn in his quiet youth. The Duc d'Harcourt threw himself on his knees, exclaiming, 'Go forth, Holy Father ; divine wisdom inspires this counsel, divine power will lead it to a happy end.' By secret passages and narrow staircases Pius IX. and his trusty servant past unseen to a little door, used only occasionally for the Swiss Guard, and by which they were to leave the palace. They reached it, and bethought them that the key had been forgotten. Filippani hastened back to the Papal apartment to fetch it ; and returning unquestioned to the wicket, found the Pontiff on his knees, and quite absorbed in prayer. The wards were rusty, and the key turned with difficulty ; but the door was opened at last, and the holy fugitive and his servant quickly entered a poor hackney coach that was waiting for them outside. Here again they ran risk of being discovered through the thoughtless adherence to old etiquette of the other servant, who stood by the coach, and who, having let down the steps, knelt, as usual, before he shut the door. The Pope wore a dark great coat over his priest's cassock, a low-crowned round hat, and a broad, brown woollen neckcloth outside his straight Roman collar. Filippani had on his usual loose cloak ; but under this he carried the three-cornered hat of the Pope, a bundle of the most private and secret papers, the Papal seals, the breviary, the cross-embroidered slippers, a small quantity of linen, and a little box full of gold medals stamped with the likeness of his Holiness. From the inside of the carriage he directed the coachman to follow many winding and diverging streets, in the hope of misleading the spies, who were known to swarm at every corner. Beside the Church of SS. Pietro e Marcellino, in the deserted quarter beyond the Coliseum, they found the Bavarian Minister, Count Spaur, waiting in his own private carriage, and imagining every danger which could have detained them so long. The sovereign pressed the hand of his faithful Filippani, and entered the count's carriage. Silently they drove on through the old gate of Rome, Count Spaur having there shown the passport of the Bavarian Minister going to Naples on affairs of State. Near La Riccia the fugitives found Countess Spaur (who had arranged the whole plan of the escape) waiting with a coach and six horses, in which they pursued their journey to Gäeta, reaching the Neapolitan frontier between five and six in the morning."

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER XVII.

REVOLT OF THE MUNSTER GARRISONS (*continued.*)

Revolt of Kinsale and Bandon — Propositions of the Governor of Bandon — Revolt of Youghal — Surrender of Cappoquin, Baltimore, Castlehaven and Mallow — Act of Indemnity — The Forty-nine Arrears — Privilege of Kinsale and Youghal — Consequences of the Revolt — The Royalist Fleet — Letter of Cromwell.

BEFORE Cork revolted, Colonel Crosby was sent by Lord Inchiquin with 500 Irish soldiers, to secure the town and fort of Kinsale for the King. The commonalty of the town shut the gates against him; but the sovereign and other chief men went out and agreed that he and his party should be admitted into the town. He stayed there about a week, and then retired to the fort. During that time he oppressed the town exceedingly; not only demanding gifts, but also exacting money and provisions from the inhabitants, which put the town upon "declaring." Some of the English inhabitants met, and asked some of the Irish, the sovereign in particular, to join them. At first he was unwilling, and wept; but he soon consented. They drew up a letter and addressed it to Lord Broghill and Colonel Phayre, acquainting them of their purpose to surrender the town, and asking some aid of horse and foot towards the taking of the fort. Captain Cuffe was sent with a troop of horse into the barony of Courcies, to the side of the town where the fort was. Colonel Gifford came soon after. The townspeople planted a gun on Compass Hill, over against the fort. After six or seven shots had been fired, the fort surrendered; soon after it was delivered on conditions to Lord Broghill.

Immediately after the declaration of Cork, Inchiquin, fearing that Bandon might follow the example set it, sent Captain Constantine with a troop of horse to take possession of the town and disarm all the inhabitants. Two companies of Irish soldiers were sent into the town at the same time. But seeing the disaffection of the townsmen to the Irish, he made Colonel Francis Courtenay governor, and bade him bring in his regiment of 500 foot and remove the Irish. The townsmen came together frequently, and expressed their readiness to attempt the seizure of the town, and the imprisonment of the officers and guards for the parliament and Cromwell. A day or two before Lord Broghill came, Captain Braly, Lieutenant Berry, and some others, succeeded in seizing on the western gate and disarming the guards. Those who had been appointed to seize on the two other guards were discovered and imprisoned. Braly and his companions were besieged in the guard by the soldiers and obliged to yield themselves prisoners. The same night the inhabitants dispatched a messenger to Lord Brog-

hill, informing him of the danger in which the prisoners were, and asking him to come to their aid with some forces before the town; they engaged that if the governor did not deliver it up, they would seize the sentinel, open the postern gate, and admit him. Two hundred of the garrison, under the command of Major Harden, with the provost at their head, took possession of two houses near the sally-port at the north side of the town; they then surrounded the guard-house where the governor had shut himself up, and forced him and those with him to surrender themselves prisoners of war. They told him plainly that it was useless for him to oppose them, as they were determined to deliver up the town to Lord Broghill. The governor asked them not to deliver him up, but to give him one hour's time to make conditions for himself and his party. This was granted, and he departed with his men the second next day and the day following.

The Propositions sent from Colonel Francis Courtenay, Governor of Bandon, to the Right Honorable the Lord of Broghill, for the delivery of the said town this 15th day of November, 1649:—

Imprimis, that Colonel Francis Courtenay shall, without any molestation, march with his entire regiment, bag and baggage, drums beating, colors flying, matches lighted, bullets in their mouths, to the Lord of Inchiquin's army or elsewhere where they please, and that they may have one barrel of powder with bullets and match proportionable.

2. That all officers, soldiers, and townsmen, and any other person or persons that will, may live quietly without any molestation, hindrance, or prejudice, either in body, goods, estate, or any other thing else that to them or either of them belonged, in any of the English garrisons or country, provided they act nothing against the Lord of Broghill or his party, now under command of the Parliament of England.

3. That Colonel Courtenay shall, with his entire regiment and all others that will go with him, have two days' respite before they march, and in the meantime not to receive any prejudice either for body, goods, or arms, by any of the Lord of Broghill's party or his Lordship.

4. That Captain Condon shall, with his horses, arms, bag and baggage, have the benefit of the above articles.

5. That if any horses, cows, garrans, or any other manner of goods have been seized on by the Lord Broghill's party within one mile round his town belonging to the above officers, townsmen, or any of them since his Lordship's coming before the said town of Bandon, they shall be restored back to the owners.

6. That the money due unto Colonel Francis Courtenay, his officers, and soldiers, before these propositions by assignments from Sir Robert Coppinger by virtue of the Lord of Inchiquin's warrant to Sir Robert, may be suffered to be levied by distress or otherwise, according to the tenor and meaning of the said assignment. Provided it be not charged upon any place under the protection of the Parliament of England.

Upon the surrender of the within mentioned town of Bandon to me for the use of Parliament of England, I do hereby promise and engage myself to make good and perform the within Articles in every particular.

Dated as aforesaid,

BROGHILL.

Mention has been already made of the unsuccessful attempt at revolt of some of the Youghal garrison. Colonel Deane, in his letter, speaks of "some officers who were imprisoned in Cork for that business." A fortnight after the revolt of Cork, hearing of the success of

his comrades there, Lieutenant-Colonel Widenham,[1] of the Youghal garrison, invited a party of cavalry under the command of Colonels Gifford and Warden to seize on the town. The Governor, Sir Piercy Smith, strove to prevent their entrance by drawing the chain of the iron gate; but Widenham called to Ensign Dashwood and Town-Major Smith, who were within, to seize the governor and open the gate. This they did, and Youghal, too, was given up to the Parliament. The reward of Widenham's treachery was Castletow Roche, the ancient seat of Lord Roche, who, with his four young daughters, for years after, "lived destitute of all kinds of subsistence except what alms some good Christians did in charity afford them."

The garrisons of the other walled towns in the south hastened to send in their submission; Timoleague, Cappoquin, Baltimore, Castlehaven, Mallow, "and some other places of hard names," all received garrisons of the Parliamentary army. As these soldiers, being under Inchiquin's command since 1642, had revolted with him from the King's service to the Parliament in 1644, and back again to the Royalists in 1648, they forfeited the arrears of pay due to them for their service from 1644 to 1648, even though they now submitted to Cromwell. Their temporary revolt from the Parliament barred their claim to the reward due to "constant good affection," and made them transplantable. An Act of indemnity, however, was, at the instance of Cromwell, passed five years later, on the 7th of June, 1654, on behalf of the officers and soldiers under Ormonde's and Inchiquin's command; and "in consideration of their voluntary rendition of Cork and the adjacent garrisons, and at a time," says the Act, "when the army under the command of his Highness, the Lord Protector, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was at a great distance from them, and the winter season rendered his access to them improbable"; it was enacted that such of them as could prove themselves active in the rendition of these Munster garrisons should be allowed to state their arrears accrued due since June, 1644, and before June 5th, 1649, and received lands in satisfaction, as if they had never lapsed from their obedience to the parliament. These were called the "Forty-nine arrears." The rest of the army, much against their will, were obliged to assign or give up to them the three counties of Donegal, Longford, and Wicklow, to which Cromwell added Leitrim, taken from what had been previously allotted to the transplanted Irish, and so much within the mile line encircling Connaught as yet remained undisposed of. For the purpose of enabling them to prove their share in the rendition of these garrisons, a commission was issued by virtue of the Act of Indemnity to take their depositions. It was the aim of each of them to prove that he and his comrades had been active in the revolt. But before the lands were set out to them, the Restoration took place. The King returned from exile, and with him came many officers who had been driven out of Ireland by Cromwell for their loyalty; these were styled "the Protestant Royalist officers who had served the

[1] Widenham afterwards settled at Court, near Pallaskenry, in the county of Limerick; his grand-daughter and heiress married Valentine Quin, ancestor of the Earl of Dunraven. *Memorials of Adare*, p. 187.

King before June 5th, 1649," or "the '49 officers." By the Act of Settlement they were granted the lands that had been assigned by the Commonwealth for the '49 arrears of the Cromwellian officers and soldiers. The above mentioned depositions were now used to bar the Munster revolters of their claims.[1]

The ancient inhabitants of Cork, Youghal, and Kinsale, though Catholics, as a reward for their loyalty to the English interest, had this privilege granted them, that they were not forced to transplant immediately like the rest of the Irish nation, but were permitted to reside in the county of Cork until the Court of Commission should sit at Mallow. Yet the Court, on the 29th of August, 1656, refused to adjudge constant good affection to any of them, and declared them by law transplantable.

This revolt was not merely a loss of the strong places and of men to the Royalists in Ireland: it dissolved all their hopes and designs; it introduced a spirit of jealousy and distrust betwen the Irish and the English in the Royalist army, which Ormonde tried in vain to allay. It decided the fate of Ireland, for it gave to Cromwell's army, without the loss of a drop of blood or the striking of a blow, excellent winter quarters, and opened the means of holding direct communication at all times with England, just when his forces were reduced by sickness and losses in the field from 12,000 to 6,000 men, and demoralized by the repulses they had met at Waterford and Duncannon.[2]

Three days after the revolt of Cork, Prince Rupert, whose fleet had been blocked up by the Parliamentary ships in Kinsale harbor, under the command of Admiral Blake, hearing of Cromwell's approach, forced his way through the blockade with the loss of three of his ships, and sailed for Lisbon.[3]

Cromwell hastened to communicate the news of his successes to some of his friends. The following was addressed to his "beloved brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, Hurstlye in the County of Hampton," from Ross, November 13th:

---

[1] *Account of the Carte MSS.*, p. 139. Though the Act of Settlement pretended to exclude the betrayers of the Munster garrisons, yet they were allowed to retain their debenture lands, if they could prove that they made some reparation for their former faults by their timely appearance for the King's restoration. *Crom. Sett.*, p. 194.

[2] Our great security, next to God's protection and the strength of our army, is the approaching hard season of the year that will, in all likelihood, increase our advantages upon passages, and, in so wasted a country as he must march through, expose his men to the endurance of unusual hardships." Carte's *Collection*, &c., vol. ii. p. 399. The above mentioned garrisons had been supplied by the Irish during the whole preceding summer to their excessive charge. *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 419.

[3] Whitelocke, p. 413. There he was not only protected but caressed by the King of Portugal; which so much displeased Parliament, that they commenced a war with that Prince, doing him great damages in the trade and navigation, wherein the riches of the nation do consist. When he could neither by force nor entreaties be pursuaded to cast off Prince Rupert out of his protection, the English admirals resolved with patience to await his coming out, and a long time they kept him in there, till at last want of provisions made them retire, and give the Prince room, who immediately steered from thence to Malaga; but in the voyage, perplexed with extraordinary storms, he lost his brother Maurice, who, in the Vice-Admiral, was never since heard of. Himself being again followed by the Parliament's generals, lost all his ships but two, which his pursuers looking upon them as inconsiderable and not worthy their time and pains to hunt after, returned and left him sea-room to come with them into France. *Ibid.*, p. 414.

"It hath pleased God to give us since the taking of Wexford and Ross a good interest in Munster, by the access of Cork and Youghal, which are now both submitted. The Commissioners are now with me. Divers other lesser garrisons are come in also. The Lord is wonderful in all these things; it is His hand alone does them. Oh, that all the praise might be ascribed to Him! I have been crazy in my health, but the Lord is pleased to sustain me. I beg your prayers."

Some further details regarding the events spoken of in this and the preceding chapters, are given by Cromwell in his letter from Ross to the Speaker of the House of Commons, dated November 14th, 1649.

"About a fortnight since I had some good assurances that Cork may return to its obedience, and had refused Inchiquin, who did strongly endeavor to redintegrate himself there, but without success. I did hear also that Colonel Townsend was coming to me with their submission and desires, but was interrupted by a fort at the mouth of Cork harbor. But having sufficient grounds upon the former information, and other confirmation (out of the enemy's camp), that it was true, I desired General Blake, who was here with me, that he would repair thither in Captain Mildmay's frigate, called the Nonsuch, who, when they came thither, received such an entertainment as these enclosed will let you see.

"In the meantime, the Garland, one of your third-rate ships, coming happily into Waterford Bay, I ordered her and a great prize lately taken in that bay to transport Colonel Phayre[1] to Cork; witherward he went, having along with him near five hundred foot, which I spared him out of this poor army, and £1,500 in money; giving him such instructions as were proper for the promoting of your interests there. As they went with an intention for Cork, it pleased God, the wind coming across, they were forced to ride off from Dungarvan where they met Captain Mildmay returning with the Nonsuch frigate, with Colonel Townsend aboard, coming to me; who advertised them that Youghal had also declared for the Parliament of England. Whereupon they steered their course thither, and sent for Colonel Gifford, Colonel Warden, Major Purden (who with Colonel Townsend, have been very active instruments for the return both of Cork and Youghal to their obedience, having some of them ventured their lives twice or thrice to effect it), and the Mayor of Youghal aboard them; who, accordingly, immediately came and made tender of some propositions to be offered to me. But my Lord Broghill being on board the ship, assuring them that it would be more for their honor and advantage to desire no conditions, they said they would submit, whereupon my Lord Broghill, Sir William Fenton, and Colonel Phayre went to the town, and were received,— I shall give you my Lord Broghill's own words,— 'with all the real demonstrations of gladness an overjoyed people were capable of.'

"Not long after, Colonel Phayre landed his foot. And by the endeavors of the noble person aforementioned and the rest of the gentlemen, the garrison is put in good order; and the mounted officers and soldiers in that garrison in a way of settlement. Colonel Phayre intends, as I hear, to leave two hundred men there, and to march with the rest overland to Cork. I hear by Colonel Townsend and the rest of the gentlemen that were employed to me that Baltimore, Castlehaven, Cappoquin, and some other places of hard names are come in (I wish foot come over seasonably to man them), as also there are hopes of other places. We lie with the army at Ross, where we have been making a bridge over the Barrow, and hardly yet accomplished as we could wish. The enemy lies upon the Nore, on the land between the Barrow and it, having gathered together all the force they can get. Owen Roe's men, as they report them, are six thousand foot, and about four hundred horse, besides their own army. And they give out they will have a day for it: which we hope the Lord

[1] Phayre was one of those to whom the warrant for the execution of Charles I. was directed. He was governor of Cork from 1649 to 1660. On the 18th of July, 1660, he was arrested at Cork, and sent to London. By the interest of Donald M'Carthy, Lord Clancarty, whose life he had saved, he obtained pardon and returned to Cork. He was again arrested in 1666, for taking part in a plot to seize Dublin Castle and the other Irish garrisons; but peace being soon after proclaimed, the projectors were allowed to go unmolested. He died in Cork, and was buried in the Anabaptist burial ground there. Smith's *History of Cork*, vol. ii. p. 178.

in His Mercy, will enable us to give them in His own good time, in Whom we desire our only trust and confidence may be.

"Whilst we have lain here, we have not been without some sweet taste of the goodness of God. Your ships have taken some good prizes. The last one thus; There came in a Dunkirk man-of-war with thirty-two guns, who brought in a Turkish man-of war whom she had taken, and another ship of ten guns, laden with poor-john and oil. These two your ships took. But the man-of-war whose prizes these two were, put herself under the fort of Duncannon, so that your ships could not come near her. It pleased God we had two demi-cannon with the foot on the shore, which being planted raked her through, killing and wounding her men, so that after ten shots she weighed anchor, and ran into your fleet with a flag of submission, surrendering herself. She was well manned, the prisoners taken being two hundred and thirty. I doubt the taking prisoners of this sort will cause the wicked trade of piracy to be endless. They were landed here before I was aware; and a hnndred of them, as I hear, are gotten into Duncannon, and have taken up arms there; and I doubt the rest, that are gone to Waterford, will do us no good. The seamen being so full of prizes and unprovided of victual, know not how best otherwise to dispose of them.

"Sir, having given you this account, I shall not trouble you much with particular desires. These I shall humbly present to the Council of State. Only in the general, give me leave humbly to offer what in my judgment I conceive to be for your service, with a full submission to you.

"We desire recruits may be speeded to us. It is not fit to tell you how your garrisons will be unsupplied, and no field marching army considerable, if three garrisons more were in our hands.

"It is not good not to follow Providence. Your recruits and the forces desired will not raise your charge. If your assignments already for the forces here do come to our hands in time, I should not doubt, by the addition of assessments here, to have your charge in some reasonable measure borne, and the soldiers upheld, without much neglect or discouragement, which sickness in this country, so ill agreeing with their bodies, puts upon them; and this winter's action, I believe not heretofore known by English in this country, subjects them to. To the praise of God I speak it, I scarce know one officer of forty amongst us that has not been sick. And how many considerable ones we have lost is no little thought of heart to us.

"Wherefore I humbly beg that the moneys desired may be seasonably sent over, and those other necessaries, clothes, shoes, stockings formerly desired, that so poor creatures may be encouraged, and through the same blessed presence that has gone along with us, I hope, before it be long, to see Ireland no burden to England, but a profitable part of the Commonwealth. And certainly the extending your help in this way at this time is the most profitable means speedily to effect it. And if I did not think it your best thrift, I would not trouble you at all with it.

"I have sent Sir Arthur Loftus[1] with these letters. He hath gone along with us testifying a great deal of love to your service. I know his sufferings are very great; for he hath lost near all: his regiment was reduced to save your charge, not out of any exception to his person. I humbly therefore present him to your consideration.

"Craving pardon for this trouble, I rest

"Your most humble and faithful servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

[1] Sir Arthur Loftus was the eldest son of Sir Adam Loftus of Rathfarnham, and great-grandson of Adam Loftus, Protestant Archbishop of Armagh from 1562 to 1567. Sir Arthur was the ancestor of that branch of the Loftus family which was afterwards ennobled under the title of Viscount Lisburn.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SIEGE OF WATERFORD.

The Bridge of Boats — The Ulster Men — Capture of Innistiogue — Ponsonby's Stratagem — Attempt to Surprise Carrick — Cromwell before Waterford — Conditions offered to the City — Dr. Comerford — Defences — The Garrison — Farrell Governor — Summons to Surrender — Passage taken — Power of Faithlegg — The Siege raised — Attempt to surprise Passage — Sankey.

CROMWELL remained for some time at Ross after the surrender of the town, "very sick and crazy in his health." While the siege was going on he had employed some of his troops in making a bridge of boats across the Barrow, to enable his army to pass into the county of Kilkenny. The Irish, it would seem, knew nothing of such bridges, for in the Jamestown "Declaration" it is spoken of as "a wonder to all men, but understood by no man." The bridge was almost completed when the town surrendered. While this great work was carried on, Ormonde had 13,000 foot and 4,000 horse only one day's march off, yet he never offered the least interruption, though 1,000 musketeers and two culverins might hinder the same in spite of all the enemy's forces. Later he sent Lord Taaffe[1] to destroy it, but the attempt proved a failure. As soon as he was reinforced by the arrival of Hugh O'Neill, who had come from Ulster with 1,500 foot, he sent orders to Inchiquin to make all possible haste to join him with the whole of his horse; but these were so fatigued and disheartened after the late unfortunate expedition that they could do little for a time. His army was then at Innistiogue. From this place he intended to march the next day with his foot to fortify Rosbercan,[2] opposite Ross, and to hinder the passage of the river. On the arrival of the Ulster men, he asked them whether they were ready to fight. They replied that their object in coming to Leinster was to meet the enemy. They asked that the Irish should fight by themselves, and that Ormonde's and Inchiquin's men should form a division apart or merely look on; Ormonde made no answer. But his plans were again frustrated by the activity of the enemy. When he was about to begin his march, he heard that a large body of Cromwell's horse had already crossed the

[1] Theobald, the second viscount. In the early part of this rebellion he was appointed General of the Province of Munster; at the peace of 1646 he was deprived of this post, and remained without employment until April, 1649, when, on the death of Sir Thomas Lucas, he was made Master of the Ordnance. He was one of the ambassadors sent by the Confederates to solicit the protection and aid of the Duke of Lorraine; hence he was excepted from pardon for life and estate by Cromwell. After the Restoration he got back his property. In 1661 he was created Earl of Carlingford. He died in 1677. Archdall's *Peerage*, vol. iv. p. 296.

[2] Rosbercan is so called from the territory of Ibercan, in which it is situated. About the year 1300 it was incorporated, and granted all the liberties and free customs granted to the burgesses of Kilkenny by Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester.

river, seized on Rosbercan, and fortified it in such a way that the bridge was safe from any attack on that side. A few days after, he went to Thomastown,[1] intending to remain there until he should be joined by Inchiquin and the force under his command. Meantime the report reached him that the greater part of Cromwell's army, under the command of Ireton and Jones, had crossed the bridge and was in full march towards Kilkenny. Soon after he was told that the enemy had got as far as Bennett's bridge. Here he was joined by Lieutenant General Ferrall, with the rest of the Ulster forces which Owen O'Neill had sent on to his assistance. Taking with him seven days' provision he set out, determined to give Cromwell battle and to risk his fortunes on the issue.

Ireton despatched Colonel Abbot with a party of horse and dragoons in the dusk of the evening to seize on Innistiogue, a walled town on the Barrow, ten miles above Ross, where there was a garrison of three hnndred men. "At first they vapoured over the wall; but when the assailants set fire to the gates, it so quashed them, that they took to flight and escaped in boats across the Nore, leaving the townsmen to be plundered and possessed by the plunderers." The heavy rains that had fallen the day before did not allow the army to cross the ford; they marched therefore to Thomastown, but on arriving there, they found the bridge broken down and a garrison left to defend the place.

"Whereupon, seeking God for direction, they took the road back to Ross." Their stock of provisions was exhausted. On their way they took the strong castle of Knocktopher,[2] and put into it twenty horse and thirty dragoons; but these were soon recalled, being too far into the enemy's country. Colonel Reynolds and Major Ponsonby were sent with twelve troops of horse and three of dragoons to attempt Carrick, in the hope of obtaining over the bridge there a passage into the county of Waterford. The town was garrisoned by a regiment of foot and two or three troops of horse. Ponsonby seized on some of the country people whom he met; these he induced by promises and threats to mount on horseback and advance in a body with the soldiers to the walls, and there proclaim to the townsmen in the Irish language that they were some of the Irish army sent by Ormonde to reinforce the garrison. The townsmen readily opened the gates.[3] As soon as the soldiers entered they took possession of the gates and walls. The garrison saw their mistake too late; some of

[1] Thomastown was called by the Irish Baile Mic Andaun, and in *The Itinerary of King John*, Boscus Terræ Filii Thomæ Filii Antonii. It was built by Thomas Fitz Anthony Den, who died in 1229. In 1346 Edward III. granted the customs for four years for the construction and repairs of the bridge. Lynch's *Feudal Dignities*, p. 232; London, 1830. In 1374 he made another grant of the tolls for twenty years for the walling of the town. See Morrin's *Patent and Close Rolls*, vol i. p. 78, note. The castle and some parts of the wall are still standing.

[2] Knocktopher is ten miles south of Kilkenny. The castle was the residence of the Earls of Ormonde. James, the second earl, founded a Carmelite monastary here in 1536.

[3] See Duffy's *Hibernian Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 17; Dublin, 1861. Ormonde said it was betrayed by the Protestant ward there. See his answer to the 9th Article of the "Declaration" of Jamestown, in Cox's *Hib. Angl.* vol. ii., appendix xlviii. There is, however, a tradition that the townspeople defended the wall bravely, and it was stormed after a breach had been made at the spot now known as the Red Gap. Some cannon-balls and pikeheads were lately found near the wall.

them fled in terror across the bridge to the county of Waterford, others were massacred without mercy. About a hundred of them shut themselves up in the castle, "a fair house of the Lord Ormonde's;"[1] they surrendered, however, the following day, and were allowed to march away to the nearest garrison town in the possession of the Royalists; eighty of them, who were Welshmen, joined the army of the parliament.

The news of Reynolds' success gave fresh courage to Cromwell. He was now quite recovered from his illness, and left Ross on the 21st of November at the head of his army, intending to cross the Suir at Carrick, to march on Waterford, and to lay seige to that city. On the 23d he entered Carrick; there he met Ponsonby[2] and congratulated him on the successful issue of his stratagem. Reynolds was left behind as military governor of the town, to hold the bridge over the Suir. He had his own regiment of horse, a troop of dragoons, and two companies of foot. His first care was to put the place in a proper state of defence — a wise precaution, for it was attacked a few days after by a part of the Royalist army under Taaffe and Inchiquin, their object being to secure communication with Ormonde's army, which was advancing from Kilkenny to the support of Waterford. The Ulster troops undertook to storm the place, under Major Charles Geoghegan. For four hours they strove very resolutely to effect an entrance. They set fire to the gates and sprung a mine under the walls. But they were obliged to abandon the attempt after they had suffered considerable loss, for want of pickaxes and other implements to make a breech, and of ladders to scale the wall. Though the garrison was composed of only 150 foot, six troops of horse, and a troop of dragoons, and armed with swords and pistols, these did more execution with sticks and staves than with powder and bullets, as their ammunition was soon exhausted.[3] Want of provisions prevented the

[1] Carrick castle was supposed to be the finest specimen of an Elizabethan house in Ireland. An Irish poet of the sixteenth century, in a complimentary address to Thomas, tenth earl of Ormonde, says:

> "The court of Carrick is a court well fortified;
> A court to which numbers of nobility resort;
> A court noted for politeness; a court replete with pleasure;
> A court thronged with heroes;
> A court without torch-light, yet a court illumined;
> A court of the lights of wax tapers;
> A plentiful mansion, so artistically stuccoed,
> With sunlit gables, and embroidery-covered walls.

It was, with its demesne and park of 16,000 acres, given to Sir John Reynolds.

[2] Ponsonby, on the reduction of Ireland, received the honor of knighthood. His services were further awarded by the grant of a very considerable tract of land, including the estate of Kildalton, which he called Bessborough, in compliment, as Swift informs us, to his wife Bess, the daughter of Lord Ffolliott. Mr. Dalton, the original proprietor, died in his family mansion, after residing there for many years as the guest and companion of Sir John Ponsonby. Brewer's *Beauties of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 48; London, 1825. Tighe, in his *Survey of County of Kilkenny*, says that the present Bessborough estates were granted to Daniel Axtell, later governor of Kilkenny, and that Ballyragget was given to Ponsonby, but that they made an exchange. p. 372; Dublin, 1802. It is said that Axtell used the lime-tree still standing in the fair-green of Ballyragget as a gallows.

[3] This will perhaps explain the finding of the cannon-balls and pikeheads mentioned above.

assailants from continuing the seige. Five hundred men and their brave commander fell in the storm; the survivors retired to Clonmel.[1]

On his way to Carrick, Inchiquin summoned the garrison of a small castle on the Suir, about a mile from the town. Only six or seven dragoons had been left behind in it. None of them could either read the summons or write an answer to it. They learned its contents from the trumpter who had brought it. They returned their answer in plain phrase and without compliment, telling him "to bid Inchiquin go about his business and be hanged, for he had nothing to do with them." And thus, though they could not return an answer in writing, they did so in resolution.[2]

On the 24th, about noon, the army arrived before Waterford, having crossed the Suir at Carrick and marched along the southern bank of the river. They approached the town on the north-west; Cromwell was deterred by the fort on Thomas' Hill from occupying the heights ot Bilberry rock, a commanding position.[3] His army, according to Ormonde's estimate, numbered then but 4,000 foot, 2,000 horse, and 500 dragoons. He supposed that the city would surrender as soon as he appeared before it. Some of the more wealthy citizens wished to submit without awaiting the assault, in the hope of saving their property. The Mayor was so terrified, that he wrote to Ormonde asking what terms he should insist on when delivering up the city. But the greater number preferred to try the fortune of war, even though later they were offered liberal conditions, together with the privilege of the citizenship of London and the free exercise of their religion; no doubt they were aware of the interpretation that had been put upon the latter article at the surrender of Ross, when Cromwell declared that it did not mean the open practice of the Catholic religion; hence they resolved on resisting to the last.

Waterford had yielded to no other city in its devotion to religion and to the cause of the King.[4] It was there the Nuncio Rinuccini had intended to land before he was driven from his course by the renegade Plunkett, who pursued him and made him put into the bay of

[1] The repulse at Carrick was brought forward in the "Declaration" of Jamestown, as a proof of Ormonde's incapacity or treachery. "Our army appearing before the place, the soldiers were commanded to fight against the walls and armed men, without great guns, ladders, petards, shovels, spades, or other necessaries, there being killed about 500 soldiers valiantly fighting."

[2] Probably this was Dovehill castle.

[3] On the Kilkenny side of the river there is a spot called Cromwell's Fort; but Cromwell did not take up his position there.

[4] "The citie of Waterford hath continued to the Crown of England so loyally, that it is not found registered since the Conquest to have been distained with the smallest spot, or dusted with the least freckle of treason, notwithstanding the sundrie assaults of traitorous attempts; and therefore the citie arms are deckt with this golden word, *Intacta manet Waterfordia*, a posie as well to be heartily followed as greatly admired of all true and loyal towns." Holinshed's *Chronicles*, vol. ii. p. 13; London, 1577. *Secundas inter Hiberniæ urbes fert Waterfordia, imprimis honesta et officiis fidelis civitas.* Stainhurst *de Rebus Hib.*, p. 22. Some more substantial marks of royal favor were granted to the citizens of Waterford for their active opposition to Perkin Warbeck and his followers in 1497. Ryland's *History of Waterford*, p. 30; London, 1841. Henry VIII. sent William Wise with gracious letters and a cap of maintenance, an honorable gift, to be borne before the mayor when he walked in state. He had sent before by the same messenger a gilt sword for their renowned fidelity, to be also borne before the mayor.

Kenmare ;[1] and when the intrigues of Ormonde and his party forced him to leave Kilkenny and threatened his liberty, he was sure of a refuge in the fort of Duncannon. Patrick Comerford, the bishop, was ever the Nuncio's firm friend and the unyielding supporter of his policy, in spite of the threats which the Ormondists held out that they would deprive him of the temporalities of his see. To such threats he used to reply: "Though I were to be stripped of all that the world could give, for my submission to the decrees of Holy Church, I will, nevertheless, persevere in my obedience, nor will I cease to pray God, that He may guide faithfully the counsels of the Confederates of this kingdom."[1]

Strong defences and numerous batteries protected the city from assault. The only hope of taking it lay in the tedious process of investment. Ormonde had encouraged the citizens to a vigorous resistance; he chid the cowards for their readiness to parley with an enemy before even the batteries were erected, and assured them that if they did their duty, Cromwell should be baffled before the place. Leaving his quarters at Kilkenny, he advanced at the head of his army to Carrick, in the hope of finding the enemy and giving him battle. There he learned that Cromwell had marched on Waterford and was investing it; he determined to go forward and relieve the place. Some time before he had sent Lord Castlehaven to provide for the safety of the city and of the fort of Passage, which lay nearly opposite Duncannon on the Waterford side of the river. Now he sent him with 1,000 men to reinforce the garrison. But the citizens, through distrust of Ormonde, would not allow them to enter the town. "After several days' dispute" Castlehaven marched away. Alarmed at Cromwell's successes, they requested that 200 men, under the command of Major Cavenagh might be sent to their aid. A fortnight later, Ormonde sent them another reinforcement of 1,500 Ulstermen, a part of Owen Roe O'Neill's army. These they received. Their commander, Lieutenant-General Ferrall, who had been in the confidence of the Nuncio, was appointed military governor. The same night, Ormonde left the city, and crossing the Suir, marched till midnight with his life-guard to Dunkitt. The next day he set out for Carrick, sure of finding his army in possession of that place. When he came within a few miles of the town, he met Colonel Milo Power, who was sent by Lord Inchiquin to inform him of the failure of his attempt.

During the progress of the siege, Cromwell sent Ireton with a regiment of horse and three troops of dragoons towards the fort of Passage, six miles below Waterford. Its capture was of the greatest importance to him, as it commanded the entrance to Waterford harbor even better than Duncannon; the possession of it would also enable him to reduce both the city and the fort by preventing supplies being brought to them by water. "The dragoons fell presently upon the storm, and in a short time set fire to the gate, whereupon the enemy

[1] Sir Richard Belling regretted that the Nuncio could not land at Waterford, where he would have been received "*con prepararte dimostrazionie con sparamento di tutti le bombarde.*"

within called out for quarter; and upon assurance given by the Lord Lieutenant that they should have quarter for their lives and their wearing apparel, they surrendered the fort to him. Six pieces of ordnance were found in the fort." About 200 of the garrison were slain in the assault. One hundred men were left behind by the captors to garrison it.

At Faithlegg, in the neighborhood of Passage, there dwelt at that time a family named Aylward. Cromwell had known the proprietor in London, and now, in remembrance of their former friendship, was anxious to secure him in the possession of his property. He was aware that his friend was a Catholic, that he was opposed to the Parliamentary party, and he had resolved that such should be dispossessed. But in this particular instance he relaxed from his usual severity, and required what to him seemed an easy thing, that Aylward should conceal his faith. There was some hesitation between the love of religion and the attachment to worldly wealth. At length, owing in great measure to the advice of his wife, Aylward chose the better part, and prepared to defend his property, or to lose it and his life together. Irritated at what he considered foolish obstinacy, Cromwell resolved to punish his presumption, and sent some of his troops and a piece of ordnance, under the command of Captain Bolton, to take possession of the estate. The ruins of the castle, round which a moat can still be traced, mark the spot where the contest took place. The result is easily anticipated. Captain Bolton, was successful, and his descendants, up to a few years since, continued to enjoy the fruits of the conquest.

The citizens of Waterford were so affrighted at the loss of Passage, that they told the Commissioners of Trust they would surrender the city unless aid was sent to them immediately. In reply to their demand, Ormonde declared that his army could no longer be kept together for want of supplies; if these were procured, he would march without delay to their relief. But he found it impossible to procure them. He set out and marched all night along the northern bank of the Suir, conducting Brian O'Neill's horse and some foot to reinforce the garrison. Early the next day, he encamped on a hill opposite the town.

On arriving before the city, Cromwell had sent a trumpeter to summon the garrison to yield upon quarter. "Ferrall would give way to none to answer other than himself; he requested the trumpeter to return to his master with this result, that he was Lieutenant-General Ferrall, governor of that place, at present having 2,000 of his Ulster force there; that as long as any of them did survive, he would not yield the town." The sudden appearance of the reinforcements made Cromwell change his plans.

Having failed to corrupt the Governor, and being disheartened at the prospect of a tedious siege in midwinter, he thought his wisest course was to retire from before the place, and to seek winter-quarters elsewhere. He had already lost over 1,000 men by sickness during the short time the siege had lasted, among them his kinsmen, Major Cromwell. "Finding the indisposition in point of health increasing,

and his foot falling sick near ten of a company every night they were on duty, and his numbers not above 3,000 healthful foot in the field, being necessitated to put so many into garrison, the enemy mustering about 12,000 horse and foot, having well near as many in the town as he without, bread and other necessaries not coming to them, and the dripping weather having made the ground so moist that it would not bear the guns, the council of war, in consequence, advised him to rise from before Waterford, and to retire into winter-quarters to refresh the sick and weak soldiers." Such was his haste that he left behind two large guns which he had brought with him. Ormonde besought the magistrates to supply him with boats to ferry his men over, that they might fall on the rear of the retreating army. But now that the danger was gone by, they feigned excuses for delay until the opportunity had passed; they were afraid that the Royalist army, if once admitted within the walls, would take up its quarters permanently there. They would admit only a body of Ulster troops under Brian O'Neill; even these they soon complained of as an intolerable grievance, urging their withdrawal in order to save the citizens from being starved. The same night Ormonde set off and joined the army at Clonmel.

A few days later an attempt was made to surprise Passage. Lieutenant-General Ferrall sallied out from Waterford. It was arranged that he should be joined by Colonel Wogan, the governor of Duncannon, who was to advance to the attack from the opposite side of the river. Cromwell had got information of the proposed attempt, and ordered Colonel Sankey,[1] who lay on the north side of the Blackwater, to march in haste with a regiment of horse, and two troops of dragoons, in all about 350 men, to the relief of the place. Ormonde, who was then in the neighborhood, sent for the Mayor, and, pointing out to him the exposed position of the assailants, besought him to supply boats to transport a regiment or two of horse from the north side of the river to their rescue. But the Corporation refused to allow any of his troops to march through the town. With fifty of his attendants he took horse, and went in haste towards Passage. Meantime Sankey, finding the fort closely invested by O'Neill and Wogan, resolved to attack them before they were reinforced by Ferrall's Ulstermen. O'Neill's men resisted bravely for a time, but the horse,

[1] Sankey (the name is also written Zanchy) had been a proctor in the University of Oxford. He came to Ireland with Henry Cromwell. Of him Taylor says, "that he seemed to revel in slaughter, and openly professed that no faith should be kept with the Papists." *Civil Wars*, vol. ii. p. 17. While he was military governor of the county of Tipperary, one of his soldiers was killed; all efforts to find the murderer were in vain. He summoned to Fethard all the inhabitants of the parish in which the murder had taken place, and having compelled them to cast lots, hanged five of them on whom the lots fell. *Ibid*, vol. ii. p. 49. Though nobody exclaimed more against others, particularly against Sir William Petty, yet none had greater complaints made against them for ill treatment of their own men, for he got several of the lots that fell to his share to be left out of his patent, to oblige the Irish, who paid him well for it, and put in other lands which were not given them in satisfaction of their arrears. And thus he wronged many innocent Irish as well as his own people. He was reproached by Sir William Petty "for his unhandsome dealings with the soldiers in the matter of Lismalin Park," the estate of Lord Ikerrin, in south Tipperary. An account of the quarrel betwen Petty and Sankey is given in *The History of the Down Survey*, edited by Sir Thomas Larcom for the Irish Arch. Soc., p. 290 and 345; Dublin, 1851.

pressing on them, broke their lines. About 100 were killed, and 350 taken prisoners; among the latter were Wogan[1] and O'Neill. Ferrall came up soon after, but seeing his party utterly defeated, he retreated towards Waterford, hotly pursued by the enemy. Ormonde's numbers were too few to meet them. He drew up his men on the side of a hill in such a way that they seemed more numerous than they really were, and by this stratagem covered the retreat of the fugitives until they reached the town. The citizens were much disheartened at the failure of this attempt, for Passage was a constant danger to them. To protect the city, Ormonde again proposed to ferry his troops across the river, and to quarter them in huts outside the walls, where they should be in no way burdensome. But the citizens would not consent to this proposal; some of them even thought to seize on Ormonde and to fall on his followers as enemies. Irritated at what he conceived to be blind obstinacy on their part, he again withdrew to Clonmel, where the main body of his army lay.[2]

[1] February 22d. Letters from Ireland, that Wogan, that perfidious, revolted fellow, had escaped out of prison, and Colonel Phayre's marshal, in whose custody he was, being corrupted, fled with him. Whitelocke, p. 426. Cromwell would seem to have had a high opinion of Wogan, for in treating of an exchange of prisoners with Hugh O'Neill, he says: "In case you insist upon Wogan, I expect Captain Caulfield and his officers and soldiers for him." *Carte MSS.*, vol. xxvi. p. 510.

[2] Waterford surrendered to Ireton August 10th, 1650, and Duncannon four days after.

A Song for Maidens in Summer.

TO MY CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE CLASS.

I.

Bright hours of bliss to all our lives are given,
That we the long, dark days may patient bear,
When round us glow the glorious joys of heaven,
But for a moment may be pure and rare;
These are the isles of rest in life's wild sea,
These are the stars thro' skies of gloom and flame,
Such a sweet sunshine of the soul to me,
With your glad gifts and cheering message came.

II.

'Tis strange, great kindness moves my heart like grief,
Great goodness oft with me was source of tears —
Yet 'tis a pain that gives the mind relief,
And sets it free, once in the weary years
From care and anxious thought — while visions sweet
And fond imaginings, possess the soul;
As when in holiest dreams we angels greet,
In some fair clime where sin hath no control.

III.

Ye pure young hearts! I bless you, for the balm
Your goodness gives my soul — a moment, I
Doff the sad cypress for the gladsome palm;
Forget the wanderer's grief, the exile's sigh;
Forget my own green land of faith and song;
Forget the vows that bind me to her weal;
Forget my sorrow for her wreck and wrong;
So much your love me from myself doth steal.

IV.

But words are weakest when the heart is full;
And never pen until it write with flame,
And never mind pent in the body dull,
Can give each feeling force and shape and name —
Such feelings as your goodness in my heart
Planted perennial, thro' all months to bloom,
Of deepest veneration to depart
But when my soul escapes its body tomb.

V.

You made me feel how sweet 'tis to be good;
To wander in an Eden set with flowers,
Planted by God's right hand, white from the flood
That washed from sin and freed from evil powers;

'Twas ground as holy as where Moses trod,
For, from your fair young faces brightly shone
A glory and effulgence as of God, —
The reflex of grace garments ye put on.

VI.

And ye have given a robe of spotless hue,
White as a soul baptismal waters clean, —
So be my spirit when its date is due!
And ye have given me a garb of golden sheen,
With many a wreathed emblem, richly wrought;
But ye have given more precious gifts than gold,
Such as for gold were never sold or bought,
Nor e'er in song were sung, nor e'er by speech were told.

VII.

* And ye have given me Wisdom's wondrous lore,
Gold from the mine of this new world's best mind;
Disclosed a world I love well to explore,
Where treasures vast and grand I'll doubtless find;
And 'twill remind me of the dear old days,
Dear for those hours earth from blest heaven did borrow;
And should my future lie thro' grief's rough ways,
The past's great joy will soothe the present's sorrow.

VIII.

When my fresh grief was heavy, keen and strong,
And life was dark as night without a star,
And my lone heart knew but to pine and long,
And my soul sought lost joys now fled afar —
And sought in vain, — such joys can ne'er return,
Your kindness cheered me with its warming ray;
Now let the winds blow chill, the hot suns burn,
Your smiles are springtime that shall last for aye.

IX.

Now shall I speak "Farewell!" from out my heart,
And wish you each a lasting "Fare ye well!"
As one by one, at dawn, night's stars depart,
As by some great magician's mighty spell,
So ye from learning's tranquil bowers, to move
In this vast maze of life — of smiles and tears;
Still be your true heart's pure — for God is love —
And sometimes think of the old blissful years.

J. K.

* Dr. Brownson's "Complete Works."

The Transfer of Archbishop Ryan.

THE *Western Watchman*, St. Louis, Mo.: — "It is settled that our coadjutor archbishop will ere long wear the pallium of Philadelphia. The clergy and people of the diocese, and, indeed, the people of the West, regardless of creed, will be sorry to part with Archbishop Ryan, for they have come to regard him as a very prominent item in that sum total of advantages upon which they base their religious worth and social consequence. The departing prelate has been identified with all that is pure and noble and grand in this city for thirty-two years. He grew into manhood here and developed into greatness under our very eyes. He is a rare exotic, but he has grown so magnificently under these western heavens that we would fain claim him as a product of our soil. He leaves millions of people who have learned to reverence his worth; he is torn from a body of priests who honored, loved and cleaved to him. Although never clothed with powers of administration among us, we have come to regard him as a parent, and his departure is to us like the announcement to a family that their widowed mother is to wed again.

Archbishop Ryan is a man of powerful influence, far-reaching yet sweetest withal. His activity is wide and deep, yet pervaded with a sweet perfume of gentleness that makes its positiveness persuasive and its vigor most refreshing. His opinions are most pronounced, his conceptions of duty fixed and uncompromising: yet he knows how to curb the impetuosity that would lead to collisions, and to soften the asperities that would produce only friction and discouragement. He is a man with whom it is impossible to fall out more than once and not that once long. As there is no see in the world he would not adorn, so there is no clergy his presence would not bless.

The transfer of Archbishop Ryan is a very great, but justly deserved promotion. He is now only titular archbishop; in Philadelphia he will be metropolitan of the grandest city on the continent. New York may be our greatest financially; Chicago may be our most enterprising and promising; but Philadelphia will be the paragon city of our American civilization. Matthew Arnold declared it *the* city of America and his judgment was nothing at fault.

One sad feature of this translation is its effect upon a friendship the most beautiful in the annals of the American Church, a friendship that recalls the twin lives of Paul and Timothy and of Basil and Gregory. Archbishop Kenrick has for a quarter of a century regarded Archbishop Ryan as a child of his heart, and his predilection for him was as pure as it was honorable to both. As he said on one occasion, it was not his mind that attracted him, nor yet his manner; it was his big heart that won him. And none can know our coadjutor without learning the truth of this saying. Archbishop Ryan fairly worships his father and friend. On a recent public occasion he declared that he was the greatest man he know in the Church of God. As an indication of the lofty character of their communings he said on one occasion

that never in all his long intercourse with Archbishop Kenrick had he ventured one familiar word. Archbishop Kenrick will be the heaviest loser by the transfer of Archbishop Ryan; but he is so detached from the things of this world that he will regard this as a challenge to approach nearer to his divine model, Him, "who emptied himself, becoming obedient even unto death." Some surmises have been indulged in as to the character of the Pope's mandate, and its effect in controlling Archbishop Ryan's action under the trying circumstances of the call. These speculations are vain. Archbishop Ryan will go where he is sent. Personal preferences, like personal friendships, all give way before the call of God and the will of His vicegerent.

The appointment of Archbishop Ryan to Philadelphia will be a blessing to the whole country. He will be in a position to speak to the people of America through ten thousand channels of ready communication, and all classes in the nation will have an opportunity of hearing Catholic truth from the lips of its most eloquent and competent spokesman. Archbishop Ryan has been preaching in this city regularly for over thirty years. There he will be able "to bring forth out of his rich treasure old things and new" — the new inspired by his enlarged opportunities and confront with new minds and fresh ideas; the old made brighter by added graces of diction and direction. We congratulate the Catholics of Philadelphia on their new Archbishop, who goes to them with the blessing of Leo XIII. and the applause of the Catholic world.

A recent issue of *The Watchman*, says: The present Bishop of Dubuque, towards whom a strong current of public opinion is now turning as a proper person to fill the office of Coadjutor to Archbishop Kenrick, was formerly a priest of this diocese. He was successively professor, vice-president, and president of the theological seminary, — when this diocese had a seminary; and, during that time, numbered among his compeers all the older generation of our diocesan clergy. When the seminary passed into the hands of the Lazarist Fathers, he was appointed to the rectorship of the parish of St. Joseph, since raised to an Episcopal See. On the 30th of September, 1866, he was consecrated Bishop of Dubuque, and for eighteen years has governed the diocese with singular ability and success.

Bishop Hennessy is one of the first pulpit orators in the United States; by many competent judges he is pronounced the first. His coming would, therefore, in a measure, assuage the bitterness of the loss felt by our people at the transfer of Archbishop Ryan. He is known and fondly cherished by our great metropolitan, among the happiest acts of whose life it was to place the mitre on his head. Archbishop Kenrick has no more ardent and enthusiastic admirer than Bishop Hennessy, and none that resembles him more in his habits of thought and methods of government.

We know not what warrant common fame has to assume that Bishop Hennessy would accept the coadjutorship of St. Louis; but,

one thing we can vouch for, and that is, if he can make the sacrifice, St. Louis will consider herself very fortunate in securing a prelate of such ability, eloquence and learning, and one so well worthy to occupy the place made illustrious by the present Archbishop of Philadelphia.

The Jesuits as Indian Educators.

In the Senate of the United States, May 12, 1884, the Indian appropriation bill being under consideration, Hon. George G. Vest, Senator in Congress from the State of Missouri, a Protestant, said:

"Now, as to education, in all my wanderings in Montana last summer I saw but one ray of light on the subject of Indian education. I am a Protestant, born one, educated one, expect to die one, but I say now that the system adopted by the Jesuits is the only practical system for the education of the Indians and the only one that has resulted in anything at all. When the Senator from Massachusetts, the chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, said the other day that the reason of the success of the Jesuits more than any other sect with the Indians was that they devoted their whole lives to the work, he struck the key note of the entire situation. Take a Protestant clergyman and send him to the West, I do not care how active and zealous he may be, he goes there with his family ties; he goes there looking back to civilization, he goes there half devoting himself from a sense of duty to this ungenial life.

"Take a Jesuit and what does he do? He is a semi-military preacher. He belongs to the company of Jesus. He owns nothing but the robe upon his back. If he receives an order from the commander of the company at the dead hour of night to arise and go to Asia, he goes without a question. He is a number, he is not a man. He is segregated from the world. I talked with Father Cavallier at St. Mary's Mission, who had been fifty-two years among the Indians in Montana, had devoted his whole life to them, had been sent there from Italy, an accomplished physician; and when I visited him at his little room in the mission he was lying there, having been bed-ridden for five years, and still administering medicines and performing surgical operations on each recurring day. This man's whole life was given up to the work, and what is the result? To-day the Flathead Indians are a hundred per cent. advanced over any other Indians in point of civilization, at least in Montana.

"Fifty years ago the Jesuits went among them, and to-day you see the result. Among all those tribes, commencing with the Shoshones, the Arapahoes, the Gros Ventres, the Blackfeet, the Piegans, the River Crows, the Bloods, and Assinaboines, the only ray of light I saw was on the Flathead reservation at the Jesuit mission schools, and there were boys and girls — fifty boys and fifty girls. They raise cattle; the Indian boys herd them. They have mills; the Indian boys

attend them. They have blacksmiths' shops; the Indian boys work in them. When I was there they were building two school-houses, all the work done by the scholars at the mission. They can not raise corn to any extent in that climate, but they raise enough vegetables and enough oats to support the whole school; and I never saw in my life a finer herd of cattle or horses than they had upon that mission. Five nuns, sisters, and five fathers constitute the teachers in the respective schools. We had a school examination there lasting through two days. I undertake to say now that never in the States was there a better examination than I heard at that mission of children of the same ages with those that I saw there. The girls were taught needle work; they were taught to sew and to teach; they were taught music; they were taught to keep house. The young men were taught to work upon the farm, to herd cattle, to be blacksmiths and carpenters and millwrights. Here is the whole of it in one single sentence: I asked Father Van Court, the father in charge of the mission, to give me his experience as an Indian teacher, and to state what had given the school its remarkable success. He said it resulted from the fact that they taught both boys and girls. He said for twenty years the Jesuits had had only a male school. I call the attention of the senators who are interested in this question to this single point. He said when they educated the boys and graduated them at the school they went back to the tribe; they were immediately received with jeers and with reproaches, told that they had white blood in their veins, that they talked like the white people, and that they dressed like the white people, and that they were apostates to their race. The result was that the Indian, in order to maintain his position with his fellows, became a worse barbarian than he ever had been before.

I do not want to say anything against the schools at Hampton or Carlisle. I undertook on that expedition to use one or two of those scholars as interpreters. All it seemed to me they had advanced in was to learn to deplete the plains of running horses, and General Sheridan agreed with me that they were the most expert horse-thieves on the top of the earth. They go back, and instead of teaching the other Indians, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they relapse into barbarism.

I do not speak with any sort of denominational prejudice in favor of Jesuits; I was taught to abhor the whole sect; I was raised in that good old school Presbyterian church that looked upon a Jesuit as very much akin to the devil; but I say now if the Senator from Massachusetts, the chairman of Committee on Indian Affairs, will find me any tribe of blanket Indians on the continent of North America — I do not speak of the five civilized tribes because they got their civilization in Georgia and Alabama and by immediate contact with the whites — but if he will find me a single tribe of Indians on the plains, blanket Indians, that approximate in civilization to the Flatheads who have been under the control of the Jesuits for fifty years, I will abandon my entire theory on this subject. I say that out of eleven tribes that I saw — and I say this as a Protestant — where they had had Protestant missionaries they had not made a single, solitary advance toward civili-

zation, not one; and yet among the Flatheads, where there were two Jesuit missions you find farms, you find civilization, you find Christianity, you find the relation of husband and wife, and of father and child, scrupulously observed. I say that one ounce of experience is worth a ton of theory at any time and this I saw and know.

The Sleepy Carthusian.

MANY years ago, there lived in the monastery of Gottestheil, a monk who was strangely persecuted by an indomitable drowsiness. With the best possible intentions, he could not contrive to rise at midnight to go and sing matins in the choir. Now nature, that had made him so sleepy-headed, had also given him a mechanical turn. Without any training, without any notion of mathematics, by the mere force of reflection and labor, he manufactured a wonderful clock. To the apparatus for striking the hours he added a rude chime of bells. This, however, was insufficient, and immediately at the corners, and in the middle of the little capital, which surmounted the dial, he placed a blackbird, a cock, and a little drummer with his drum. At the proper hour, all this made a row. For some nights things went on well; but after a certain time, when midnight came, the chimes chimed, the blackbird whistled, the cock crew, the drummer drummed, and the monk — snored!

Another man would have been disheartened, but the Brother, invoking again his inventive genius, devised a serpent, which was placed under his pillow, and which, when midnight came, was sure remorselessly to hiss into his ear, "Get up, get up — it is the time!" This serpent was much more effective than the blackbird, the cock, the drum, and the chimes — all of which, besides, failed not still to come to its aid, with a little supplementary tantara-ra. This succeeded admirably, and the Carthusian never missed awaking. Alas! in the middle of his joy at this success, he made a melancholy discovery. He had thought he was only drowsy, he sees now that he is lazy. Even when completely waked up, he hesitated about leaving his hard pallet. Many a minute he lost in relishing the pleasing consciousness of being in bed.

The matter called for an immediate reform. The Religious felt himself guilty, and the mechanician felt himself humiliated. Speedily a heavy board is placed over the bed in such a fashion as to fall rudely on the sluggard's feet, ten seconds after the charitable warning of the serpent. More than once the poor monk betook himself to choir lamed and bruised. Well, would you believe it? — whether it was that the serpent had lost its shrillness, or that the board had come in course of time less weighty, or the old man more sleepy-headed — whether it was that his limbs had grown hardened, or that he had contracted the criminal habit of drawing them back before the

chastisement descended, it was not long before he felt the necessity of another invention. And so, every evening before lying down, he tied to his arm a strong cord, which, at the fatal hour, stretched itself on a sudden, and jerked him out of bed.

At this point he had arrived. What fresh somnicidal projects he was turning over in his head heaven knows, when he found himself falling asleep forever. Asleep! No, the fervent Christian judged not thus; and, in spite of his little sin of sloth, full of confidence in Him who pardons, "Ah!" he cried, "I am waking up at last."

Translated by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

What Do the Irish Read?

Irishmen who return to their country after a few years' absence cannot fail to see, as one of the most noticeable changes, an extension of popular literature; a great increase in the number of readers, not, however, in the upper or middle classes, but in the lower classes — that is, lower as far as the possession of pounds, shillings, and pence is concerned. In a recent article in the *London Reader*, some statements were quoted from the Reports of the United States Bureau of Education, showing the comparative statistics of education in some of the principal countries in the world, wherein Ireland heads the list, the United States comes second, Germany third, then Switzerland, then England, France, &c. Whether those statistics be correct or not, and whether or not the inference of the editor of the *London Reader* be adopted, that Ireland is the least ignorant country in the world, there is no doubt that the reading public in Ireland is comparatively large. Nor can there be any doubt that the increase of readers is mainly in the class who, with an extension of the franchise, will get a voting power they do not now possess. That being so, it may be worth while inquiring, What do they read? Looking at a few rough notes — rough, and very imperfect indeed — a sort of answer to that question, though by no means a complete answer, may be given.

Last year a trout-fisher who was wandering on the banks of the Clashmore, a few miles above its junction with the Blackwater, turned into a cottage from a shower of rain and found an old woman listening to a girl reading some verses.

"It's Mr. T. D. Sullivan's 'Green Leaves,' sir," said the daughter in reply to a question; "my brother bought it three weeks ago in Youghal for a shilling."

"And what part do you like best?"

"Well, then, sir, I was just repeating about the Lord and the Moon, the Lord who said we might as well ask for the moon as ask for Repeal. My mother has a great fancy for it; it makes her laugh."

As the book was being looked through, the girl added, "There are other songs I prefer myself, though."

Here are some lines from the old woman's favorite, being Mr. Sullivan's rejoinder to what was said by an eminent member of the Cabinet, and, possibly, a future premier: —

So we might as well ask for the moon, my lord;
You think we would get it as soon, my lord;
But there you are wrong,
And we'll teach you ere long,
How to sing to a different tune, my lord.

* * * * * *

And now, if you speeched yourself hoarse, my lord;
We tell you your laws and your force, my lord;
Are no way like those
That, every one knows,
Retain the sweet moon in its course, my lord,

* * * * * *

You oft put your back to the wall, my lord,
And said that the heavens should fall, my lord,
Ere Ireland should get
What she sought for, and yet
We carried our point after all, my lord.

* * * * * *

And then when our freedom is won, my lord,
Your land will be second to none, my lord,
In giving applause
To our glory-crowned cause,
And in shouting, "Ould Ireland, well done!" my lord.

The visitor hinted to the daughter of the house that she probably preferred the verses further on, relating to an approaching marriage. "No, indeed, sir," she replied, "there are poems about exiles I rather read." And she added, "Not altogether of our own times either: "Saint Columba in exile," and "O'Neill in Rome," I like them very much."

In what professes to be a translation of a Gaelic poem by St. Columba, these lines occur:

But yet with such a love as mine
For Erin and her noble race,
What wonder if my heart will pine
And still fly back o'er leagues of brine
To seek that happy place?

* * * * * *

But far from Derry, far from Kells,
And fair Raphoe, my steps must be;
The psalms from Durrows quiet dells,
The tones of Arran's holy bells
Will sound no more for me.

In the poem describing the exiled chief of three hundred years ago, the visitors read these verses:

On every side the sweet bells ring,
And faithful people bend in prayer
Sweet hymns, that angel choirs might sing,
And loud hosannas fill the air.
His place is with the princely crowd,
Amidst the noblest and the best;
His large white head is lowly bowed;
His hands are clasped before his breast.

But, Oh! for Ireland far away —
For Ireland, dear, with all her ills —
For Mass in fair Tyrone, to-day,
Amid the circling Irish hills!

* * * * * *

He sits, abstracted by the board;
Old scenes are pictured in his brain —
Benburb! Armagh! the Yellow Ford! —
He fights and wins them o'er again.
Again he sees fierce Bagnal fall;
Sees craven Essex basely yield,
Meets armored Seagrave gaunt and tall,
And leaves him lifeless on the field.
But, oh! for Ireland — there once more
To rouse the true men of the land,
And proudly bear from shore to shore
The banner of the blood-red hand.

To a question about the battle of the Yellow Ford, she said she would not like to answer, till she read a book called "The Story of Ireland written by the same gentleman, Mr. Sullivan" [but in that she was mistaken, it was by his brother], which the priest of the parish was going to lend them.

"And the priest himself, which of the 'Green Leaves' does he fancy?"

"I don't rightly know," she replied, "but, from something my brother said, I think Father John turned down that page," and she pointed to this: —

Of two wicked brothers I'll sing you a song:
All day and all night they're at mischief and wrong:
They are pickpockets, robbers, and murderers as well,
And the names of the pair are XX and LL.

If you make their acquaintance, full soon you will lack
A loaf on your board and a shirt to your back;
Your home will grow bare as a felon's dark cell,
For that's always the work of the XX and LL.

* * * * * * *

Then, young men and old men, take heed what I say,
With your wives and your daughters keep out of their way
For as sure as the Evil One rules down in hell,
His captains on earth are XX and LL.

In the window sill, next to some well-thumbed prayer-books, was what looked like the second volume of Mr. Sullivan's "Green Leaves," the "Poems of Richard Dalton Williams." The remainder of the rather limited stock of literature consisted of "O'Connell's Cork Almanack," a Dublin weekly publication called the *The Shamrock*, some not very fresh copies of the *Cork Weekly Herald* and a supplement of *The Examiner*, a newspaper also printed in Cork. *The Shamrock*, price one penny, contained half a dozen stories, one being "To Hell or Connaught," an Irish historical romance translated from the French of T. Alphonse Karr, as well as some Irish songs and sketches.

Two days after the Clashmore excursion another experience of popular literary taste was gained, on calling at the residence of the priest of a parish near to Cork. The priest was not at home, and the servant — half acolyte and half errand-boy, not more than sixteen years

of age — who was in charge of the house, was sitting on the door-step absorbed in the columns of *United Ireland.*

"You are reading one of Mr. Healy's or Mr. Sexton's speeches, I suppose?"

"No, sir," said the boy, "I skip the speeches; stories and poetry are what I fancy most."

"And is this tale, 'Dark Rosaleen, a Romance of Irish Latter Life,' very interesting?"

"Yes, sir, very."

"Do you know who wrote the verse quoted at the head of the chapter:

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal?

He smiled and said, "I do well, sir; Clarence Mangan, of course. I know his 'Dark Rosaleen' by heart."

"Do you remember the first verse?"

Without a moment's hesitation he repeated these lines: —

O my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine . . . from the Royal Pope
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help and hope,
My dark Rosaleen.

"In those days," said the boy, "the Pope sent assistance to Ireland." There was a pause, and then he added, "I like the last two verses:"

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one . . . beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun peal and slogan cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!

The judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!

"Do you remember any other of Mangan's poems?"

"Yes, sir, that's a fine poem where John MacDonnell sees in a dream the guardian spirit of Erin, —

With features beyond the poet's pen,
The sweetest, saddest features.

The "Lamentation of MacLiag for Kincora:"

They are gone, those heroes of royal birth
Who plundered no churches and broke no trust.

When I see the ruined abbeys and castles I whisper that lamentation to myself," said the boy. "But there is something more grand still," he continued, "in "A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century."

"You have a copy of Mangan's poems, of course?" he was asked.

"No, sir, I picked up these few bits from the "Irish Penny Readings" and McCarty's "Book of Irish Ballads, not the historian, but Denis Florence. As I know you're a friend of his Reverence, sir, I can get you a peep at the Book of Ballads; but," he added pausing, "I suppose you know it well." He stepped into the parlor and returned with one of Duffy's "Irish Library," which he held open, repeating:

'Twas then the time,
We were in the days
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

This is the first verse of the Vision that the young boy had referred to:

I walked entranced
Through a land of morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens a-left and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

This is the fifth and last verse:

I again walked forth,
But lo! the sky
Showed fleckt with blood, and an alien sun
Glared from the north,
And there stood on high,
Amid his shorn beams, a skeleton!
It was by the stream
Of the castled Maine,
One autumn eve, in the Teuton's land,
That I dreamed this dream
Of the time and reign
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red hand!

"I am told he died some years ago, very poor," said the boy in a sad voice. "I do not rightly know," he continued, "whether he was related to Mr. Mangan the watchmaker in Patrick Street; if so, he was a Protestant. But whether he was a Protestant or a Catholic, I hope he is in Heaven. May the Lord preserve him!" What I lately saw in the *Penny Readings* shows his Irish spirit to the last: —

My countrymen! my words are weak,
My health is gone, my soul is dark,
My heart is chill;
Yet I would fain and fondly seek
To see you borne in freedom's bark-

This boy of sixteen, recently a monitor in the national school, and now an assistant to the old woman who took care of the priest's house, how did he get this taste for Clarence Mangan's poems? As well might it be asked how did he get his Celtic nature? Why does he love his country? The visitor did not speculate on this, for he had some slight knowledge of his own race; but some months after he was reminded of the incident by seeing how an eminent *litterateur* and statesman, not free from the responsibility of trying to understand Irishmen, had told the House of Commons that Mangan's poetry is for mature years only.

The Priest, who had gone on a distant call, could not be seen that day, but meeting his visitor the following week in the county town he said, "So you heard a recitation lately, when waiting for me." And in reply to a remark, he added, "The boy is like many others in the parish. His literary tastes are cultivated mainly in the Land League Rooms. For certain reasons I don't go there myself; perhaps I am one of the silent foundation-stones. He goes of an evening, and next day I hear snatches of verses of Moore, Ferguson, or Davis, and it all ends in borrowing a volume to be read in the kitchen or the garden."

In the course of some further explanations "the silent foundation-stone" said, "The Land League Rooms, or National League Rooms, as they are now, of 1883, are the true heirs-at-law of Thomas Davis's Reading Rooms of forty years ago, with this difference, that they have plenty of readers — readers of pure, vigorous, national literature — readers such as Davis yearned for."

He volunteered some information about the Catholic Young Men's Societies, which he called "our civic academies of Nationality."

In spite of the influence of some eminent person whom, he said, "the 'Catholic Layman' is showing up in the Nation," and of one or two others who whisper, "No politics — this is purely a Catholic Society," the library and reading-room of the Young Men's Society have taught the young clerks and well-to-do artisans ten times more about Irish history, poetry, and biography than was known to all the habitues of the fashionable clubs on the Grand Parade and the South Mall, where the upper and middle-class Catholics may be seen. He wound up by saying: —

"If you go by the test of literary taste and knowledge, those workingmen of the country reading-rooms and those shop-boys and clerks of the city are no longer the lower classes. The young gentle-

men educated at Oscott or Stonyhurst — sons of pious fathers and mothers — young gentlemen who may be seen in the smoking-room of the Munster Club, or at the races, or emulating the style of some of the military mashers, these are not nowadays — from a literary point of view — our upper or middle-class youth."

In reply to an inquiry as to what histories are generally read in tha Catholic Young Men's Societies, one of the office-bearers mentioned the Abbe MacGeoghegan's "History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the treaty of Limerick, with John Mitchel's continuation; D'Arcy McGee's "History of Ireland to the Emancipation of the Catholics;" Duffy's "Four years of Irish History," with the preceding fragments, "Young Ireland;" A. M. Sullivan's "Story of Ireland;" Justin H. McCarthy's "Outline of Irish History;" Lecky's "History of the Eighteenth Century;" Walpole's "History of Ireland to the Union;" O'Callaghan's "History of the Irish Brigade in France;" Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times"— these are the most read; but the works of Macaulay, Hallam, Froude, with Father Tom Burke's "Refutation of Froude," are read also. In biography, Madden's "Lives of the United Irishmen," "The Life and Times of Henry Grattan," Moore's "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," Wolfe Tone's "Memoirs," Mitchel's "Jail Journal," Maguire's "Father Matthew," seem to be favorites.

The Irish History that has the widest circulation is written by two men, the union of whose literary work is characteristic of the national spirit — the Royalist priest who was chaplain to James the Second's army, and the Ulster Protestant who was transported to Bermuda in 1848. The two histories that come next in popular favor are significant of how widespread throughout the world is the growth of Irish national literature — one is by a late Minister of Canada, the other by the ex-premier of Victoria.

In another county, at one of the cattle fairs, the countryman who has sold a few pigs may be seen buying a small book or two. A similar purchase having been made by an idler who was strolling through the fair, he found he had got, for one half-penny, *The Brian Boru Song Book*. The sixteen pages of this evidently very popular publication are in a bright colored cover, showing an Irish horse-soldier of the eleventh century galloping across a plain on which stands a round tower. The first song is Moore's "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave," Here the Munster farmer can read:—

> Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
> Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
> Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
> The footstep of Slavery there?

Moore also contributes "Silent, O Moyle! be the Roar of thy Water," a song whose political meaning the quick-witted peasant is not slow to discover. The other melodies of Moore in this little collection are "Before the Battle," "Oh, where's the Slave so lowly," "Go where Glory waits thee,' "It is not the tear at this moment shed," "Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin," "Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way," and "Sublime was the warning

which liberty spoke." Mingled with these are songs but little known to literary men in England, such as —" Rory of the Hills," by Charles Kickham, and "The Flag of Ireland," by J. Downey ; " On hearing the Harp," " I Love my land," and "They Died for Erin's Glory," by anonymous writers. There also are songs such as " The Eve of Benburb," recalling episodes in Irish history that the long-memoried people cherish.

Those who could afford to spend more than a half-penny on a collection of poetry, were seen carrying away *The Harp of Tara Song Book.* This extends to sixty-four closely printed pages, with a colored cover, showing a venerable minstrel striking the harp in the presence of an Irish king and the ladies and chiefs of the olden time,— the picture being evidently drawn by an artist who had studied the details as to the costumes and social habits of the past. This little volume cost threepence. Here again the opening song is one of Moore's, " The Harp that once through Tara's Halls." Apart from Moore's, how few of the one hundred and six songs in this book have been seen by the ordinary English student of political literature!

And yet it has an immense sale. There is not a parish in Ireland in which some of its songs are not heard. This three-penny book differs from the shilling volumes of James Duffy's " Irish Library," started in the last generation by Thomas Davis and Gavin Duffy, mainly in its far more extensive circulation. There is another difference between it and the Young Ireland literature : it is not printed and published with the object of instructing and guiding the reading public. It is produced as a commercial speculation to suit the taste of the readers. Hence those who desire to know what the vast mass of the Irish reading public care to read, what verses they sing, in what literary atmosphere the Irish child is reared, would do well to glance through the pages of *The Harp of Tara Song Book.*

In the first place it will be noticed that, in common with similar publications of late years, it omits any attempt at uniting Orange and Green. When the young Irelanders of thirty years ago republished Colonel Blacker's " Battle of the Boyne," and Dr. Starkey's " Ballad on the death of Schomberg," and when Davis himself sang " Orange and Green will carry the Day,"—all this was done to try and teach the people something they utterly repudiated, something that was a kind of historic survival of dead Whiggery. O'Connell had also made a similar effort and with a like result. But in this little volume, which is racy of the soil, no such hypocrisy is to be found. The publisher has discovered what sells, and he prints accordingly. What does he print ? Turning over the pages is seen a ballad entitled " rising of the Young Men of Connaught, A. D. 1248." This ballad is prefaced by a few lines from an Irish history describing a defeat sustained by the English of the Pale six hundred years ago when they were driven out of the Western Province by Hugh O'Connor. After a score of verses describing the call to arms and the victory, the ballad ends thus :—

Bonfires light the Coirrslieve mountains—
Bonfires light Roscommon's plains ;
From the Gap to steep Slieve Boughta,
Nought but merry-making reigns.

For the Sassenach is routed,
And his iron reign is past,
And the rightful lords of Connaught
Have their long-lost rights at last.

On another page is a ballad called "The Christmas of the Past." This is stated to be an ancient of the sixteenth century. The scene is laid as described by the author, "In a peasant's cottage: a young wife addresses her husband on returning from battle, A. D. 1599." The verses refer to a victory of Hugh O'Neill over Queen Elizabeth troops.

On the preceeding page is a song in praise of Owen Roe O'Neill, the successful Irish general of the time of Charles the First. Further on is a ballad, "The Blacksmith of Limerick," in a which Sarsfield's defeat, in 1690, of "The Dutchman's Murdering Crew" is described. The same ever-popular theme is also found in a song called "God bless our Irish Girls," in which the repulse of William's assault on the walls of Limerick is referred to. A ballad on the "Irish Bards" goes further back than the days of the Stuarts:—

When our chieftains broke from Henry's yoke, what sharpened their battle swords
To strike for their right with courage and might? 'Twas the songs of our brave old bards.

More general historic allusions are found in the song "Musings in the Abbey Ruins," where we are told how

Fair Science of old in these cloisters dwelt;
She was wooed and won by the sainted Celt,
And her lamp in our land long burned.

* * * * * *

But those grand old homes where the good saints prayed
By the hand of the spoiler were prostrate laid,
And the martyrs found homes in heaven.
And their goods and their lands from the poor withdrawn
Were settled by law on the saints in lawn.

Similar memories are revived in the poem called "Remembered":—

On sculptured cross with rime of ages hoary,
In the sequestered wells her saints have blest
He saw revealings of the distant glory,
When she, the sanctuary of the West,
Shone like a star.

From the first line in this volume:—

The harp that once through Tara's hall,

to the last verses, called "The Spirit of the Times," there is in fact, that sort of epitome of Irish history which, long before such books could be seen in cottages, was handed down by tradition from father to son.

But though mainly historic, these pages have several references to the present day. Mr. T. D. Sullivan's "God save Ireland," and the two anonymous poems, "The Martyred Three," and the "Martyrs' Day," refer to the executions at Manchester in 1867. "They own but a tenth of the Land" tells its own tale. But none of the references to the land question, in this or any other Irish popular

publication, favors Mr. George's scheme. Other verses, "The Me ing of the Exiles," "Join together hand in hand," deal with scenes the United States. A "Requiem for the Irish Brigade" shows th a second Irish Brigade has got into the national mind, and shares popularity with the ever popular songs of Davis: "Fontenoy, "The Death of Sarsfield," and "Clare's Dragoons." The first verse of the "Requiem" describe the Mass for the dead; the last line are:—

Ye widowed and stricken,
Your trustfulness quicken,
With faith in the Almighty Giver;
And may blessed repose
Be the gurdeon of those
Who fell at Antietam and James' River;
By the Rappahannock and Chickahominy;
Requiem æternam dona eis, Dominie!
May their souls on the Judgment Day arise,
Et lux perpetua luceat eis!

Similar publications, but better printed and costing sixpence or sevenpence each, are now constantly met with: "The Exile of Ireland Song Book," "The Green Flag Song Book," "Irish Poems and Legends," by T. C. Irwin; "John K. Casey's Poems," "Poems of Richard Dalton Williams," and the three octavo volumes, called "Penny Readings for the Irish People."

The poems of Williams (well known as "Shamrock" of the *Nation*) are seen in every bookshop, and duplicate copies in the National League reading rooms; some of his poems are patriotic, some humorous, some intensely religious. His national verses are mainly historic: "The Battle of Clontarf," "The Munster War Song," "The Patriot Brave," "The Pass of Plumes." One of his Young Ireland songs is often recited, the song beginning,

Steady! host of freedom, steady!
Ponder, gather, watch, mature.

Following his "Lament for Thomas Davis" (the gifted Protestant leader of the Young Ireland party), comes the "Hymn of St. Brigid," "Stabat Mater," "Before the Blessed Sacrament," and "Kyrie Eleison."

But perhaps the favorite of the reading rooms, whether the National League reading rooms of the rural parishes, or the Catholic Young Men's Societies' reading rooms in the towns, is a book called "Penny Readings for the Irish People." This compilation has now reached three small octavo volumes of about three hundred pages each. The first volume opens with an essay on the poetry and music of Ireland. The author, Mr. Henry Giles, thus introduces his subject:—

Ireland is a land of poetry. It is a country of tradition, of meditation, and of great idealism. Monuments of war, princedom, and religion cover the surface of the land. The meanest man lingers under the shadow of piles which tell him that his fathers were not slaves. He toils in the field with structures before him through which echoes the voice of centuries — to his heart the voice of soldiers, of scholars, and of saints.

Who are the scholars whose writings are to be found in these olumes? Of course Thomas Davis, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Sir amuel Ferguson, Denis Florence MacCarthy, and other well-known riters of the Young Ireland party, are there. But these "Penny eadings" bring other Irish scholars to the fireside of the Irish peasnt; Jonathan Swift, Edmund Burke, Oliver Goldsmith, and Sheridan. he extracts from Swift and Burke uphold the general principles f human freedom and the particular doctrine of Irish legislative ndependence. Though mostly written in England, it is only in Irelnd that any part of the political writings of Swift and Burke are ow read as popular literature. Extracts from the writing of Irish scholars of a different class are also found in those "Penny Readings," Eugene O'Curry on "Ancient Irish Learning"; Dr. Petrie on "Early Irish Churches"; Dr. Sigerson on "The Habits and Social Condition of the Ancient Irish." In those pages are also stories by Banim, Carleton, Gerald Griffin, and Charles Lever. Specimens of Irish oratory are likewise provided for recitation classes, from the speeches of Burke, Grattan, Curran, T. F. Meagher, and O'Connell.

Such are the books read by the Irish to-day. Nor is it in Ireland only that such books are read by the Irish.

Last year some Irish Bishops happened to meet at Harrogate, with a pious English Catholic, who was deploring the influence on the rising generation of the National League, when one of the prelates remarked, "You know as little about what the boys read in the League rooms as you do of the Brehon laws!" He added, the Irish national literature that has found its way across the channel, and into the religious and social life of the poor, is some small antidote to the printed poison sold in the great towns here. What did a friend of mine see in Birkenhead early last May? A trashy and immoral "Music Hall Song Book," sent from Liverpool, and some illustrated publications from London — the "Boy Burglars," the "Police News," and the "Freethinker," all selling to young English artisans, whilst the Irish dock laborers and their children were crowding into the Irish National League Hall, in Watson Street, to listen to a paper read by Mr. McNamara, on "The Life and Writings of Clarence Mangan."

About the same time that this reference was made to the reading of Clarence Mangan's poems to the Irish in Birkenhead, the Bishop of Clonfert wrote to the secretary of the Southwark Junior Irish Literary Club, acknowledging a contribution of 7*l.* 10*s.* for the poor in the West of Ireland, which had been collected at a recitation of national songs, given by the Irish children of the Club. The Bishop was made acquainted with the rules: — "The subscription for each child is one penny per month." "Tickets for recitation classes three pence each." "The 'Child's Irish Song Book, compiled by the Club,' one penny." "Irish parents in Southwark are earnestly requested to send their children to the Club, to be trained in a knowledge and love of Ireland." In thanking the children for the money they sent to the poor people in his diocese, the Bishop thus wrote of the "Child's Irish Song Book": "I need not say how fully I appreciate the force of the influence such songs exercise in keeping alive, in the minds of the exiled children of Ireland, the memory of the past."

An English member of Parliament, who has little or nothing in the shape of such popular national literature of his own to speculate about, may ask, Do the Irish read no newspapers? No doubt they do; and the proprietors of *The Freeman's Journal, The Nation, United Ireland*, and other popular newspapers, have very substantial reasons for knowing that the Irish reading public is a large and increasing one. But the humblest "gentleman of the press" must feel some interest in seeing what the Catholic bishop calls "the memory of the past" kept alive by a national literature more truly popular than any literature of the kind in Europe. The literary man may remember what Samuel Johnson said about Ireland having been the early home of religion and learning; and he may be interested in seeing how the Irish peasant knows this and is proud of it. In other respects, also, it may have an interest to the literary man. But has it any interest for the politician? That is a question for the politician to decide.

J. Pope Hennesy, in *Nineteenth Century*.

Murillo's Mulatto.

To Seville, one of Spain's oldest cities, still in possession of many Moorish ruins, belongs the honor of giving to the world a Murillo! The studio of so famous a master was not wanting in the number of its attending pupils, and among them might be seen, early and late, the little mulatto Gomez (slave of Murillo), whose business it was to wait upon the young senors coming each day for instruction, and whose delight it was to listen with the keenest attention to the lectures intended for every ear but his. Here amid these treasures of art, came to him a divine aspiration. Depending alone upon the hints and suggestions given those he served; working at his canvas each morning for a couple of hours, before his duties of the day commenced, he made wonderful progress, till at the age of 15, an accident revealed to the master his long hidden talent. A young artist, who had been for months working upon a "Descent from the Cross," erased one evening from his canvas the head of the sorrowing mother, as far from satisfying his ideal. On throwing up the covering from his easel, next morning, the vacant space had miraculously filled, the beautiful, grief-stricken face which met his astonished eyes, far excelling anything of which his own brush was capable.

Inquiry followed, until finally Gomez acknowledged whose hand had so stealthily worked. Immediately recognizing, as all grand masters must, the power of his slave, Murillo gave him not alone his freedom, but his dearest friendship, saying of him, "Other masters leave to posterity only pictures. I shall bequeath to the world a painter! Your name, Sebastian, shall go down to posterity only in company with mine; your fame shall complete mine; in coming ages, when they name you they shall call you "Murillo's Mulatto."

Our Young Folks.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE SNOWDROP.

CHAPTER V.

DERMONT REFRESHES HIS MEMORY.

When tea was over, Dermot wandered away from the other children. The little girls had pushed aside the nursery-table, and were having a good game of "Blind-Man's Buff," in which Baba joined with chuckles of delight. But Dermot was not in a humor for such romps, and walked away into the hall by himself. That he had something on his mind was evident, and he strutted up and down in deep thought, his hands thrust into his pockets. He had seen his father do so when anything troubled him, and his only regret was that the sailor suit he wore prevented him looking quite like a man.

"I only wish I could find that key," he muttered, "for if I had it I could take Snowdrop up to the tower. I would just love to let her see that I haven't forgotten Uncle Tom's lessons. I wonder where it is? In papa's room, I'm quite sure; but where? Oh, if I could find it! I think I'll go and look."

And off he went, up the winding-stair, to his father's dressing-room. He knocked gently, then waited to make sure that no one was within. But all was still; and opening the door cautiously, he peeped about. The room was empty, however; so entering boldly, he began to seek for the key. He opened drawers, peered into cupboards, shook out the coats that hung in the wardrobe; but no key was to be found.

"He must have it in his pocket," he cried. "I wonder if I could coax him to give it to me. But that will be such a long time to wait. I must and will show Snowdrop the stars to-night. But it's no use looking here any more, for it isn't here."

And having made up his mind to this fact, Dermot was about to leave the room, when his eyes suddenly wandered to a distant corner, and on the floor he saw a small basketful of keys.

"Ah, it will be amongst these, I'm sure. What a lucky thing I spied them!" and he seized the basket and tumbled out its contents on the floor.

The keys were all labelled, and had the names of the doors to which they belonged printed in full upon the little white tablets. There was "stable," "garden," "tool-house" and "cellar." But none of these were what Dermot wanted, and he tossed them into the basket again, with a grunt of dissatisfaction. At last he came upon a large, rusty key, with a piece of tape sewn through the ring, and on this tape was a capital *T* marked in red cotton.

"Ha, this is it!" he cried, in delight; "that big T is for 'tower,' I

know," and putting the key into his pocket, he restored the basket to its corner and hurried from the room.

As he closed the door he heard footsteps coming up the stairs, and in an instant his father appeared at the end of the corridor.

"Halloa, youngster! what are you doing in my room?" cried Mr. O'Connor.

"I was — looking for — something," said Dermot flushing.

"Well, I was just looking for you," said his father, laughing, and not remarking the boy's confusion in the dim evening light. "I am going down to see Mr. O'Brien; would you like to come?"

"Yes, papa, indeed I would," he answered, joyfully; "I love an evening walk."

"Then run and put on your coat; for it is rather chilly. I shall be down in the hall in a very short time; so be quick and get ready."

"I shall be ready, never fear;" and away he flew to get his coat, and when Mr. O'Connor came down, some five minutes later, his little son was waiting in the hall, and danced gaily out of the door before him.

It had been a beautiful April day, and, although the evening was cold, it was bright and clear, and gave promise of a fine night.

"I am sure it will be lovely for stars," said Dermot to himself, as he ran along the road by his father's side. "If it is dark when I come back, and Snow is not in bed, we'll just slip up to the tower and have a peep at the sky. But, oh! I do wish I could remember the name of that third star, he's a big fellow, I know. Snow will laugh at me if I don't remember him, and I just hate to be laughed at."

Dermot and Mr. O'Connor strolled quietly down the hill from the Castle, and as they reached the level road the train rushed past them into the station.

"Let us hurry a little, and we may see some one we know, Dermot," said his father, and taking the boy's hand he walked briskly forward.

As they reached the station, a tall, dark man came out, and a cheery voice bade them "Good-evening."

"Why, it's Uncle Tom," cried Dermot. "Oh, Uncle Tom, I am so glad to see you!"

"That's right, little man," said Uncle Tom, patting the boy on the head. "I have come down without notice, Jim, but I suppose I can get a bed at the Castle?"

"Of course, my dear fellow," said Mr. O'Connor, heartily. "You are always welcome, Tom, as you know, no matter when you appear; but coming without letting us know has lost you your dinner; my wife and I dined early to-day."

"Well, that is unfortunate, but a little supper will do me just as well. My regiment is ordered to Dover in a fortnight or so, and I thought I should like a few days out here before I start. But where were you strolling to?"

DICKSON

"I was going to have a chat with O'Brien, and brought Dermot with me for company," said Mr. O'Connor. "But we had better return to the Castle, and give orders about your supper; Julia will be sorry to hear you are going to march."

"Yes, I dare say she will. But don't mind going back to the Castle on my account; I will go with you to see O'Brien; I quite enjoy talking with him. And how are his two scamps of sons?"

"Just the same as ever," said Mr. O'Connor, laughing: "good-natured rascals, but the terror of my poor wife's life."

"But she's easily frightened. She wants Dermot to grow up like a girl. A little knocking about would do him no harm. Look what a solemn party he's growing. Holloa, Dermot, a penny for your thoughts, old boy?"

"I was thinking, Uncle Tom."

"And what business have you to think? Run, jump, laugh, and shout, but at seven years old you must not think."

"My dear Tom," cried Mr. O'Connor, "what a dreadful doctrine! Do you want to do away with all the good of my lectures? Dermot does not think half enough, he is giddy and thoughtless."

"Yes, Uncle Tom, so I am," said Dermot, slipping his hand into his uncle's, "but I have been thinking about astronomy."

"What? Good gracious! this is too much;" and Uncle Tom stopped suddenly and pulled out his watch. "Have I time to catch the train back to Dublin? Such a child! Why, you quite frighten me, Dermot, by such a speech. Thinking about astronomy! Ha, ha! thst is good!" and his loud, hearty laugh rang out through the still evening air.

"Oh, but, Uncle Tom," said Dermot, not at all pleased at the gentleman's merriment, "you know you gave me lessons about the stars the last time you were here."

"So I did; but, of course, you have forgotten all about them?"

"No, indeed, I haven't," said Dermot, proudly. "I was painting a sky to-day, and I put in the moon and Jupiter; I remembered him, because you say 'By Jupiter' sometimes, although mamma says you shouldn't."

"Holloa, young 'un, are you going to lecture Uncle Tom? Well, that is good."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't do that," said Dermot, roguishly. "Well, then I put in Mars — into my sky — and that was all I could remember. There is another fellow I know, but I have quite forgotten his name."

"I guess there are several other 'fellows,' as you call them, my young astronomer, but the one I mentioned was Saturn."

"Yes, that was the very one. Saturn — Saturn," repeated the boy. "I must take care not to forget it again." Then he whispered to himself: "Now I can tell Snow about the third star, and she will not laugh at me any more. Oh, papa, there are Dick and Harry O'Brien;" and forgetting his thirst for knowledge, Dermot darted off down the road.

"What a lucky chance!" cried Uncle Tom; "that boy is wonderfully sharp, Jim, and his questions are apt to bother a rusty scholar like myself."

"Why did you soar so high, then?" said Mr. O'Connor, laughing. "At Dermot's age a knowledge of the stars is unnecessary."

"Quite! I will avoid the subject for the future. Here he comes with his friends. Well, my boys, is your father at home?"

"No, Captain Mason," answered Dick O'Brien, a tall lad of fourteen; "he has gone to dine at Kingstown, and won't come back till the last train."

"Then we may turn, and see about your supper, Tom," said Mr. O'Connor. "Can you two fellows walk up the hill with Dermot?"

"Yes," said Harry, the second boy. "We were going for a row; but it doesn't matter; does it, Dick?"

"Not a bit. Come along, youngster; I want to hear what you have been about lately," and he caught Dermot's arm, and dragged him on in front. "Well, have you been having any larks?"

"Larks? Oh, no! Mother doesn't allow me to have any birds; she says I might forget to feed them."

"Birds! Dear, but you are green!" laughed Harry. "I say, Dick, the kid thinks 'larks' are birds."

"Yes, and so they are," said Dermot, stoutly. "Little birds that sing away up in the sky."

"You *are* green, Dermot, cried Dick. "It's well seen you live with a parcel of girls. You are growing into a regular 'Miss Molly.'"

"I'm not."

"Of course you are," said Harry, laughing, and kicking a stone up the road before him.; "what else could you be? Why, I hear you have actually got another girl up there," nodding his head in the direction of the Castle; "but for your sake I hope it's not true."

"Yes, it's quite true," said Dermot, hotly. "And Snowdrop's a dear little thing— a gentle, kind girl."

"Snow, Snowball. My word, what a name," cried Dick! "I say, Harry, we'll have a game with this Snowball in April: that will be prime."

"I tell you her name is Snowdrop, not Snowball, Dick. I wish you wouldn't be so tormenting."

"Now, then, Dick, you shut up," cried Harry; "don't tease the poor boy, he's not used to it. Leave him alone."

"No, he's not used to it; more's the pity! If I were a month up in the Castle with him he'd know how to take a bit of chaff. The fellow's being ruined for want of a boy to knock him about."

"Well, let him go home to his girls; they won't torment him, poor dear," said Harry, mimicking Dermot's voice. "He's too much of a baby for us to talk to."

"All right, my man, off we go; it's going to be a lovely moonlight night, and will be jolly for a row. Why, I declare the kid's crying."

"I'm not crying," said Dermot, turning away his head; "and I wish you would leave me alone."

"Oh, we'll leave you alone, Miss Molly, never fear;" and taking off their hats, the boys made a low bow; then with a loud laugh, they turned and ran down a narrow passage that led to the sea.

Mr. O'Connor and Uncle Tom were somewhere behind; and as Dermot did not wish to let them see how much the O'Briens had annoyed him, he plodded up the hill by himself.

"I'd rather have Snowdrop than half a dozen chaps like that," he said, choking back his tears; "and I'm not a 'Miss Molly,' for all they are so sharp."

"What! have those young scamps made off?" said Mr. O'Connor, as he found Dermot standing at the hall-door alone; "I was going to ask them into supper."

"They have gone some time, papa; they left me to go out for a row before I got to the first big gate."

"And you came up that lonely road all by yourself?" said Uncle Tom. "Well, you are a brave little man for your years."

"I didn't mind that one bit; I wasn't at all lonely," cried Dermot, gaily. Then he murmured to himself: "There, Uncle Tom's a man, and he thinks me brave; so I shan't mind those fellows calling me 'Miss Molly;' I can't be that if I'm brave, and Uncle Tom says I am."

And comforted by this thought, Dermot said "Good-night" to his father and uncle, and ran up stairs to bed.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO ON A TOWER.

DERMOT had a dear little room to himself, and when nurse went in, about half an hour later, to cover him up and see that his candle was out, she found him fast asleep.

"Poor lamb! He must have been tired, to have dropped off so soon," she said, as she gazed at the sleeping boy. "The master forgets how young he is when he takes him off for such long walks at the end of the day, when he's worn out trudging about since morning."

And Dermot was tired after his run up and down the hill, and slept for some time very soundly.

But about half past eleven he awoke with a start and sat up in bed. The window-blind had not been pulled down and the moonlight was streaming in over the floor.

"What a lovely night! What a beautiful sky," he cried, "and how twinkling the stars look! I wonder which is Jupiter? I am sure I should know if I were up in the tower. I forgot all about going up there when I came in, and never asked Snow to come. I wonder if she would come now? I'm sure she would. It would be such jolly fun. I'll just go and ask her. If she's asleep perhaps I'd better not wake her. But if she's awake we could go up to the tower together; for it's just like daylight, and not one bit cold. I remember the name of the third fellow now — Saturn — so I can tell Snow lots of things she doesn't know. What a lucky thing I found the key. We can run up to the tower, and no one will know anything about us; for I am sure they are all fast asleep in bed."

As he chattered in this way to himself, Dermot pulled on his socks and shoes, buttoned his jacket over his night-shirt, and taking the big key in his hand, slipped out of his room into the nursery.

The night-nursery was a large, airy apartment, with windows all round. But, as the thick linen blinds were drawn down, not a ray of

light could find its way in, and Dermot had to grope about in the dark.

At last he managed to reach a window, and pulling up the blind, allowed the moonlight to shine in upon the room and its occupants. One large bed and four small cribs were ranged at intervals round the walls, and in one of the latter slept Snowdrop.

"There she is," he thought; "I know herby the long, fair curls;" and stealing across the floor he knelt down by the crib and whispered, "Snowdrop."

"Yes," said the little girl, starting up; "who called me?"

"It is I, Snow. It is Dermot. Don't be frightened, and don't speak loud, as you may waken Nana; and he glanced uneasily at the big bed, where nurse slumbered tranquilly. "I want you to come up to the tower and see the stars."

"Oh, but I'm so sleepy, Dermot," said the little girl, dropping back on her pillow and closing her eyes. "I'll — go — to-morrow — I — I——"

"Nonsense. To-morrow there'll be no moon, and no stars. Wake up, Snow, you'll love it when you are there. It is an exquisite night. There, take your dressing-gown and put it on; then your slippers—and now we are ready."

Scarcely knowing what she did, Snowdrop rose from her bed, allowed Dermot to button on her dressing-gown, and pushing her feet into her shoes, followed him from the room.

"This is splendid," whispered Dermot. "It's like something in a story book. I feel a regular swell going off to look at the stars. Don't you, Snow?"

"I don't know," replied the child, drowsily. "I was very comfortable in bed, and I don't think I care much about the stars."

"Oh, well, you'll soon care. Just wait till you see them, and I tell you all their names; then you'll be glad you came. But mind where you are going;—this is the way," and he guided the trembling feet up the narrow winding-stair that led to the tower.

When they reached the door he pulled out his key and thrust it gaily into the lock. But it would not turn, and although he tried with all his strength he could not get the lock to work.

"What a nuisance," he cried, angrily. "The old thing must be covered with rust."

"Oh, never mind it, Dermot," pleaded Snowdrop. "I'd far rather go back to bed," and she leaned wearily against the wall.

"That's just like girls," he cried, indignantly. "The minute a thing isn't nice they want to turn back."

"Oh, no, Dermot, no! I didn't want to come; and when you can't open the door, isn't it much better to go back to our beds?"

"No, it isn't; I wouldn't go back for anything, just when I've managed it all so well. Ah, there goes the key at last! Now we are all right. There must be a knack in opening this door, but I thought I'd find it."

"Oh, dear, how cold it is," cried Snowdrop, shivering. "Please let me go back, Dermot."

"Well, I call that very unkind. To think of going on like that when I have taken so much trouble to amuse you. You can't think how hard it was to find the key, and then all the work I've had to open this old door. But do come on up to the top of the tower, Snow. It will only be for a minute, so come along."

"Very well," said the child, meekly. "I don't like to be unkind. But, oh, Dermont, I wish you had not taken so much trouble for me, I do indeed."

"Oh, never mind that, old girl. If we see the stars and you look pleased I shan't mind the trouble. Come along."

"But, Dermot, suppose you shut the door fast and could not open it again? Think how terrible that would be. Oh, I am afraid."

"Well, there! I shan't shut it at all. I'll just leave it standing wide open, like that, so you need have no fear."

"But don't keep me long, Dermot, for I'm so cold," said Snowdrop, in an imploring voice. "Take me up quick, and let me come down again in a minute;" and giving her hand to her cousin she let him lead her where he chose.

"That's right," he cried, with a laugh; "I thought you wouldn't turn coward at last;" and he drew her out through the little doorway.

The stairs leading up to the top of the tower were narrow, winding, and very dark, for it was overshadowed by the walls and chimney-pots of the Castle. Snowdrop did not answer, but clung to her cousin as they went up and up, shivering and coughing, through the cold night air. And at last, after much stumbling and many falls, they found themselves at the top of the wonderful tower, over which a glorious moon was shedding her brilliant light. They were now at a tremendous height from the ground; and as Snowdrop looked over the battlements she felt faint and giddy.

"Oh, Dermot," she cried, "I feel so frightened. I feel just as if I *must* fall over; I do indeed."

"But that's silly, Snowdrop. I think it is very jolly up here. Those fellows, Dick and Harry, love to come up, I can tell you; only we shan't let them come any more. Just guess what they did one day?"

"Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't," cried Snowdrop, drawing away from the low wall and clinging to Dermot's arm. "I couldn't guess anything, I feel so frightened up here."

"Oh, you'd never guess, anyway, for it was such a queer thing. They actually lighted a fire here on the roof. It was awfully dangerous, and spoiled all the lead, and might have burnt the whole tower and —"

"Oh, I wish they had, for then we could never have come up to perish with cold. Dermot, Dermot, do come down."

"Well, you are a goose; I wish you would cheer up a little. Just look at these big holes along the wall; wouldn't it be fine sport if there was a battle going on down there, and you and I were firing the cannons?"

"Oh, no, no! I think that would be dreadful."

"That's because you are a girl. Uncle Tom loves battles, and so

do I. He is a soldier you know, and wears such a lovely uniform, all gold braid and things, when he is with his army. He can tell lots of stories about castles being beseiged, and men fighting, cannons roaring — shoot! — bang! — fire! Oh, they are splendid stories, and just make me long to see a battle."

Growing excited as he spoke, Dermot jumped about, and went so dangerously near the big holes, that Snowdrop was filled with terror.

"Dermot," she cried, passionately, "why did you bring me here? I will stay here no longer; I hate this place," and she stamped her little foot. "I am sure auntie would not like us to be here; I am going down this very minute."

"Oh, but, Snowdrop, I never showed you the stars, and I remember all their names now."

"I shan't look at them; I don't care what their names are, and I shan't stay," and turning her back upon her cousin she groped her way down the narrow stair.

"You may go yourself, then," shouted Dermot. "I have come up here to look at the stars and think of their names, and I can do so without you. Babies of your age ain't one bit of good," and he marched off indignantly to the other side of the tower. "It was very stupid of her not to stay after all," he grumbled to himself. "I shall go down presently, just when I think she has had time to get into the nursery again. I don't seem to care about the stars, now that there's no one to tell their names to. I wonder if she's gone down yet."

But at this moment a wild shriek startled him, and he ran back to the top of the staircase.

"What is the matter? Did you hurt yourself?" he cried, as Snowdrop came stumbling up to him, her lips trembling, her face wild and white in the moonlight.

"Dermot," she gasped, "the door — the door —"

"Well, what about the door? isn't it standing wide open for you?"

"No, no, no! It is — shut — fast! Locked — fast locked, I'm sure!"

"Nonsense," he cried, pushing past her; "it has got blown back by the wind. I'll open it in a second. You're such a muff, Snow, that the least thing frightens you. I'm sure the door is just as I left it."

But the little girl was right, the door was shut and locked by some one in the house.

Dermot looked at his cousin in blank despair. What should they do? It was growing colder and colder every instant, and between cold and fright Snowdrop looked as though she should die.

"Knock hard, — shout, Dermot," she whispered. "I can't speak loud, for I am trembling so much," and she laid her head against the wall and wept.

"I dare not call, Snowdrop, for then everybody would know what I had done, and I would get such a punishment. Papa often told me not to come up here, even in daylight; and now — oh, dear! what shall I do?" and Dermot also began to cry.

"Oh, how naughty it was to come up here, then. God doesn't love disobedient children, I know; mother always told me so."

"No, I'm afraid He doesn't. But, oh! I did so long to see the stars."

"And I did not care to see them at all. Oh, Dermot, it was wicked to bring me up here; and I was very silly to come. I am afraid God is angry with us, and will punish us. I feel so — so strange, so queer," and the little girl sank down upon the cold stones.

"I must get you in, I must get you in," cried Dermot, looking at his cousin in alarm. "I must get you in or you will die. Oh, Snowdrop, dear, try to keep well till the door is opened."

"Yes, I will try. Let us ask God to help us," and struggling to her knees the child clasped her hands, and raised her streaming eyes to the clear, starlit sky.

"Open the door! open the door! Please, please, let us in. Uncle Tom! papa, papa!" shouted Dermot, hammering on the door with all his strength.

But no answer came to his cry for aid. All seemed silent within and without the house, and terrified beyond measure, he at last gave up in despair, and falling on his knees beside Snowdrop, he implored God to help and deliver them.

CHAPTER VII.

UNCLE TOM TO THE RESCUE.

When Captain Mason had finished his supper, he and Mr. O'Connor sat on at the table, smoking and talking. They had not seen each other for some weeks, and had so many things to talk about, that the time passed over very quickly.

At ten o'clock Mrs. O'Connor hurried away to give some directions to the servants, and, feeling tired and sleepy, did not return to the dining-room. She visited Dermot in his bed, kissed him, and blessed him, and then went on to look after her little girls. They were all fast asleep, looking rosy and well as they lay upon their pillows, and she retired to rest, feeling thankful and happy.

Meanwhile the gentlemen continued their conversation and cigars.

"Have you anything particular to do to-morrow, Jim?" asked Captain Mason, "or shall I have the pleasure of your company for a ride?"

"I am sorry to say you must go alone," answered Mr. O'Connor. "I am obliged to go off early to Dublin; I have particular business there to-morrow."

"Oh, that is a pity. But I suppose I must console myself with Dermot. I think I'll take the youngster for a day's fishing."

"Very well; but take care you do not upset the boat."

"Not likely; I'm too sure a hand for that."

"I hope so. The young man will be as happy as a prince at the prospect of such a treat. But I think I must say 'Good-night,' Tom; I have to be up early in the morning; so I'll go to bed."

"So shall I. Why, I declare it's on the stroke of twelve. What a wonderful hour for the inmates of Kilteen! The servants will be giving you notice."

"Oh, I sent them to bed long ago. We are early birds about here, Tom, and firmly believe in the old saying:

"Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

"Yes, you are very simple in all your ways. Shall I put out this lamp?"

"If you please."

And having lighted their bedroom candles the two gentlemen went softly up the stairs.

"Dear, dear! What a strange thing. Some one must have left the tower door open," cried Mr. O'Connor, as he felt the sharp air blowing down through the house. "It is really astonishing how careless servants are. I gave that key to the gardener to-day, as he wanted to see about something on the roof; he promised faithfully to put it back in my basket, and this is the way he keeps his promise."

"I will shut it for you," cried Captain Mason, and springing up, the stair he shut the door, and putting the key in his pocket, ran down to his brother-in-law, who stood waiting for him below.

"It is a lovely night," he remarked, "I felt tempted to go up the tower and have a look out over the country. But I shall postpone my visit there till to-morrow; meanwhile, I shall keep the key."

"It is rather cold just at present for midnight visits to the tower," said Mr. O'Connor, shivering. "The wind is piercing still. But be sure you do not let that key lie about. Master Dermot has a great fancy for the tower, and I live in terror of him going up there alone. I have often thought of sealing up the door."

"That would be a pity. Surely Dermot would not go up if you forbade him."

"I hope not. But just think what a temptation it would have been for him to-night if he had found it lying open. He is but a child, remember, and children are not always obedient, I am sorry to say."

"No, unfortunately not. But don't be uneasy. I shan't give the young rascal a chance of finding the key; you may safely trust it to me."

"Yes, I am quite sure of that. Good-night, Tom."

"Good-night, Jim," replied Captain Mason, and then the gentlemen entered their rooms and all was still and silent.

Now it so happened that Captain Mason was not fond of early hours, and liked to sit up late at night and read or write according as he felt inclined.

And knowing her brother's weakness, Mrs. O'Connor had ordered a fire to be lighted in his room. It looked bright and cheerful as he went in, candle in hand; so drawing over a cosy chair, he settled down to enjoy himself in his usual manner.

As he sat alone in the stillness of the night a strange sound fell upon his ear, and he started to his feet in astonishment.

"I thought I heard Dermot's voice," he murmured; "surely I must have been dreaming? No; there it is again," and throwing his book aside, he rushed out of the room. But in the corridor all was silent, and laughing at himself for his fears, he was about to return to his fire, when another wild cry came ringing through the house.

"It's the boy; it must be — and yet, surely, he's asleep," and running down the passage he entered Dermot's room and looked anxiously about. But the bed was empty, and the child was nowhere to be seen.

Up the corridor he went again, and knocking at the nursery door, he opened it a little and called out: "Nurse, nurse! where is Master Dermot?"

"In bed, sir, in his own little room. He doesn't sleep here this long time back."

"But he is not in his bed."

"Not in his bed? Good gracious, sir, where can he be?" cried nurse, sitting up in bewildered surprise.

Then as the moonlight streamed in over the floor it fell upon Snowdrop's crib, and showed her that it was empty.

"Oh, Captain Mason, Miss Snowdrop's gone too. Oh, dear, oh, dear! what can have happened to them?" she cried, and springing out of bed she began to dress.

"Miss Snowdrop gone too? Where can they have gone to?" repeated Captain Mason. "Ah, I know now; the open door — the — yes, surely they have gone up to the tower," and away he sped down the passage and up the winding-stair.

And all this time the unhappy children lay huddled up together upon the cold stone stair. They had prayed long and fervently, but at last their knees gave way, and they sank down upon the steps, weary and despairing.

"O, Snow, I'm so sorry — I am so sorry!" whispered Dermot. "Don't die of cold, darling — don't — die — of — cold. I didn't mean to do you any harm, for I love you so dearly."

"I know, Dermy, I know. But pray again, dear, if you can. Mother said we should always ask God for anything we want very badly; and I do so want to get back to bed! Say a prayer, and — I will try — to say it with you."

"Yes, Snowdrop, I will," and clasping his hands, Dermot prayed aloud: "My God, our heavenly Father, do not let us die. Help us out of the tower, please, please do. I am sorry I was disobedient. O God, do not be angry with me — with little Snowdrop! Save us — save us!"

"Dermot, listen! I hear some one coming. Our prayer is heard — some one is coming," cried the little girl, and with a sigh of relief he fell fainting at her cousin's feet.

"She's dead! — she's dead" cried Dermot, wildly; and raising his voice he sent forth an agonized shriek for help and deliverance.

At this moment the key was thrust into the lock, the door was flung open, and Captain Mason's tall figure appeared on the threshold.

To be Continued.

Useful Knowledge.

CEMENT FOR CRACK IN OVEN.— Take equal parts of sifted ashes, clay, and salt, add water to make a paste, and fill the crack. Heat slowly so as to dry before burning.

A WRITER in *Hygiene Pratique* states that boots and shoes may be rendered waterproof by soaking them for some hours in thick soap water. The compound forms a fatty acid within the leather and makes it impervious to water.

GOOD COFFEE.—To one teacupful fresh ground coffee add one egg, and water enough to wet the coffee. Stir together; then add three pints boiling water. Set upon the stove until it boils, then set back where it will keep hot but will not boil.

A GOOD receipt for graham gems is two cups graham flour, one generous tablespoonful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, one cup water, one of milk, two eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, have the gem pans well buttered and hissing hot; bake from twenty to thirty minutes in a hot oven.

IN CASE OF FIRE.— On retiring to rest, place a handkerchief under the pillow, and upon being aroused by fire, to steep it in water and tie it round the head, covering the mouth and nostrils. This will prevent suffocation, and give a person an opportunity to escape.

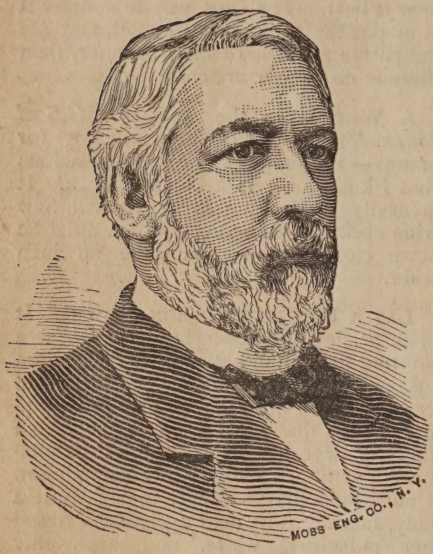
THE minced meat with potato is a nice breakfast dish and a good way to use up remains of cold meats left from dinner. Chop fine, season to taste, add a little water and cook a few minutes: then place in a deep dish and cover with seasoned mashed potatoes about an inch thick; rub a beaten egg over the top and set in the oven to brown.

CURE FOR DYSENTERY.— From a New York physician: One pint of new milk, two ounces of very fresh mutton suet, chopped fine and simmered with the milk half an hour, sweeten with burnt sugar. A lit le nutmeg or a piece of stick cinnamon should be boiled with the milk, and you can use a little salt instead of sugar if you prefer it. Give a wineglassful once in two hours, or half a wineglass once an hour, as the patient can bear it best. The best way to simmer it is to put the milk in a tin pail, and set the pail in a kettle of boiling water, then there is no danger of scorching.

A WRITER in the *British Medical Journal* says: "The best remedy for cramp — the simplest and most efficacious that I know of — is a band of cork. It is easily made by cutting a small new wine cork into thin slices, which must be sewn close together on tape an inch wide.

LAY A FAINTING PERSON DOWN.— It is surprising how everybody rushes at a fainting person and strives to raise him up, and especially to keep the head erect. There must be an instinctive apprehension that if a person seized with a fainting or other fit fall into the recumbent position, death is more imminent. I must have driven a mile to-day while a lady, fainting, was held upright. I found her pulseless, white, and apparently dying, and I believe if I had delayed ten minutes longer she would have died. I laid her head down on a lower level than her body, and immediately color returned to her lips and cheeks, and she became conscious. To the excited group of friends I said: Always remember one fact — namely, fainting is caused by want of blood in the brain; the heart ceases to act with sufficient force to send the usual amount of blood to the brain; and hence the person loses consciousness because the function of the brain ceases. Restore the blood to the brain, and instantly the person recovers. Now, though the blood is propelled to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, yet it is still under the influence of the laws of gravitation. In the erect position the blood ascends to the head against gravitation, and the supply to the brain is diminished, as compared with the recumbent position, the heart's pulsation being equal. If, then, you place a person in a sitting position, whose heart has nearly ceased to beat, his brain will fail to receive blood, while, if you lay him down with the head lower than the heart, blood will run into the head by the mere force of gravity, and, in fainting, in sufficient quantity to restore consciousness."

The Republican Nominees.



JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE, of Maine, the Republican candidate for President, was born on January 31, 1830, at Indian Hill Farm, Washington County, Pa. His father was a man of property, and gave his son unusually favorable opportunities of mental culture. After spending several years as pupil in a school at Lancaster, O., student at Washington College, Washington Pa., he was graduated in 1847.

After his graduation he taught for some years in the schools of the neighborhood.

In 1863 he went to Kennebec, Me., where he had been asked to assume the management of the Kennebec *Journal*. Shortly afterward he accepted the control of the Portland *Advertiser*. In 1868 he was elected to the Legislature, and served there four years.

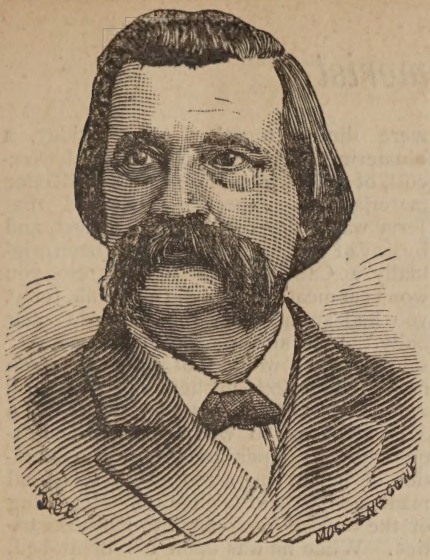
During the Rebellion in 1862 "Blaine of Maine" was first sent to Congress. He was re-elected from the same district, and in 1869 was made Speaker of the House.

When the Republican Convention was held in 1876, Mr. Blaine was the most popular leader in the party. He received 351 votes in the final vote as against 379 for the Hayes combination engineered by Roscoe Conkling, who had never forgiven the "Plumed Knight" for his reference to him on the floor of the House as the "turkey gobbler member from New York."

Mr. Blaine entered upon his duties as a Senator of the United States in 1877. He had voted against the Electorial Commission Bill on the ground that it was unconstitutional. In 1880 he was once more a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and succeeded in so using his influence as to defeat the scheme to give Grant a third term. His appointment as Secretary of State by Garfield was a perfectly natural one. He retired from the Cabinet after the accession of President Arthur.

Since then his time has been spent in the composition of the historical work entitled "Twenty years in Congress," of which one volume has appeared.

Mr. Blaine has a peculiar magnetism which endears him to all who know him. The charm of his manner is beyond expression, and his heartiness and familiarity is very fascinating. He is impulsive, generous and kind-hearted, as a Celt — his mother was an Irishwoman. No man in public life is more fortunate in his domestic relations. He has six children, three sons and three daughters. The two eldest sons are lawyers, and James G., the youngest, is now at college. The family have a beautiful residence at Augusta, Me., on the Kennebec River, where they are exceedingly popular with the townsfolk.



JOHN A. LOGAN, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, was born in Jackson County, Ill., in 1826. He is the son of Irish parents. When the Mexican war broke out he enlisted with the Illinois Volunteers, and was soon made Quartermaster of his regiment, with the rank of first lieutenant. On returning from the war he acquired a liking for the law, and at the age of twenty-five went to the University of Louisville, graduating in the law class of 1852. This same year he was elected to the State Legislature, and again in 1856. In 1856 he was a Democratic Presidential elector and cast his vote for James Buchanan.

In 1858 "Black Jack" Logan as he is familiarly called in Illinois, was elected to Congress and again in 1860 resigning his seat in 1861 to enter the army.

He was made Colonel of the Thirty-first Illinois Volunteers and led the regiment bravely in the battles of Belmont and Fort Donelson. He was wounded in the latter engagement, and in March, 1866, was made Brigadier General of Volunteers. A few months later he rose to the rank of Major-General, and in the Vicksburg campaign commanded a division of the Seventeenth Corps. Throughout he displayed great valor, particularly distinguishing himself at Port Gibson, Champion Hills, and at the siege of Vicksburg.

In 1863 General Logan was transferred to the command of the Fifteenth Corps, in the lead of which he showed himself at best as a fighter. On the death of McPherson he took command of the Army of the Tennessee, from which he was relieved very much to his disgust, by General O. O. Howard.

General Logan then returned to the fifteenth Corps, which he led until the fall of Atlanta, when he obtained leave of absence to take part in the campaign which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln. He afterwards retur ed to his corps and led it through the Carolinas until he succeeded General Howard as head of the Army of the Tennessee.

In August, 1865, he resigned from the army, and was immediately appointed Minister to Mexico, which office he declined. He then stood for Congress and was elected to the Fortieth and Forty-first sessions. In 1871 he was elected to the United States Senate to succeed Richard Yates. His term expired in 1877. He returned to Chicago, which had for some years been his home, and resumed the practice of law. In 1879 he was again elected to the United States Senate, this time to succeed R. J. Oglesby. His term, should he not go up higher, will expire in 1885.

This is crediting Blaine with very conspicuous abilities, but we hardly think we exaggerate. At the same time it is wholesome to observe that a statesman, even of the Napoleonic order, might be far less advantageous to the American people than a mediocre president like Hayes, or a bureaucratic executive like Chester A. Arthur. If the time has come to develop a vigorous American foreign policy, the election of Mr. Blaine would be highly desirable. No American, of whatever party affiliation, can have helped admiring his broad as well as his brilliant course in proclaiming the lapse of the miserable Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and in outlining a relationship to the sister republics of the New World, worthy and becoming of this great federation of free states. Blaine's character is the very antithesis of the narrow and the fanatical. Despite all the charges of corruption, partisanship and unscrupulousness brought against him, there must be something sound and genuine in his nature, or he could never obtain the hold he has upon the favor and affection of so large a portion of the rank and file of the people. A man so much in the hearts of his countrymen cannot be wholly bad. — *The Catholic Citizen.*

The Humorist.

"YES," sighed Amelia, "before our marriage George professed to be willing to die for me, and now he won't even get his life insured in my favor," and the poor girl burst into a fashionable flood of tears.

ALLAN RAMSAY, the Scotch poet, during the greater part of his literary career, was very much harassed by pecuniary difficulties. On one occasion his landlord, to whom he was indebted for rent, called upon him and requested payment. Ramsay told him that he was very sorry, but quite unable to meet his demands. The landlord, a generous, kindhearted man, felt more inclined to amuse himself by testing his poetical genius than annoying him by pressing his claim, and said:—"Well, Mr. Ramsay, if you can answer me four questions in rhyme, without any previous thought, I will forgive you a month's rent." "Very well," said Ramsay, "I will try. Name the questions," which he did as follows:—

What does God love?
What does the Devil love?
What does the World love?
And what do I love?

The witty poet paused but a moment, and, placing his hand to his forehead, gave him the following beautiful reply:—

"God loves man when he refrains from sin,
The Devil loves man when he persists therein,
The World loves man when his riches o'erflow,
And you'd love me if I could pay the rent I owe."

O'CONNELL'S CIRCUIT STORIES.—"Jerry," said O'Connell, "was an instance of a great waste of talent. He was the son of a poor farmer near Kanturk, named *Keleher*, which Jerry anglicized into *Keller*, when he went to the bar. He was an excellent classical scholar, and had very considerable natural capacity; but although he had a good deal of business at the bar, his success was far from being what he might have attained had he given his whole soul to his profession. His readiness of retort was great. Baron Smith once tried to annoy him on his change of name, at a bar dinner. They were talking of the Irish language. 'Your Irish name, Mr. Keller,' said the baron, 'is *Diarmuid Ua Cealleachair*.' 'It is,' answered Jerry, nothing daunted; 'and yours is *Laimh Gabha*.' There was a great laugh at the baron's expense—a sort of thing that nobody likes. "Another time," said O'Connell, when the bar were dining together on a Friday, a blustering young barrister, named Norcott, of great pretension, with but slender materials to support it, observed that Jerry was eating fish instead of meat, and by way of jeering Jerry (who had been originally a Catholic), said to him, 'So you won't eat meat! Why, I did not think, Jerry, you had so much of the *Pope* in your belly.' 'For all the meat in the market,' said Jerry, 'I would not have as much of the *Pretender* in my head as you have.'" Another of O'Connell's odd stories was a Miss Hussey, to whom her father bequeathed £150 per annum, in consideration of her having a red nose. "He had made a will," said O'Connell, "disposing of the bulk of his fortune to public charities. When he was upon his death-bed, his housekeeper asked him how much he had left Miss Mary. He replied that he had left her £1,000, which would do for her very well if she made out any sort of a good husband. 'Heaven bless your honor,' cried the housekeeper, 'and what decent man would ever take her and the red nose that's on her?' 'Why, really, that is very true,' replied the dying father: 'I never thought of her nose!' And he lost no time in adding a codicil that gave Miss Mary an addition of £150 a year, as a set-off against her ugliness!"

THE SAFEST PART OF THE TRAIN.—A party of merchant travellers in a train were talking over their travelling experience and the danger of accidents, and finally the question arose as to the safest part of the train. Failing to settle the question among themselves, they called on the guard, and one of them said to him, "Guard, we have been discussing the matter of the safest part of the train, and want to know your opinion," "Want to know the safest part, eh?" replied the guard. "Yes, that's it." "Well," continued the guard, "I've been on the road for fifteen years, and have been turned over embankments, busted up in tunnels, dumped off of bridges, telescoped in collisions, blown off the line by cyclones, run into open switches, and had other pleasant incidental divertisements of a kindred nature, and I should say, gentlemen, that the safest part of the train was that part which happened to be in the workshop for repairs at the time of the accident."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1884.

Notes on Current Topics.

BOSTON COLLEGE.— The annual commencement exercises of this College were more than usually brilliant. In all the departments great improvements were visible. The battalion drill, the dramatic exhibition, and the concluding exercises, were carried out with great proficiency— all creditable to the good judgment and ability of the President, Rev. Father O'Connor, S. J. We are glad to state that the College is in a flourishing condition.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE.— The forty-first commencement exercises took place on the 26th of June, and was largely attended by the friends and patrons of the institution. The year has been quite successful. The next term will commence on the 5th of September.

M. PASTEUR, who received an honorary degree at the Louvain University in a paper read before the Paris Academy of Sciences claimed, as a result of numerous experiments, to have discovered a method by which hydrophobia may be gradually extinguished, and those affected with it completely delivered from danger.

A LAW has passed the legislature of New York, forbidding the publication of obscene newspapers and periodicals. What is now needed is its rigid enforcement. Such a law should be enacted in every state in the Union. The vile stuff is doing more harm in the way of demoralization than rum.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.—An important article of M. A. Franck, Member of the Institut de France, has appeared in the *Journal des Debats*, on the dangers of the modern education of girls, especially in the official schools: "For my part these girls' colleges alarm me for another reason. I am terrified at their programmes. On seeing the nature and quantity of the matters on which they are composed, I ask myself if there are many men, and even of the most learned — even members of the Institut, or professors of the Sorbonne or the College de France — who could boast of embracing them all. Thus, gorged with physics, chemistry, astronomy, mechanics, and God help us, with philology; armed with diplomas declaring them possessed of all these sciences; what will they do to make themselves bearable to those around them? What will become of the natural stock of wit, grace, judicious criticism, marvellous intuition, modest self-devotion, amiable sociability, which they generally receive with their birth? Having been created 'bachelors,' 'licentiates,' 'associates,' 'doctors,' *in utroque* — I mean to say in both literature and science — will they consent to manage their household, to nurse and bring up little children, to show some attention and have some respect for their husbands if they condescend to marry? Or will they not be in the same disposition as a young lady of my acquaintance in similar circumstances? Being an artist of some merit, she would not marry anybody but an artist, and she used to say, 'If he is cleverer than I, I shall hate him; and if he is less clever, I shall despise him!'"

GENERALS IN BATTLE.—No commander was ever more forward in the fighting line than Sheridan, yet he never got a scratch. Skobeleff, who many a time went at it with his own good sword, and in his white coat and on his white charger headed every charge with a recklessness that men call madness, had as complete

an immunity as if he carried the charmed life that his soldiers ascribed, and was wounded only in the quiet trenches by a chance bullet fired into the air a mile away. Wellington was but once hit; the bullet that carried away his boot heel scarcely gave him a contusion. Grant was never struck; no more was Napoleon. Of Sir Neville Chamberlain, again, one of the most distinguished officers of our Indian army, the saying goes that he never went into action without receiving a wound, and the gallant old man has been fighting pretty steadily ever since the first Afghan war. Bazaine was a man to whom fortune was not stingy in the matter of wounds. At Borny there came to him the leaden reminder that he was mortal, though this time it was but a gentle hint. The fragments of a shell hit him on the left shoulder, but it had been well spent, and, because of the protection of the epaulet, gave him but a contusion, from which he had pain for several days, especially when he went on horseback.

"WHAT is wanted in this country," said the bride as she examined the wedding presents, "is silver-service reform; that set is plated."

P. J. SHERIDAN, the Irish Nationalist, and his friend, Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*, are in each other's hair. Sheridan says the "emergency fund" is dead, and Ford says Sheridan killed it.

THE *Catholic Review* says: No "bars" will be permitted at Catholic picnics or excursions in the diocese of Albany. Many of the picnicers will *bar* that.

"THE IRISH VOTE."—*New York Tablet:* The politicians are evidently exercised about "the Irish vote," and each party would wish to secure it. What is called "the Irish vote" is a part of the labor vote, and the best way to get it is to deserve it, and the only means of deserving it is to advocate the rights of the workingman. The party that protects labor against unfair competition with the cheap work of Europe, and guarantees legislatives opposition to monopolies and corrupt corporations will get the support of the vast majority of Irish-American citizens.

TRIPLETS.—At the confirmation held in Slane, Ireland, recently, by Dr. Nulty, there were three young lads, named Moran, each aged about 9 years, the sons of a poor farm laborer, presented for receiving the sacrament. The lads were triplets, being all born at the one time. They looked neat and well clad, and were handsome in appearance.

THE London *Times* remarks: "So far as this country (England) is concerned, the sympathies of Englishmen should favor any Republican candidate in preference to Mr. James G. Blaine, who has always been conspicuous for his restless and aggressive foreign policy, and for his scarcely veiled hostility to Great Britain."

ACCORDING to a German medical paper, the total yearly production of quinine has risen to 4½ million ounces. America consumes of this one million ounces, though she only produces 850,000.

DURING THE LATE ASSIZES in Liverpool, in one important case in the Crown Court, the counsel and solicitors were all Catholics. An ancient barrister — a pervert from the Catholic religion, and now a nominal Protestant — sought to obtain favor with a well-known Protestant solicitor, but met with the following well-merited rebuff: — Barrister — "Do you observe, Mr. ——, that all the lawyers in this prosecution are Roman Catholics?" Solicitor — "Yes, and do you observe, Mr. —— that all the criminals in the case are Protestants?"

THE CATHOLIC VICTORY at the Roman municipal elections has been complete, the sixteen vacancies having been filled up from the list voted so faithfully and so solidly by the clients of the Roman Union. Three vacancies on the Provincial Council have also been supplied by Catholic candidates. To emphasize this extraordinary success, we may note that the Catholic who received the lowest number of votes polled a thousand more than the highest number obtained by any of the Liberals.

A TELEGRAM from Rome states that Father O'Callaghan, Prior of the Dominicans of St. Clement at Rome, has been appointed coadjutor to Dr. Delany, the Bishop of Cork.

CONGO WATER. — A case which is singular from more than one point of view has been heard by the Correctional Tribunal of Saintes, France. It appears that the Abbé Mauny, parish-priest of the little village of Cravans, has for some time past been performing some very remarkable cures with simple but apparently very effective remedies, one of these being a guano bath of the skin, and the use of an almost miraculous liquid, called "Congo water," for fevers. The doctors, having been abandoned by the peasants for the priest, who charged nothing for his cures, set the law in motion; and the Abbé was fined six hundred francs for "illegal practice." The amount was paid by his grateful patients.

WE notice that the old established Catholic Publishing House of John Murphy & Company have established a branch of their establishment at No 11 Murray street, New York.

THE street-cleaning brigade of Paris numbers 13,000 men, women, and children.

"WHO KNOWS BUT I MAY YET BECOME A CATHOLIC?"—Four years ago M. Adler and his wife were at St. Peter's. A priest, who was passing by, suggested to M. Adler that he should kiss the foot of the statue of the Prince of the Apostles. This M. Alder did; after which he said to his wife: "Who knows but I may yet become a Catholic?" Previous to his reception, he said to those who had asked him to delay his Baptism till Easter: "There are others who are waiting only for my Baptism to enter the Church also, Therefore I will not delay." The Count and Countess Montgelas — the lady whose conversion took place a few weeks ago— were the sponsors. A Jewess was also baptised in St. John Lateran's on Holy Saturday morning.

COFFEE-DRINKING IN BRAZIL.—According to the statement of the Vice Director of the Rio Janeiro Faculty of Medicine, it appears that in Brazil, where very large quantities of coffee are used, all the inhabitants drinking it several times a day, drunkenness is completely unknown. It is further stated that the immigrants arriving in that country, though in many cases fond of alcohol, contract by degrees the habits of the Brazilians, acquiring their predilection for drinking coffee, and their aversion for intoxicating liquors; and as the children of the immigrants, accustomed to coffee from their earliest years, never contract the inebriate habits in which their parents formerly indulged, it would seem that the number of drunkards in the country is in reverse ratio to the amount of coffee consumed. A South American correspondent of the *Medical Times* confirms the above statements, asserting that the number of cafes in the large cities of Brazil — where multitudes of persons, from the highest down to the lowest, go in to take a cup of that delicious beverage which none but Brazilians know how to make properly — is enormous, while drinking saloons or bars and the patrons are very few.

JOSEPH COOK, the lecturer, is talking out in meeting. He said on a late occasion: "In an exact investigation of facts, we shall probably find very much to scandalize us as to the habits of native-born Americans; for unchurched, native-born Americans in both the city slums and the rustic slums have among them some of the greatest rascals on earth. It was a New Englander who founded Mormonism. It was another New Englander who took charge of it after the founder of it passed away. It was a New Englander who founded the Oneida Community. Loose divorce has been called a 'Connecticut Yankee notion.' We must be ready to face such facts as that. In the Western Reserve in Ohio, settled from New England, the ratio of divorces to the number of marriages is much larger than in the southern counties of Ohio. The assertion is made by the great experts on this theme, that unchurched native-born populations are exceedingly loose in many quarters of the country."

BELGIUM.—*The Western Watchman* remarks: The Catholics have carried the late elections in Belgium and the so-called "clerical" party is in full power in that country. It has always been a mystery to us, how in countries overwhelmingly Catholic, like France, Spain and Italy, a handful of Jews and infidels can gain and hold ascendency in the government. The Church has been taking care of these people so long, they cannot understand that it can become

their duty at any time to take care of the Church. If the Catholics of Catholic Europe would only arise from their lethargy and put forth their resistless strength at the elections, what a scampering of scamps there would be from Brussels to Paris and from Rome to Madrid!

His Holiness ordered his Almoner to distribute 150 beds and 12,000 francs to the poor of Rome on the occasion of Easter.

Canon Brosnan, of Cahirciveen, O'Connell's native parish, writes a cheering letter to the Irish Catholic Journals respecting his success in Rome with respect to the O'Connell memorial church, near the place of the great Liberator's birth. Pope Leo XIII. has, in an eloquent letter, approved of an idea which blends religion with patriotism. His Holiness describes O'Connell as the "strenuous vindicator of the Catholic religion," and sends the apostolic blessing to all contributing their assistance to the good work. His Holiness has also given the corner-stone of the church.

At the General Ordination held at the Lateran, Rome, by Cardinal Parocchi, Holy Orders were conferred upon 142 candidates, 33 being Priests, 18 Deacons, 37 Sub-Deacons, and 13 receiving the tonsure.

Australian Coals, have just been brought to Dublin for the first time, consigned to the Alliance Gas Company, for a trial. These coals are said to contain more gas than others, and if the experiment proves successful, a trade will be opened between Australia and the port of Dublin.

Catholic Citizen: No "bars" and no "lager beer" will be permitted at Catholic picnics or excursions in the diocese of Albany. Let that order go down through all the dioceses, from A (Albany) to Z.—

In England, it seems that a butler is not entitled to wear a moustache against the will of his master. At the Birkenhead county court, William Rogers sued Mr. David Duncan, of Gayton Hall, near Neston, for £9 19s., being five weeks' wages and three weeks' board and wages, in lieu of notice to leave. Rogers entered the service of Mr. Duncan as butler early in February, and remained with him until the 15th of March. During the time there were several disputes, and it was arranged that the butler should leave. On the 15th of March the master ordered him to shave, and, on his refusing, to leave the house. The butler said he had ceased to shave about three weeks previous to the 15th of March. He could not shave himself, and there was not a barber within eight miles. Mr. Duncan said the butler had no moustache when he was engaged, but he grew one after he received notice to quit. The Judge held that every gentleman had the right, if he pleased, to make it a condition that those he employed should be shaved; and if, upon that condition, a man accepted service, then he was bound to comply with it. The jury returned a verdict for the master.

The Migration Company is making steady progress in Ireland. Mr. Parnell spent his Whitsuntide holidaysin surveying an estate which has been offered for sale. He can, it is pretty well known, have this, or any other estates he likes for 17 years' purchase; but it is very doubtful if he will consent to give so high a price. The remarkable thing in connection with this business is the extraordinary eagerness with which it is being taken up by the bishops and priests, prelates who have rarely, if ever, appeared before in political or semi-political movements, now organize and address public meetings on the question; and they, as well as their priests, give practical proof of their confidence in and sympathy with the movement by taking up large numbers of shares. The secret of this is that the proportions which emigration is taking is alarming all classes of the Irish population. The action of the Government in this matter is welding all classes of the nation into a National whole. Many of the Protestant shopkeepers for example, who have never before been able to see their way to National principles have been caught in the general alarm, and denounce the conduct of the Government, as much as their Nationalists neighbors. The disappearance of the bankrupt and impotent landlord from his social supremacy, is producing an already visible effect in the detachment from Conservative principles of

many sections of the community which have, up to the present, thought their fortunes and their lives bound up with the maintenance of British despotism. In fact, the Irish cause almost threatens to become fashionable.

HORSE PIES. — *London Universe* says: Avoid "London pies," for if what we hear be true, they are likely to disagree with one. The people of the metropolis have often been warned against potted meats, but we advise them to avoid even more religiously "London pies." At Retford, on Friday, a policeman saw seven old worn out horses coming from Doncaster to the railway. A cart followed containing the bodies of three dead horses. At the police station an attendant stated that the animals were consigned to Hertford, where they were made into pies for the London market. One of the live horses could only breath through a tube fixed in its chest The authorities allowed the horses to go, but are keeping a strict watch. Perhaps the attendant's remark was only in fun, but there is many a true word spoken in jest. The idea of eating horse pie is anything but pleasant, and especially pies made of such horses. We hope the authorities will keep a verv strict eye on these animals, and should they be converted into pies, make the owners eat them. This may be cruel, but would be an effectual caution.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—*San Francisco Monitor:* "Year by year the number of Catholic schools is increasing in this State (California), and ere 1890 dawns upon us, we hope to be able to chronicle the glorious fact that every parish church in the State will possess a Catholic school, where the lambs of the flock will be kept secure from the fangs of fanatics, who are constantly seeking to steal them from the arms of the Good Shepherd."

MRS. EMILY PFEIFFER, a well-known contributor to current Catholic literature, writing "as a woman and a friend of women," emphatically supports Mr. Woodall's amendment to the Reform Bill proposing to confer the Franchise on on women. She holds that the ignorance of politics with which her sex is so often charged, supposing it to exist at all, is not incurable. "Once give them an interest," she says, "in public questions at first hand, and it would be difficult to show cause why the tea-table politics of the women should be less sound than the pothouse politics of the men." It is a pity that Mrs. Pfeiffer should have allowed her fondness for an *ad captandum* antithesis to betray her into the use of language of this sort. It really weakens an otherwise splendid piece of advocacy. It reminds us that we are listening, not to the well-balanced arguments of the Judge, but to the skilfully-woven fallacies of the special pleader. Surely, all male politics are not of the pothouse order, and are there not women who find solace in something stronger than Bohea?

DYNAMITE.— At an Anarchist meeting in the Salle du Commerce, Paris, two of the speakers justified the London outrages, and at their instance a resolution was passed to the effect that the Paris Revolutionists "emphatically commend their brethren across the Channal, and the resolute acts whereby they are endeavoring to free themselves from the tyranny of *exploiteurs*." Another speaker condemned the policy of strikes as a half measure, and added, "We are behind the English, Russian, and Spanish Revolutionists. Deeds, not words!"—The *Monde* asks:— "What is to be said of these recent and numerous attempts of the dynamiters? If they have not succeeded as their authors wished, they testify persistency in a truly infernal plan; and one cannot read what the telegrams have transmitted to us without asking to what lengths the criminal aberrations of the modern spirit will go? You have succeeded in expelling God from a multitude of hearths; you have persisted in liberating your neighbors from the more salutary curb of religion and of the moral law, without which there is no humanity in the true sense of the word. Well, begin to enjoy your work; the brute beast is unchained. Begin also, old England, to repent of the germs of social disorganization which you have done so much to scatter over the Continent."— The *Univers* also twits England with her past liking for revolutionists, and denounces the "dynamiters" as dishonoring the name of Ireland. The bandits of American secret societies will not tolerate, at any price, an agreement between the Irish nation and the English Crown. What they aim at is the destruction of all regular government in England.

ST. GALL.—The librarian of the famous Irish Library of St. Gall, in Switzerland, has paid a visit to Trinity College Library, Dublin. St. Gall, canton and town, derive their name from Gall, or Gallas, an Irish monk, a disciple of Columbanus, who, having established himself on the banks of the Steinach, attracted around his hermitage a number of religious followers. This was the origin of the famous Abbey of St. Gall, so well known to readers of *Christian Schools and Scholars*, one of the greatest religious and educational Houses in Europe during many centuries. For long after its foundation it was a famous resort of the Irish, who imported thither their almost extravagant love of Greek, and their passionate love of music. For classical studies, and for its School of Music, the Abbey of St. Gall was especially renowned. The harp was taught there by Irish masters, and the library now contains treasures for those who are devoted to the study of Irish ecclesiastical music. Irish MSS. of great value are also still preserved at St. Gall. The Abbey was secularized at the time of the French Revolution, and portions of the ancient monastery are now occupied by public offices.

STEAMER AMERICA.—The new steamer America, of the National Line, made her first trip from Queenstown to New York in 6 days 15 hours and 41 minutes. On her return she made the trip in 6 days 14 hours 18 minutes. The America, which is built of steel, is of the following dimensions:—Extreme length, 480 feet; extreme breadth, 51¼ feet; depth of hold, 36 feet; gross tonnage, about 6,500 tons. The National Line since its establishment has carried about 1,000,000 across the Atlantic since it was organized, and has never lost a life.

LONDON UNIVERSE: France, by her starvation policy as regards the Church, of which, by a strong figure of speech she is denominated "the eldest daughter," has brought upon herself a slight as necessary as it is just. The Government which upholds the godless theories of Paul Bert surprised nobody when it committed the meanness of cutting off the allowance always granted to French Cardinals. Leo XIII. fails to see that under the circumstances he should act towards France as did his predecessors when the country was Catholic and when the Government protected instead of pillaging the Church. Most men will appreciate rightly the decision of the Sovereign Pontiff not to create any new French Cardinals so long as the Republic perseveres in a conduct unworthy of the country which for a time submits to be insulted by its rule.

THE Duke of Norfolk is about to erect a convent for the Order of Poor Clares at Crossbush, near Arundel. It will be a prominent object for many miles round, as the table-land on the top of Causeway Hill has been selected as the site.

REV. WILLIAM MCDONALD.—Bishop Healy, in his sermon at the consecration of Bishop Bradley, paid the following well-deserved tribute to the venerable Father McDonald: "The father of Catholicity in Manchester has been the indefatigable Rev. Wm. McDonald, who enjoys in advanced years the affectionate veneration of his own people and the sincere esteem of his non-Catholic neighbors. Churches, convents, hospitals, schools, societies, all are the fruit of his labors, and by the exercise of patience, prudence, rectitude and intelligence he has seen a hostile community of forty years ago become thoroughly friendly and sympathetic, so that, while he is beloved by Catholics, no man in the city stands higher in the regards of all other citizens. He now sees his beloved Manchester a city and an Episcopal See, and might well rest from his labors. Long may he live!"

THE CORNER STONE of the new St. Anne's Church, Worcester, Mass., the Rev. Denis Scannell, pastor, was laid on Sunday, June 15th, by the Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, Bishop of Springfield. There was an immense crowd to witness the ceremonies.

PREMATURE GRIEF.—An amusing story is current respecting the worthy representative of the Celestial Empire, stationed at Washington. It appears that, while his interpreter was away, his Excellency received by post a yellow paper, covered with figures. These proved quite unintelligible to him; but all the same he immediately proceeded to raise the most piercing and mournful

keen, and commanded that the necessary measures for officially expressing his sincere condolences to the United States Government. Poor man! Bereft of the only one who could interpret the document, he fell back on the customs of his native land, where the official intelligence of the Emperor's death is announced on a piece of yellow paper, and concluded thet President Arthur must surely be no more. His blue garments were doffed for yellow ones, and surrounded and accompanied by his suite, he uttered the most mournful and hollow howls, and this for five mortal hours. At last his trusty interpreter put in an appearance, the yellow paper was reverently and silently handed to him for elucidation, the precise terms of which, he informed the astounded Minister, consisted in — the *gas bill.*

MGR. FABRE recently ordained 125 candidates to various orders of the priesthood in the Catholic Church, at Montreal. They were students from all parts of the United States and Canada, who had graduated at the closing session of the Grand Seminary. This is about the average number of priests ordained from this great divinity school every year. Many of the candidates are from New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, &c.

THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS have taken the radicals by surprise. The result proves the country to be yet Catholic to the core. The brave Flemish people will have none of the state system of godless education devised by the diabolical ingenuity of free-thinkers, free-masons, et al.

THE *Connecticut Catholic.*— DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for July, price $2, comes to us with its usual green cover, emblematic of the country whose interests it has always been the aim of the publisher to defend. This is eminently an Irish magazine, and though it does not confine itself exclusively to Irish affairs, yet there is a sprinkling of the "ould sod" about it, as to render it endearing to the heart of every true Irishman. Its contents are of such a diverse character as to make it interesting to a variety of readers. Mr. Donahoe understands what should constitute a first-class magazine, and success has crowned his endeavors. The low price of this really excellent publication places it within reach of all, and to subscribe for a year, will only induce one to continue the subscriptions for years.

HATCHING ASSASSINATION.— In 1858 a murderous attempt upon the life of the Emperor Napoleon was made by Orsini in the streets of Paris. That plot was hatched and planned in London, but to all remonstrances from France the steady answer was returned: "We have no law which allows us to arrest men for conspiring against foreign powers." The French reply was: "Then you had better make one."

SOME months ago His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., in conversation with an Irish priest, spoke of Daniel O'Connell and said:— "I once had the happiness to be introduced to that great man in the House of Commons in London by the head of the Belgian Legation. I fixed my eyes in admiration on the man who had done so much for the emancipation of the Church in Great Britain and Ireland, and who had labored so strenuously and successfully for his countrymen."

THE SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUST.— This is "seventeen year locust" season in Virginia. According to the *Prairie Farmer*, considerable alarm is felt in some quarters at the announcement. It is a blessing to the country that these voracious fellows are by nature prevented from making a raid all over the country the same year The history of this insect is curious and interesting. The eggs are deposited in small slits made by the female in the branches of trees. In a short time the eggs hatch, and the young larvæ follow down the branches to the trunk, down this to the roots, along the roots to their tips, where they fasten themselves by the beak, through which they draw sustenance. They also attach themselves to other succulent roots. Here they remain for nearly their entire existence of almost seventeen years without other change than a gradual increase in size. They come nearer the surface as the period of transformation approaches. They make cylenderical holes some half an inch in diameter, which they carefully cement and varnish, so as to be impervious to water. In this they

remain for several days. They finally issue from the ground, crawl up a tree or stump, take a rest, and cast their skin. They come out in the evening, and by morning the perfect insect is ready for flight. They seem to prefer the oak to other trees, but will take up with many others, having rather a liking for the apple tree. They usually appear in the latter part of May, and they disappear in about six or seven weeks.

THE PARISITES OF MONEY.— The *Franktfurter Zeitung* states that Dr. Reinsch has found, as the result of a long series of minute investigations, that the surfaces of 50-pfennig pieces (sixpences) which have been long in circulation are the home and feeding ground of a minute kind of bacteria and vegetable fungus. An extended series of observations showed that this is the case with the small coins of all nations, the thin incrustation of organic matter deposited upon their surfaces in the course of long circulation rendering them very suitable for this parasitical settlement. Dr. Reinsch scraped off some of these incrustations, and with a small scapel divided them into fragments, which were subsequently dissolved in distilled water. The employment of lenses of very high power showed the bacteria and fungi distinctly. This is a matter of no little importance from a hygienic point of view. It has now been conclusively established that bacteria form the chief agency in the propagation of epidemic disease. The revelation that they have a chosen domicile in the most widely circulating medium which probably exists in the world presents us with a new factor in the spread of infectious disease. There is, however, a remedy. Where coins have been in circulation for a number of years, if they are washed in a boiling weak solution of caustic potash they will be cleansed from their organic incrustation, and so freed from the unwelcome guests which they harbored.

THERE are a hundred students in the Irish College of Paris, all of whom are Irish by birth, and are studying for the priesthood in various dioceses in Ireland.

THOSE LONG-DRAWN GOOD BYS.— All people have not learned the art of leaving a room in an appropriate manner, says *Every Other Saturday*. When you are ready to depart, do so at once, gracefully and politely, and with no dallying. Don't say, "It's about time I was going," and settle back and talk on aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their host standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They then brighten up visibly, and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping everybody in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave-taking begins, and everybody in general and in particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor, which his friend must risk a cold to hear to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed! There is no need of being offensively abrupt; but when you are ready to go — go!

HOW HE WANTED TO BE SHAVED.— The following incident has been related before but will be enjoyed at this time: The late Charles O'Conor, soon after he took up his residence at Nantucket, had occasion to visit one of the barber shops in the town. The tonsorial artist, elated at the honor he enjoyed in the patronage of so distinguished a citizen, greeted Mr. O'Conor in the following garrulous manner: "Good morning, Mr. O'Conor. Fine morning, sir." No answer. "Think the weather will continue fine, Mr. O'Conor?" No answer. "We've had a good deal of rain, sir." No answer. The great lawyer sat in the chair. "How would you like to be shaved?" inquired the barber, placing a towel about his new costomer's chin. "In silence, sir!" was the stern and solitary reply.

CHARITY IN SOCIETIES.— In order that Catholic societies may, says Bishop Jannsens, of Natchez, remain good and useful, they should practice mutual charity. Charity should prevail in their intercourse and in their deliberations. The members should avoid detractions, bitter remarks, and the throwing out suspicious hints. Scheming and plotting for office or superiority should be discountenanced. They should not be overbearing when in the majority, nor stubborn nor unyielding when in the minority, but in all things forbearing with the

faults of others, and consulting the welfare of the whole body. Be punctual in the practice of your religious duties. Allow none in your ranks except practical Catholics, or those who desire to become so, and require of all the members a strict observance of the duties the Church exacts. With the blessing of the Church and under protection, you will flourish, and without that blessing you shall wither, or, what is worse, you may become a poisonous plant within the Church, which God forbid.

BOLD WORDS.— In the debate in the British House of Commons on the Irish Laborers' Relief Bill, Mr. Parnell said: "Does the government mean to wait until the laborers burn the houses over the heads of dissenting landlords? The laborers have been patient, but it is intolerable they should continue to live upon mud floors until the commission has investigated their grievances." Though the bill, by Mr. Trevelyan's contrivance, was rejected by a vote of 138 to 75, the smallness of the government majority, and the large vote cast for the bill, shows that Mr. Parnell's speech made a deep and profound impression on the Britishers.

ILLITERACY IN ITALY.— The percentage of recruits who can neither read nor write in the Italian army during the last sixteen years has been calculated as follows: in Piedmont, 27 per cent.; in Lombardy, 33 per cent.; in Venezia, 43 per cent.; in Tuscany, 51 per cent.; in the Roman Province, 54 per cent.; in the remaining States of the Church, 54-62 per cent.; in the Neapolitan province, 69 per cent.; in Sicily, 74 per cent.; in Sardinia, 74 per cent. It is quite clear that the school-master has yet much to do in all parts of Italy.

INFIRMITIES AMONG CHILDREN.— Some rather startling disclosures with regard to the amount of bodily infirmities among school children in Germany are published by the *Weser Zeitung*. It is found that in Wurzburg one quarter of the school children suffer from various corporal ailments. Thus there are 421 short-sighted, 152 entirely or partly deaf, 103 with chronic inflammation of the eyes, 130 scrofulous, 53 crippled, and 49 epileptic. It is believed that the over-burdening of school children is a more crying evil in Germany than even with us.

NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.— The dedication exercises of the new St. Mary's Parochial School building, on Stillman street, Boston, drew a large audience to witness the ceremonies, on the afternoon of Sunday, June 29. A part of the exercises was the address of Master Edward Shannon, to the Archbishop who, towards the close, spoke as follows: My dear friends of St. Mary's: It certainly is a great pleasure to me to assist at the opening of your new hall and the blessing of the new school. It is pleasant to assist at the completion of any work, and when it is the completion of a parish, after the building of a new church, a new pastor house, it is surely a time for congratulation, and I congratulate you with all my heart. Why do we want parochial schools? Are not the common schools good enough for us? They are good enough for us in the things of this world. Their reading, writing, and arithmetic are excellent, and we wish to emulate them, but we want more than they can give us. Of what use will their education be to us when we are to pass away from this world? If we were to live here forever, or to perish when we died, we might, perhaps, prefer their schools to ours, but we look upon the schools here as stepping stones to the great eternity. We want our children to grow up not simply knowing writing and arithmetic, but knowing why they are here, what they are to do after they leave here, and this is what they do not teach in the public schools. We have nothing to say against the public schools. But we do not want them when we can do better; and with the blessing of God we shall do better. (Applause.) They tell us we can teach our children religion in the Sunday school. But it is not mere teaching, not the learning of the catechism, that makes the benefit of the parochial school; it is the Catholic atmosphere in which they live from morning until night. That is what makes the Catholic school a benefit to Catholic children. We want schools, too, that we shall not be ashamed of. We want to be able to open our schools to every one and say there is nothing better than this. I trust that all of you will become more and more attached to your schools, and if any of your friends have neglected to send their children, encourage them. (Applause.)

The building is large, airy and commodius, and is a credit to the zeal, energy and perseverence of both the Pastor,

Rev. Fr. Duncan, S. J., and people of St. Mary's Parish. The new school will be opened in September with Father Byrne as superintendent, with the Sisters of Notre Dame as teachers for the girls, and with hired teachers for the boys.

NEVER REFUSE THE NEEDY.— During the famine in 1848 there lived a Catholic gentleman farmer, who made it his charitable practice to feed each night a great number of poor children with a substantial supper. After the usual large number of applications, there came one night a poor hungry boy for admittance, but, as the table was full, he was refused. With tears in his eyes he left the good proprietor, while the gentleman stood motionless by. Seeing the boy so disappointed, a thought struck him. "How would it be to us," he said to one of his sons, "if we had to die this moment and our good God would say 'My heaven is full.'" He dispatched his son direct to the hungry boy, who was brought back and placed at the table. After enjoying a hearty meal he went home delighted.

THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE, published at St. Louis, Mo., is among the best of our Catholic publications devoted to the young folk. One of the editors is a contributor to our MAGAZINE, both in prose and poetry. The price is only 75 cents a year. We will send our MAGAZINE and the Youth's for $2 a year.

THE Pottery Works at Belleek, Ireland, have been bought by a company, and will once more give employment to many hands, as was the case before the death of the late owner, Mr. McBirney. Belleek china is exceedingly pretty. It is of a rich cream tinge, shot with delicate changing tints, and particularly dainty ornaments are made of it.

A WARNING.— Rev. Father Warmoll, an English clergymen, warns his Protestant neighbors of the danger of being indifferent to the great questions at issue between the Church and the Sects — a matter of which non-Catholics need to be told: "Remember that you may be mistaken, you are not infallible, you do not claim to be infallible; you must admit that what I say may be true. Supposing it is true: there is only One Truth — the truth as it is written in the mind of God — the truth in the mind of God made known to man, made known by the voice of Christ, made known by the voice of S. Peter, the first Bishop of Rome — made known by S. Linus, the second Bishop of Rome, in the hearing of the Apostles, who had seen and handled the Christ — this same Truth made known to the world to-day, by the two-hundred-and fifty-eighth Bishop of Rome, — Leo XIII."

A REMARKABLE lighthouse lantern was placed in position at the National Exhibition in Dublin, but owing to its size it had to be removed into the open air. It is intended for Mew Island, an important point near Belfast, and at its full capacity is expected to give a light equal to 2,500,000 candles, visible at a distance of forty miles if placed at the proper elevation. The illuminating agent is gas, consumed in specially constructed ring burners so arranged that by the aid of lenses the power can be increased in murky or foggy weather from an ordinary light of the first-class to the most penetrating beam that has even been thrown from a light-house tower. The light requires no attention, and the changes in its intensity with the character of the weather are made in the simplest manner, without labor or trouble on the part of the light-house keepers.

TIT FOR TAT.— I have come to the conclusion that the street car is an admirable school in which to study human nature in all its phases. Last Friday I saw a neat return lesson in politeness administered, which was extremely amusing. The car was full of passengers, and side by side sat a big burly negro and a nervous, rather cross-looking white man. Presently a lady entered, and stood for a half a minute or so, when the white man turned to the negro and asked, "Why don't you offer that lady your seat?" "Sartainly, sah, sartainly," replied the negro, as he once rose up, politely offered her the seat, and stepped to the front part of the car. Soon after a negro woman entered the car, and not a motion was made to give her a seat. The negro waited for a moment or two, and then stepping to where his late instructor in courtesy was sitting, took off his hat, and said, "Scuse me, sah, but

why don't you offer this lady yo' seat?" The man looked as if two or three bolts of lightning had struck him, hesitated a moment, and blurted out "I will," and left the car.

Western Watchman, St. Louis, Mo:— The Orangemen of the country are uniting to oppose Blaine because he is an enemy of English supremacy; the Americans (a Protestant organization to which Gen. Grant belongs) will oppose him because his sister is a Catholic. These fellows may yet persuade us to vote for the "Plumed Knight."

A GERMAN paper says, that the latest calculations give the total strength of the Freemasons all over the world as 17,160,643 members.

COADJUTOR BISHOP OF CORK. — Rt. Rev. Dr. Callaghan, the Dominican prior, recently appointed coadjutor of the bishop of Cork, and bishop of Lambez in *Pactibus*, was consecrated in Rome on the 29th of June, by Cardinal Simeoni with a grand and impressive ceremony. The students of the Irish College assisted at the altar. Most of the English colony were present.

"LABORING ALL THE DAY AND CATCHING NOTHING." *London Tablet:* It is really touching the way in which pious Protestants continue to pour ou their money in the hopes of turning little ews or little Mussulmans into Anglicans. Mr. J. Courtenay has recently come forward with a statement as to the financial situation of the missions which the Church Missionary Society has carried on in Palestine. It appears that efforts extending over the last thirty-three years, and involving an expenditure of £100,000, have not yet resulted in the conversion of so much as even one solitary Mohammedan. The London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews has, for the last fifty-nine years, had a mission in Jerusalem, and the same authority seriously assures the English public that during the last six years the society has spent five thousand four hundred pounds per annum without having a single recreant Jew to show for it. As the writer confines his statement to the last six years, we may, perhaps, conclude that previous to that period the Society had succeeded in capturing a few specimens. Surely public opinion will support Mr. Courtenay in his demand for an inquiry into this extraordinary waste of money, given with the very best of intentions.

WERE NOT FREE MASONS. — In a recent article on the late Encyclical, the Paris *Temps*, among other erroneous statements, asserted that "Mastai, who became later on Pope Pius IX., was in his youth, if we mistake not, affiliated to a lodge. Charles X., Louis XVIII., Louis Philippe, Napoleon III., and a number of other sovereigns have also been Freemasons." The *Moniteur de Rome* in noticing this repetition of an old woman's oft told tale, calls the attention of the *Temps* and its readers to the following passage, extracted from the last number of the *Chaine d'Union*, "*The Journal of Universal Masonry*" (April, 1884, p. 138); the article is signed by the editor, M. Hubert: "Several papers, in the lists they give of eminent persons who have belonged to Freemasonry, quote the names of Napoleon I., Napoleon III., Pius IX. We have previously proved in these columns, by irrefutable testimony, that these persons had never belonged to Freemasonry. It is also stated that Louis Philippe was a Mason, and that Marshal Canrobert and M. Jules Grévy are Masons; I believe I may say that this is erroneous."

THE STONE OF DESTINY. — Notwithstanding the theory of Dr. Petrie, the Irish historian, it has hitherto been generally assumed that the stone under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey is the veritable *Lia fail*, or Stone of Destiny, which was brought by the Milesians when they landed in Ireland, and subsequently sent to Scotland to give solemnity to the crowning of the first Irish king of that country. The authorities of Westminster Abbey accepted this tradition, and up to a few weeks ago a printed notice was attached to the Coronation Chair, stating that the stone was the one on which the Irish kings were crowned for ages; that it was afterwards taken to Scotland, where it remained in the Abbey of Scone until the reign of Edward the First, when it was transferred to Westminster Abbey. This notice was recently removed, and another one substituted in which all reference to Ireland was omitted. A question will be asked in Parliament about the matter.

Personal.

J. HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, son of Justin McCarthy, M. P. was elected to Parliament from Athlone on the 12th of June.

REV. FATHER STAMBA, a colored priest, is a Professor in a Catholic University in Germany. He made his theology at the Propaganda, being a fellow-student there of the Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D., of Cincinnati.

REV. A. J. SCHULTE, of the Arch-Diocese of Philadelphia, has been appointed Pro-Rector of the American College at Rome.

THE venerable pastor of St. Martinsville, La., Father Jan, celebrated on the 7th of June, the fifty-eighth anniversary of his ordination. He is still as hale, hearty and energetic as a healthy man of forty.

PRINCE HENRY VON-HANAU, son of the Elector and Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel and grand-nephew of Emperor William, has been received into the Church by the Papal Nuncio at Paris.

MR. PHILIP CALLAN, M. P. for Louth, has written to a friend in Paris announcing the success of his visit to the Argentine Republic for the purpose of founding an Irish colony, and stating that he intends to return there next month.

MR. PATRICK H. HORAN, of Horan Bros., hardware dealers, Washington street, Boston, was united in marriage to Miss Mary F. Kennedy, daughter of the late Philip Kennedy, Esq., by the Rev. Father Gallagher, of St. Patrick's Church, Boston Highlands, on the 10th inst. The reception held in the evening at their residence, 17 Laurel street, was a brilliant one, over eighty couples being present, many of whom presented the newly married pair with valuable and very useful souvenirs. Tufts, caterer, did the honors of the occasion. The American Band Orchestra discoursed music during the evening.

PETER MCCORRY, editor of the *Catholic Herald*, who knows the Orangemen well, says in his last paper: "Ruadh Spencer visited Belfast, and talked and was banquetted, and not even a single red hair of his head was molested. We were right, therefore, in our prognostications when we affirmed, that with all their bully and bluster, the Orange rowdies of the North of Ireland would not carry out their threats against the Lord Lieutenant At the passage of the Church Disestablishment Bill, the Orange bullies threatened to kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne. But they didn't kick it. Orange feet have too many bunions and corns."

MR. PATRICK BANIGAN, of Providence, R. I., built, at his own expense, a house for the Little Sisters of the Poor, in the vicinity of that ci y, at a cost of $150,000! "As an investment," says the *Catholic Review*, "it will be that which will give Mr. Banigan the surest return."

JAMES STEPHENS, *London Universe:* WE ask ourselves, is it true that Mr. James Stephens is really about convening an Irish conference at Paris. The ancient Head Centre should recollect that old times are changed, and old manners gone, and that Stewart Parnell now fills the throne. When James denounces dynamite we are with him; when he dreams of an independent Irish Republic in his generation, we know he has been over-eating himself on pork-pie, and has had a night-mare. Sorry would we be to utter a word against the man who, indirectly, but indubitably, first shattered the foundations of the Irish Church Establishment; but when he speaks inane folly we must raise our protest. That Stephens was a sincere and disinterested worker for Ireland, according to his gifts, we believe, and that he is now not absolutely wallowing in wealth we have heard; and it is not pleasant. But when congresses in Paris to benefit Ireland are spoken of — congresses at which that wild Irishman, Jeremiah O'Donovan, is asked to be present— we cannot restrain a laugh, sad though spiced with derision. No good can come of such gatherings, and much more sensible it would be to encourage the delegates to spend their travelling charges at home. Does not James Stephens know that England is virtually a Republic, only the ruler is for life, not a term, and is styled Queen, not President.

Notices of Recent Publications.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

"CATHOLIC:" AN ESSENTIAL AND EXCLUSIVE ATTRIBUTE OF THE TRUE CHURCH. By Rt. Rev. Monseignor Capel, D. D. Price 50 cents.

The author addresses the members of the Protestant Episcopal Convention, held at Philadelphia in the year of grace 1883, and to those whom they represented. The preface says: "Catholic" was decreed to be a note of the Christian Church, fifteen hundred years ago, by its teachers assembled in General Council. "The Protestant Episcopal Church," in the United States, created in the year 1789, now lays claim to the name Catholic. But this is already in the possession of the Roman Church. To try and establish who is the lawful possessor, is the object of this work. Calm, honest, investigation of the matter, cannot be other than an olive branch of peace, leading prayerful, earnest souls, into the Ark of Salvation. We trust inquiring Protestants will give this book a candid and impartial perusal. It is from one who has heir salvation at heart, and whose arguments are incontrovertible. Catholics should endeavor to spread this book among their dissenting brethren.

CHILDREN'S BOOK! A Collection of Exquisite Stories and Verses, imitated after the German of Julius Sturm, by Agnes Sadlier. With colored frontispiece and upwards of forty illustrations after original designs by German Artists. 1 Vol., Octavo, with beautiful Ink and Gold Design, finest English Cloth, all Bright Colors. Price $1.50.

This book is only to be seen to win golden opinions for its writer and the designer who so skilfully and artistically supplements her efforts. When such talents combine the result must be an exceptionally happy one. The Children's Book consists of tales, graded so as to adapt the volume to the taste and understanding of all the young, down to the very youngest who have any acquaintance with the art of reading. Verses, written in a most picturesque and pleasing style, vary this intellectual feast for the little ones; while, over all, like the perfume over the flower, is the bloom of a purely Catholic spirit. In short, we feel that the Children's Book has only to be known to become a veritable Children's Classic.

The authoress is the daughter of our venerable friend, the publisher. We congratulate the father and daughter upon their success in giving the Catholic public so charming a book for the rising generation. It comes atthe nick of time for a premium book for our young folk.

THE CHILDREN OF THE GOLDEN SHEAF AND OTHER POEMS. By Eleanor C. Donnelly, author of "Out of Sweet Solitude," "Crowned with Stars," "Hymns of the Sacred Heart," and other works.

This is a beautiful book, and by the sweetest of our Catholic poets. It is dedicated to the children of our Catholic schools, at home and abroad, with the tender love and prayerful interest of the authoress. It is neatly bound and well printed and sold for sixty-five cents, and may be had of any of the Catholic booksellers.

CHARACTERISTICS from the writings of JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Being selections Pictorial, Historical, Philosophical, and Religious, from his various works. Arranged by William Samuel Lilly, of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. With the Author's approval. Price bound, $1.25. In paper, 25cts.

The title sets forth the contents of this book. Anything from the pen of the Great Cardinal Newman, must interest the Protestant as well as the Catholic reader.

Benziger Bros. N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

LUTHER'S OWN STATEMENTS CONCERNING HIS TEACHING AND ITS RESULTS. Taken exclusively from the earliest and best editions of his German and Latin works. By Henry O'Connor, S. J. 12mo, Paper, 15 cents. "My own opinion has always been that the only way of rightly exposing that infamous man is by giving his own words from his authentic writings. This you have done very well." Rt. Rev. Bishop ULLATHORNE, Birmingham.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATHER POPE LEO XIII. On the sect of the Freemasons. Authorized edition. Fine edition, free by mail, 10 cents; per hundred, $6.00. Cheap edition, free by mail, 5 cents; per hundred, $3.00 The same in German. This is the authorized edition.

L. F. Kilroy, Detroit, Mich.

ADVANTAGES AND NECESSITY OF FREQUENT COMMUNION, ASSERTED AND PROVED FROM SCRIPTURE, AUTHORITY AND TRADITION. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Detroit, Mich., L. F. Kilroy. Price 50 cts., Paper, $1.00, cloth.

The above book was first published in London, in the year 1780. This Book, says the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, can never be recommended too much to all good Christians for its piety and solidity and the beneficial effects it is suited to produce in the mind and heart of the reader.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ia.

Francis Macary, the Cabinet-Maker of Lavour. By Henry Lasterree. The in-

teresting story of a life and wonderful cure by the water of Lourdes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A new series of Irish Nationalist publications, based on the lines laid down by the Young Ireland party of 1848, is shortly to be issued by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K. C. M. G., late Premier of Victoria, who was associated with a past Irish struggle, and has for some time been residing at his chateau near Nice. Sir Charles has "secured the services of well-known Irish writers and politicians. Mr. John O'Leary will contribute to the series two volumes — 'The Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone,' and a sketch of Fenianism. Thomas Clarke Luby, one of the I. R. B. Council of Three in 1865, will be another contributor, while Sir Charles himself is preparing a 'Life of Thomas Davis, the Irish Nationalist poet.'" It is understood, adds the correspondent, that these gentlemen, or at least some of them, contemplate starting, later on, a newspaper in Dublin for the propagation of their particular ideas.

"PILGRIMS AND SHRINES."— The *London Tablet* has a long review of Miss Stall's book, in which it says: Miss Stall, whose *Patron Saints* has been so widely read, seems to be specially qualified for the biography of souls eminently gifted, who have in past times sacrificed, or been ready to sacrifice themselves and all they had for Christ, his Vicar, and their brethren in the faith. It would not be doing justice to *Pilgrims and Shrines* if we omitted to mention the carefully-written chapters which adorn the close of the second volume, Orvieto, Siena, and Pisa, in which so much that is artistic bends with religion. Many of the works of art of the eleventh and twelfth centuries are described in a manner to please Ruskin himself. St. Macarius is drawn wandering among Egyptian tombs, where he has his dwelling-place: He turns over a skull with his staff, saying, "To whom do you belong?" and the skull answers, "To a Pagan." Then, looking into the empty sockets, the saint asks, "Where art thou?" and the skull replies, "In hell." And Macarius asks, "How deep?" "A distance," replies the skull, "greater than from heaven to earth." Then asks the saint: "Are there any deeper than thou?" "Yes, the Jews are deeper still." And again asks Macarius: "Are there any deeper than the Jews?" To which answer the skull: "Yes, verily; for Christians whom Christ has redeemed, and who show by their actions that they despise His doctrine, are deeper still."

IN our July issue, Messrs. Benziger Bros. are stated to have in press lessons in English Literature. It is John Murphy & Co., who are about to print the book.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Song of the Wanderer," music by F. Van Suppe. "Grandfather's Old Arm Chair," words by Geo. Russell Jackson, music by Sam Lucas. "Can You Wonder," Song and Chorus, by D. G. Johns. "Josie Lee," words and music by Geo. M. Clark. "Biddy Maloney," Song and Chorus by Harry Birch. "Beautiful Dreams," words by Ida Scott Taylor, music by H. P. Danks. "My Angel Bird," Waltz Song, by Chas. A. White." "A Mother Is The Best Friend After All," Song, arranged for Guitar by W. L. Hayden.

Instrumental: "The Campbells Are Coming," arranged by Wm. Gorch. 'Awakening of Love," Grand March by Claude S. Haven. "Song of the Sparrow," by Carl Riche. "Sailing," March by C. D Blake." Murmurings of the Woods," by H. Lichner. "The First Debut of the Young Pianist for Piano," by R. Beyer.

BEWARE OF THE WEED.— An English physician has been investigating the effect of smoking on boys. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less taste for strong drink. In twelve there were frequently bleedings of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

THE Catholic see of Pekin, China, has been rendered vacant by the death of Monseigneur de la Place. The deceased Prelate, a native of Auxerre (France), was born in 1820, and at the age of 25 went out as a missionary to China. He was made Bishop of the Celestial capital n 1870. Monseigneur de la Place was held in high esteem and regard by all the French diplomatists whose duties called them to that quarter of the globe, and his affable manner was, more than once, a means of smoothing the way for negotiation. There is a Catholic community of 30,000 in Pekin. R. I. P.

CLERGYMEN.

ON June 12, Rev. William H. Clowry, rector of St. Gabriel's Church, in East Thirty-seventh street, in New York city, died consoled and supported by the Sacraments of the Church, to which he had devoted all the energies of his life. Father Clowry had been rector of St. Gabriel's for twenty-five years, and almost thirty-five years a priest. Father Clowry was born in Ballytarsna, a village in County Carlow, Ireland, in September, 1822. He was educated in Carlow College and afterward in Maynooth.

THE remains of the Very Rev. P. Crane, O. S. A., ex-Provincial, who died recently in Ireland, were interred in the Augustinian Church, Grantstown. The deceased, who was seventy-one years of age, was a native of the parish of Bannow, in which the convent is situated, and was the first of four brothers who became members of the Order of St. Augustine.

REV. ANTHONY KONINGS, C. H. R Prof. of Moral Theology and Cannon-law, died at the novitiate, at Ilchester, Md., on the 1st of June, aged 63 years. He was the author of Theologia Moralis, and other learned works. May his soul rest in peace.

SISTER.

SISTER BLANCHE, the Superior of St. Vincent's Female Orphan Asylum, on the corner of Tenth and G streets, died at Washington, D. C., after an illness of several months. She was 64 years old, and was born in Ireland, her name before entering the order of the Sisters of Charity being Rooney. She was a cousin of the late Father Boyle, of this city, and was in charge of the orphan asylum at Richmond, Va., during the war.

LAY PEOPLE.

DEATH OF LORD FARNHAM.—The death is announced of Lord Farnham at Farnham, county Cavan, Ireland, in his eighty-first year. The deceased, who was born in 1803, was formerly M. P. for the county Cavan. He was twice married, first to the youngest daughter of Baron Pennefather, who died in 1861, and secondly to the youngest daughter of Mr. Samuel Delap, of Monellan, county Donegal, which lady died in 1873. The deceased peer succeeded to the title in August, 186°, on the death of his brother, who it will be remembered, perished with his wife in the dreadful railway disaster on the London and North-Western Railway, near Abergele. Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. James Pierce Maxwell, who was born in 1813, succeeds his brother the deceased baron.

M. DE RATISBONNE, whose death we recently announced, had been educated for a commercial by his father, the President of the Hebrew Consistory of Strasburg, paid a visit to Rome in the early part of 1842, on his way to the East, where he had been ordered to travel in order to recruit his health. Having gone the round of the churches and other buildings in the Eternal City he was about to depart for Naples, when he made the acquaintance of the Baron de Bussiéres. The Baron had some years before abjured the errors of Protestantism, and it was but natural that religion should have formed the principal topic of conversation between them, especially as M. de Ratisbonne had a bitter contempt for Christianity at the time, which he took no pains to conceal. The little incident to which, under God Alphonse owed his conversion, is effec

tively told by himself. After a long discussion, M. Bussiére asked him, as a favor, to wear a medal of the Blessed Virgin. "The proposition," M. de Ratisbonne said afterwards, "surprised me on account of its peculiarity. I laughed in derision at first, but as it struck me that the incident would make a delightful chapter in my *impressions de voyage*, I consented to take the medal which I could show to my betrothed as a corroboration of my story. The medal was placed on my neck, and I cried with a laugh: 'Behold me a Catholic, Apostolic and Roman!' M. de Bussiére added: 'That is not enough. You must promise to recite, every morning and night, the *Memorare*, a very short prayer which St. Bernard addressed to the Virgin Mary.'" Alphonse de Ratisbonne laughed heartily at his friend's request; but he promised to comply. And he did comply, although he was busily engaged for the next few days in preparing for his Oriental journey. Having at the pressing invitation of his friend agreed to prolong his stay in Rome for a short time, the young Jew visited the principal churches in his company. The divine grace, however, did not seem to come to him. At last, on the 18th of January, 1842, he entered the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte with his friend. As his eye wandered round the sacred edifice a strange feeling took possession of him. He fell on his knees, seized the medal which hung round his neck, and kissed it fervently, while his eyes were bathed in tears. A few days afterwards he was received into the Church by the late Cardinal Patrizi, and made his First Communion. The event is commemorated in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte by paintings on the walls of Our Lady's Chapel, and by special devotions on the anniversary of the remarkable conversion. Like his brother, the Abbé Theodore, Alphonse immediately on his conversion dedicated his life to the propagation of Christian truth among the Jews.

In 1825, the year Mr. Donahoe came to Boston, there were only three or four priests in all New England. To-day there is one Archbishop, six Bishops, some eight hundred priests, and a population of nearly a million of Catholics.

The Convention of the Young Men's Catholic National Union, assembled in Baltimore on the 18th of June. The committee on credentials reported that there were four archdioceses, nine dioceses, and fifty-five societies represented. The convention remained in session two days. At the conclusion, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. J. H. Mitchell, of Brooklyn; First Vice-President, Rev J. J. Cleary, of Philadelphia; Second Vice-President, W. F. B. Whall, of Boston; Secretary, Thomas S. Byrne, of Washington, D. C. Executive Committee, T. F. Ryan, of Newark: J. F. Beagan, of New York, and John Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn. Newark was decided upon as the place of holding the next convention, which is to be not later than the 15th of May. The general impression of the convention was, that it was an improvement over that of last year, and that the Union is on a more substantial basis than ever before.

That enterprising firm, Lord & Thomas, newspaper advertising, have produced a pocket rule for measuring advertisments that will prove a great convenience to advertisers and newspaper men generally. It is neat and accurate, and will undoubtedly become the standard. They will send it to any address for ten cents, and to their customers free.—*Chicago Herald.*

At Vienna a Mormon "missionary" was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, for "baptising" a man and a woman in the Danube Canal in such cold weather that the man took to flight and the woman fainted.

Consumption Cured.— An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human sufferings, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this Magazine. W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XII. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1884. No. 3.

*The Works of Doctor Brownson.**

IT is now some months since we were last able to refer to the new edition of the works of this great writer and prolific publicist; and the result is, that no less than three volumes have accumulated upon our table, and now call for attention and review. Our readers will remember that when the new collection of Doctor Brownson's works was first begun to be given to the world we were led to express a strong opinion upon at least two points: (1) as to the inadvisability, to use no stronger word, of republishing his heterodox writings; and (2) that, if it was considered requisite for a proper understanding of his career that such writings should be republished, that they should, at least, be accompanied by a running and authoritive commentary, analyzing and pointing out their errors. Although we stood, as we believe, alone amongst the Catholic press of America expressing this opinion, we felt that our intentions would not be misunderstood or misinterpreted, for, while we so spoke, we endeavored to make as plain as possible our expression of sincere admiration of the great genius, untiring industry and wonderful zeal of Doctor Brownson. What we then wrote, we must still adhere to, and the line of thought to which we then gave words, we must still enunciate.

The first endeavor of every Catholic publicist should be to guard the truth; for it, and it alone, must ever be the only unchangable and unfailing standard whereby men can guide their steps aright. Truth is the compass which ever points to the pole of light; and though in following its guidance, one may have to pass through thorny and rugged places, yet even such are better than to neglect its pointings, or to shroud its face, so that we may wander at will in the more flowery and pleasant ways, which, after all, end in doubt. It was, therefore, that

* The works of Orestes A. Brownson, collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson, Vols. VII., VIII., IX. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse, Publisher.

we felt called upon to pass the verdict we did, and that we now, again, feel bound to say some few words of somewhat similar drift.

Now, does any one suppose that if the new edition of Doctor Brownson's works was submitted, just as it is now, to the Sacred Congregation of the Index at Rome, that it would receive their approval? Does any one either, to come nearer home, suppose that any American theologian could be got to write on its title page, *Nihil obstat*, or any American prelate, *Imprimatur?* We, at any rate, think not, and we must now give our reasons for so thinking.

Our first reason and our chiefest is, that if heretical, or heterodox writings are given to the reading public, it does not matter one tittle whether the man who sends them forth calls himself a Catholic, a Protestant, or a Jew, for, as it seems to us, by their issuance, he must do a certain amount of harm, to use a mild word, and cannot possibly secure any counterbalancing advantage. For we take it as an axiom that if you have made one man a sinner, you can hardly erase that item in the score, which is kept for us all in the eternal records, by merely saying you have converted another to be a saint. And, therefore, we hold that to send forth any writings which are distinctly heretical and heterodox without, at the same time, supplying a clear exposition of their errors, their absurdities, and their contradictions, is to run a very serious risk indeed. Our second reason for speaking so strongly as we have done, in disapproval of the mode adopted in preparing the present issue of Doctor Brownson's writings, springs from our first, and is, briefly, that certain of his writings were admittedly heretical and heterodox, and baneful as they were, are now published anew without the supplying of any antidote to their multiform errors. Our third reason for taking the stand we have done, lies in the strong belief we have conceived that were Doctor Brownson himself alive, his olden writings would never have been brought to light again unaccompanied by that commentary, to the necessity of supplying which, we have so often alluded. And our fourth and last is, that while Doctor Brownson undoubtedly became a stanch Catholic, honorably earned the title of a great American, and was a prolific and voluminous writer in an age wherein prolific and voluminous writers are, perhaps, too common, he was yet, never, not even in his last and most orthodox days, a strictly accurate, or an unvaryingly exact, theologian. No master of a class would venture to send a pupil, whom he wished to instruct correctly in Catholic philosophy, to Doctor Brownson's works as entirely safe text-books; for, upon many points, even when a Catholic, the Doctor and some of our best theologians vary, and most masters of classes will be inclined to think the theologians most likely to be right.

These are the reasons why we have not felt ourselves at liberty to join in that indiscriminating chorus of approval and eulogy with which our Catholic press has received the new edition of Doctor Brownson's works, and why we have felt compelled to express the opinions we did in our earlier notices; but these reasons, nor the opinions we have formed, do not prohibit us from expressing our approval of the three volumes before us in which are contained the third and fourth parts of his writings in defence of the Church, as well as his criticisms upon certain modern scientific theories; that is, if our approval be taken in a general sort of way, and not as embracing everything within the covers of the books to which we have referred. For we have a sincere admiration for Doctor Brownson, we venerate his memory as that of one who was a true soldier of the Faith in the way in which soldiers are of most use to the Church now, and we have written as we have done, solely and only, because we believe that were the great philosophic writer himself able to use his pen, words akin to those which we have ventured to write would have fallen from his pen. No one who knows aught of the life of Doctor Brownson can have failed to have perceived his great hatred of error, and no one who has realized the existence of this prominent trait, throughout his entire career, can doubt that, illumined and inspired as he surely now is, nothing would be more likely to be displeasing to him than the rehabilitating and refurbishing of all his olden mistakes. What Doctor Brownson wrote wrong, is not the less wrong because Doctor Brownson wrote it, and his erroneous doctrines, his errors in theology, are not the less mistakes, because they are his. In fine, Doctor Brownson's works should have had very different editing to that which has been given them; and we are the more provoked at this unfortunate fact, because we believe that the present editor could, if he had so willed, have given them just the sort of editing which they needed, and which they should have had, in order to render them really valuable to the bulk of the Catholic public. There are too many pages which sadly need one or more notes which might well, and could easily have been, supplied by the present editor. For ourselves, we cannot imagine why some such course was not adopted. The value of the edition, merely as a commercial project, would have been increased tenfold, while its value to religion would have been placed beyond cavil.

Were we writing for any but the Catholic public, we should, perhaps, have some fear of being misunderstood in what we have written. We are not presuming to criticise Doctor Brownson as a Catholic writer; we are not setting up the standard of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, in matters of Faith and Morals as different to, or higher than that of, Brownson's

Quarterly Review; we are simply deducing certain conclusions from facts, which are perfectly well known to all our readers, and submitting for their consideration truths which seem to us to be strictly correlative to those deductions.

Our readers will, of course, remember that in what we have written our object has not been to attempt to criticise Doctor Brownson's Catholic writings, for to set ourselves any such task as that, would savor of the ridiculous. The name and fame of the illustrious Catholic author stands too high in the estimation of civilized humanity, for us to fall into any such error. What we have chiefly ventured to express an opinion upon, is not so much Doctor Brownson's works, *per se*, as rather upon the new edition of Doctor Brownson's works; and lest there should be any misconception of our views upon the subject we are anxious to repeat that we feel a deep and sincere respect for the talents, the labors, the magnificent struggling towards the light, of the lamented and departed philosopher, while we likewise, and at the same time, feel that a great opportunity has been missed upon the present occasion of making the reprint of his works a glorious vindication, a lucid exposition, and an impressive explanation of the truths, the rights and the laws of which the Catholic Church is the Divinely appointed guardian.

WILLIAM FRANCIS DENNEHY.

An Old Man's Story: A Tale Told at Intervals.

I.

My first recollections are of a calm and childlike life in a peaceful village situated in one of the loveliest vales of the county of Wicklow. My father was dead and I, with my mother, dwelt with my grandfather, my father's father, who, having toiled and saved as only my humble countrymen know how to do, was now counted, as his neighbors about would have it, meaning thereby that he had store of coin, "a snug man." My mother was still young, and to me, who knew the great depth of her dark blue eyes, and the sweetness of her loving smile, and the great love of her Irish woman's heart, was, and is, my highest type of earthly beauty. She made home, and our home was not over-wealthy,— the landlord and the tithe-proctor secured that,— the best loved place on earth to me. Round her all my boyish hopes

were centred, and my proudest dreams were of a coming time when manlike strength would enable me to toil to win a home of my own for my mother and myself. God help me, never a thought had I then, of ever a care to house or home any other being. My mother and I, I and my mother, were all the world one to the other, and in sweet content our life was passed in my grandfather's olden home. The times wherein we lived were troublous enough, but the storms of politics in the great world outside, hardly produced a ripple in our little community. There were few newspapers then, and our letters were fewer still, and somehow, it seems to me, as if we never felt the want of more. I can still recollect the event it was when my grandfather was perforce compelled to write a letter. How he was moody and thoughtful for a full day before, and scarcely spoke, save in quick monosyllables, and, when at last he came to write, woe was it to me if I spoke a word, or by one sound broke the perfect quiet of our little room, while with slow and painful progress his pen traced out the thoughts he wanted words for.

Somewhat of a conservative, as it seems to me now, was my grandfather. A man not over-easily moved to action or to anger, grave and full of thought, upright and honest as the day, full of religious faith, and love and trust in the God that gave him life. He had lived through worse days than those we know, he had climbed the high mountains to hear Mass, he had stood sentinel and watched the red coats in the valley, while the priest offered the holy sacrifice, and many a night and many a day, he had guided the steps of God's annointed ministers, when they visited the district in which he lived. So now that our faith had had somewhat of freedom given it, now that prosperity enough had been granted him, and now that age had set its hand upon him, he was noways anxious for change, and rather chide me, for my angry questionings as to the why and wherefore of the many things in our little community which puzzled me. I never could understand why we gave of our little crops to the Protestant parson, whose church door I, in the hot vigor of my young faith, would as soon have crossed as that of Hades itself, nor could I see why our people were so ready to bare their heads when the great, old lumbering coach of the Lady Luttrell passed through our little village bearing herself and her heir, back from Dublin to the "big house," whose high pitched roofs and upper windows showed above the trees, just beyond the ivy-grown Protestant church, on the slight elevation which lifted both above our little homes. But my grandfather had few words for my questionings; it has often seemed to me since as if he feared to have to answer them, as if, child though I was, my questions brought

up thoughts he dreaded. When I asked why he bowed his head to the proud, dark, old lady in the carriage he could only say, because she was "the mistress," and when the gale-day approached, and I saw him counting the coins wherewith to pay the rent of our little holding, I could get no answers at all to my inquiries, why we should pay for the privilege of working so hard as we did, how the landlord came to own the land, and as it seemed to me, to own us too, and why he was always so glad that, on such days, after his return from the "big house," he had not to tell of any addition to his future rent. Ah me! these things which puzzled me then, grew very plain as the years went on.

As I grew older I became more and more fond of reading and my great delight was when our good, holy, old Parish Priest whom we all loved so dearly, for whose sake every man in the parish would have died if need were, took me after Mass, which I — to my mother's proud delight — had served, into his little dwelling and lent me some good book or books. From these volumes I learned much. I gathered the story of Ireland's cruel wrongs, of the foul persecution of our people and our faith, and many a Sunday when I wandered away, with some loved tome which told of the past, to the high, green hillside have I, who came out to read, sank into reverie and day dreams and pictured to myself a future time when all that was would be changed; when, with another Sarsfield, our youth would charge across some fair field down upon the legions of the foe; when the wrongs of centuries would be blotted out in the glorious ecstasy of a nation's triumph. To me to whom life seemed such a very eternity then, it appeared as if I could give up ten years or more of my allotted span of existence only to be granted the right of riding in the first rank of Ireland's troopers in her first great victory, to see the hated foreigners turn before our squadrons, and then, and then! to be amongst *them*. The very thought was rapture, and I felt myself a soldier, as indeed, if wish and will have aught to do with making men, I was. Years have gone by since,— a year is a more precious thing to me now than it seemed then,— and yet I cannot condemn the hopes that stirred my heart, which made my fingers tingle, and my blood run quick. To-day as then, old as I am, I would give much to see what I then believed I should, though, God forgive me, such thoughts and wishes ill befit a man so old as I am.

So life passed in our little village, quiet and regular, with hardly a change in the monotony of its usual course save when, though this was rarely, a troop of horse or a score or so of infantry marching to or from Dublin, passing through, were billetted amongst our people. It gave me no small delight to hear these men talk, patriot though, in my

boyish way, I was; the very rattle of their scabbards had an attraction for me, while the stories they told of brave deeds in distant lands made me almost hate the lot which bound me to the dull tasks of daily life. I had one consolation however. If men could do so much in other climes for an alien land — many of our soldier visitors were of Irish birth — could they not essay work as stirring for and in the land they were born to. I knew nothing then of all that I have learned since of the toil which it takes to make an army. Sometimes, too, there were visitors down from Dublin to the "big house." Lady Luttrell's brother was always there upon such occasions with his English wife, a woman little loved by our people, who hated her cold stares of astonishment and colder censures and criticisms. My lady's brother and his friends, for the men were chiefly his friends, were loud of voice and oath, while report, conveyed by the servants to their friends in the village, told of many a wild carouse at night, of deep gambling at cards and dice into the small hours. A bad, wild lot these friends of Lady Luttrell's brother were. I well remember one fine, bright summer's day, a Sunday, too, I had wandered down a path which ran through my lady's broad domain by the banks of the river, which lent it so much of the beauty for which it was famous. The sun was shining high in the heavens, turning the waving cornfields a rich, ripe, bright yellow, and the dusty roadways a dazzling white, when I entered the wood which here stood thick. Hanging in festoons like to deftly woven lace, cooling the eyes with their soft, bright greenness, the mingled leaves of many trees shaded the winding path. On one side, rippled the dark and quickly moving waters of the river, while the murmuring wind bore back the sound of their gleeful fall and rush over the olden weir; and drooping boughs, bending softly, kissing the sparkling wavelets, seemed to woo their staying. On the other side, green hills rose up, clad deep with a wealth of ferns, and bowered from base to summit by ancient and gigantic trees. The trunks and boughs of the silvery ash and birch and beech mingled with those of the more sombre fir and oak and pine, while the sun anon, piercing with its brilliant light the leafy shades, illumined the umbrageous dells and aisles of the silent wood, as if to show the world, despite their sweet modesty, the turquoise and ruby gleams of the wild flowers, nestling in their fern-shaded homes. Fragrant odors from thousands of Nature's censors perfumed the gentle breathings of the air, as if unseen, holy hands offered incense to a beneficent Creator. All, as befitted the day, was beauty, calm and peace. Suddenly loud voices fell upon my ears, and, as I knew by the coarse oaths which I soon heard, that those who came must be gentlemen from the "big house," I deemed it right to seek a place for

myself midst the boughs and ferns, where none would be likely to look for such as me, for we villagers had ever heard that my lady's brother and his friends cared not for any stranger eyes to oversee their revels. I knew not then the bloody work they came on, or I think I had fled outright. From my hiding-place I could see them. They had evidently only risen from a wild carouse and gambling bout, which had lasted through the livelong night, and on to this blessed Sunday midday. Many of them staggered from side to side, the eyes of all were bloodshot and heavy, their faces were flushed, their lace cravats were awry, their splendid attire, for men could be splendid then, was disordered and stained by wine. My lady's brother was the only sober man amongst them, but he, I had often heard, could drink more than any other member of the Hell Fire Club, before Parliament put an end to the existence of that demoniacal institution. He, with his dark, handsome face, flushed deep by the wine he had drunk, came first, surrounded by the bulk of his roystering companions, and, though I never liked the man, I could not help admitting that, despite the night's debauch, he, at least, was sober. Again, I say, I knew not the work they were on. Now, however, I saw that, closely following those of whom I have spoken, there came a fair-haired, gentle-looking youth, with whom were two gentlemen, whom I knew well as olden and boon companions of my lady's brother, and none of these three were sober. Just in front of where I lay hidden, there was a blank space, denuded of trees, and here the two groups halted, for this was the spot which they had fixed upon for the scene of their duel — for this was the work, as I now saw by their measuring of swords, upon which they had come this bright Sunday morning — a duel between a drunken man and a sober one, between a boy, a mere child, and a man versed in sword-manship. Young as I was, the innate unfairness of the whole thing flashed across my mind, and had I not known how little any of the wine-heated, sword-armed, and imperious men before me, would have recked of taking my own life, I had there and then upbraided them with it. Even while I thought of thus acting, however, the clash of swords told me that the combat for a life, for 'twas no more or less, had begun. I was not as used then as I have become since to the noise of swords, and I think the cowardly cruelty of the affair, told upon me; at any rate, I know I buried my face in the ferns and the moss, until a piercing shriek, as of one who had got his death stroke, followed by a terrible wailing, sobbing cry of "my mother, my darling mother," compelled me, in spite of myself, to look forth upon the scene beneath the trees. There, there with the light of God's sun shining full on his upturned face, the fair-haired youth lay dead, while my lady's brother, with a

cynical smile upon his lips, stood at the boy's feet coolly wiping his sword in his dainty, lace-fringed handkerchief, which he cast from him into the river, and his drunken friends clustered round, emulous to congratulate him upon his handiwork. Then and, ah me! that it was only then when the evil work was done, I rose up from my hiding-place, and standing straight before them, in my boyish rage, pointing full in the face at my lady's brother, I literally shrieked, until the wood rang to my wild utterance, the one word, "cowards, cowards, cowards," and then, ere man of them had time to bid me stay, I fled from the scene of blood.

Luckily for myself, and not alone for myself, but for my aged grandfather and my mother, not one of the murderous-minded gentlemen had the most remote idea who I was, or where to look for me, and the result was, that I escaped any evil results from my rash condemnation of their gentlemanlike, and their very usual proceedings, — proceedings which I should hardly, perhaps, recall now, but that their recital goes to show what manner of men those were to whom our people raised their heads so humbly, and paid tribute so faithfully, for sake of whose church they were taxed, and who, without let or hindrance, did as they willed with our nation.

About this time a new light came into my life, and many of my old plans took a new direction. I had long known Fanny O'Brien, her mother was the friend of my mother; we had often climbed the hillside and walked by the river's side together; we had strolled out into the meadows and gathered sweet-scented wild flowers, at least, she had; we had sat side by side through many a winter's evening, in my grandfather's or her mother's cottage, and, at last, though she never told me, I came to know she cared for me, while the joy of my own heart at the coming of the knowledge, told me that I loved her. Great as my love for my own sweet girl was, however, it brought one element of difficulty upon which I had not counted, and which gave me, for some time, grave cause for anxiety. My darling mother, I could see, grieved that aught should come between our love for one another. She and I had been as one in love and thought, — why should this stranger woman be first to me in both? So she questioned, and it needed all her own sweet kindliness, and all my subtlety of argument, to make clear to her that I only sought to give to her a loving daughter, who would help to make home happier for her, and very, very happy for the son she cared too much about. But at length her olden love for me, and my own arguments, triumphed; and then she kissed my Fanny, and blest her with her holy hands, and so we were very happy at the prospect of the new future, which seemed opening before us. It was about Christmas, 1797, that

these things which I am setting down occurred, and it was then arranged that in the May of the following year our marriage should take place. I little recked that ere the time we looked forward to had come, a cruel fate would upset all our cherished plans and blast our treasured hopes.

I have said before that the times we were living through, were troublous ones. Outside our village, politics ran high, and even quietly as we were living here in our Wicklow valley, sometimes had their echo in our midst. We all knew how our Parliament, which Henry Grattan had won its rightful place for, had fallen under the control of the British minister and of the detestable Castle government. We knew that by bribery and corruption, in every possible form, the agents of England had secured an overweening influence in that senate, which should have had thought of the good of the Irish people alone, and we hoped for the time when that, for which some were agitating, would be realized, and Parliamentary Reform attained. We never doubted, then, that once secured all would be right. We did not, it is true, think the matter out very closely; but we were clear upon one point, whenever we talked politics, which, in truth was not often, which was, that England had no right whatever to rule Ireland; and I, having read somewhat more than the others, was always able to tell some story which made this fact more plain. Sometimes, too, I went further, and gave tongue to some of my own hot thoughts, as to the coming of a time, when the sons of Ireland, might face in battle line the soldiers of the hated Saxon, and I said often, and this was true, for I felt I could do it and would have done it — that on such a day, if never a man stirred on our side, I, at least, would dare to charge the ranks of the foreigners I hated. Those who heard me, I think, believed me, for they knew I could never realize danger, and never counted risk, until the risk was past; but while our youths would applaud my words, our older men were silent, and well I remember the good Priest we loved, telling me one day such talk was dangerous. Still the even current of our daily life went on and we were happy.

One day, I can never forget it, early in January, 1798, a gentleman from Dublin arrived in our village and called upon our Parish Priest. Afterwards I learned what he had to say to him, which was briefly this: He had been sent out from Dublin to establish, throughout our county, branches of the organization which was then agitating for Parliamentary Reform and the Emancipation of the Catholics, and the members of which were styled United Irishmen, and he wanted our good pastor to give him the name of the man in our village, most suitable to act as Secretary to our local branch of this beneficent organization, for beneficent I thought it then, though afterwards I had

good reason to regret I had act or part in it. The stranger received my name and visited our farm. Here we strolled about while he told me at first just what he had told our priest; but, as our conversation showed him my heart, he went further, and told how the peaceful objects he had mentioned were mere cloaks for the real purposes of the organization he represented, which meant to weld all ranks and creeds of Irishmen, so far as might be, into one close union, to fight for freedom. His words went home. I hung upon them, I vowed him my life, my life-long obedience. I swore his secrets should be mine. I said and promised things I should not; but, God help me, I loved Ireland, and in my ignorance thought I might do all I could for her, and that all that all would be too little. Before he left he told me his name was Thomas Reynolds, that he was a wealthy merchant of Dublin, but that he counted all his riches as mere dross, compared in the balance with the rights of the land he worked for. Before he left also he came around with me to our chief people, and to all we told the published objects of our Society, while to those whose thoughts and mine were similar, we told the further ones of which I have spoken. When Reynolds had departed, I set about my work in earnest. Nearly every night, I stole from my bed to drill, as best I could, the young fellows I knew I might rely on. The son of our village blacksmith and farrier, we had working into the small hours in a forge of our own contriving, for his father was a cautious man, and the use of his smithy was not to be thought of, at the making of pikes, and when I had my two score friends each armed with one of those, when I felt the clasp of the sword, which had come from Dublin to me, round my waist, when I looked at the precious commission, signed "Edward Fitzgerald," which I ever bore about me, I pined for the day of battle, when we could show the stuff that was in us. So things went on, and the beautiful spring was passing.

March and April went by very quickly, and the hallowed month of May was opening. The hedgerows were glistening in the first brightness of their new vegetation, and the sweet scent of the hawthorn hung upon the breeze. In the orchard at the back of our cottage, the trees bent down deeply weighted with the rich profusion of red and white blossoms, which told of a coming time of fruitfulness, and in the little space before our door, which we styled "our garden," the yellow pendants of the laburnam struggled for the mastery with the violet and cone-shaped flowers of the lilac, while the new thatch which I had had put upon our cottage in preparation for the day, which was now so near at hand, shone bright and fresh above them all in the brilliant May-day sunlight. The heat was intense, scarce a movement of the air stirred

a leaf or twig, the cows moved lazily in the meadows or ruminated beneath the lofty elms which gave them some little shelter from the sun, even the voices of the birds were stilled by the heat and glare, and I had wandered away to the high hillside which formed one flank of our valley. Resting under the welcome shelter of a hedge, I lay looking down upon our little home and those of our neighbors. I have often wondered since if it could have been intended by Providence, as a punishment upon my rashness, that the last day I was ever to look upon the place so dear to me, it should seem surpassing fair, fairer far than ever to me, who loved it so well, it had ever seemed before. From where I lay, I could, of course, see the groves about the "big house," as we ever called it, on the opposite hillside, and here and there, through the trees, catch a glimpse of the winding carriage way, which ran from its massively pillared stone portal to the entrance gates, which stood out on the dusty Dublin road, full half a mile beyond our little hamlet. From my high resting-place I could see far down this road, even further than Lady Luttrell's gate. My thoughts were sad, a presentiment of coming trial hung upon me. I knew,— knew as well as if the evil thing was in actual shape before me,— that danger was approaching; but I simply lay and watched. I have never been able to fly from danger, only because it was danger, and it was not likely that a mere intangible sensation should affright me; but, again I say it, there, lying in the fresh bright sunlight, I felt, I knew, that woe, terrible woe, was coming.

DUHALLOW.

Southern Sketches.

FROM NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA.

I.

To a resident of the North who has for some time experienced its severe winters, a trip to the flowery, sunny South, is something very desirable and delightful, especially at the approach of an unexceptionally cold season.

Early in the fall of 188— I obtained leave to travel for the benefit of my health, and guided by my own taste, as well as the advice of an eminent physician, I selected the fair and charming land of Florida as the field of my recreation and rest from extensive missionary cares. In order to reach my objective point by gradual and interesting stages

I took the overland route from New York to Charleston. Other travellers similarly bound, took the same course, as well-grounded fears of an ocean voyage were entertained at this time, it being so soon after the disastrous fate of the *Vera Cruz* which was ripped to pieces by heavy gales off the coast of Florida. The day on which I bade a temporary farewell to New York, was a beautiful, clear and refreshing one about the middle of September.

The view of the North River from the deck of a Courtland-Street ferry boat looked exceedingly lively and interesting. The docks on the New York and Jersey sides were crowded with shipping, and the deck-hands, porters, and teamsters were as busy as ants unloading and loading cargoes, which came from, and were to go to, various American and foreign cities. The masts of the ships stood up like a forest of naked trees; vast columns of smoke ascended from noisy factories and founderies; steam-tugs, ferry-boats, and schooners passed and repassed each other; puffing and whistling and down the river came large canal-boats loaded with coal, and looking like floating villages, while the pilots on their propellers stiffly and repeatedly signalled their request to the craft before them to clear the way. The whole air trembled with sounds of business and pleasure. Thousands of trucks, hammers, wagon-wheels, and men's voices rattled on the docks and streets, and wherever the eye turned, fresh scenes of excitement confronted it. A few piers below, on the New York side, a large steam-boat, was ready to convey two barges filled with pleasure-seekers on an excursion up the East river. Young and old assembled on the decks in hundreds, all eager to enjoy themselves, while an elegant brass band discoursed lively and delightful music. Gay flags of many nations and abundant bunting decorated the floating saloons and ball-rooms, and all combined, presented a cheerful and poetical picture in the midst of such practical life scenes. Further up, a large steamer is seen moving gracefully down the river, with her decks and cabins filled with smiling, talkative excursionists on their way to Coney Island to bathe and tumble in the bounding surf, to drink lager beer, and eat clam chowder.

The city sends up its ceaseless roar of life, bustle and gladness. The elevated railroad cars contribute their share of sound, and everything gives evidence of a prosperous metropolis, which, though not the healthiest and cleanest in the world, ought in reality to be so, since it is situated on an island that is bathed nearly on all sides by some of the finest bodies of water on the globe. Though its poor sanitary condition reflects upon the dignity of New York, still it is an undeniable fact that its commercial importance, industrial establishments, charita-

ble institutions, public buildings, intelligent citizens, and facilities of enjoyment of every description, give it a position equal, if not superior, to any other city in the world. When one considers its vigorous growth, it may be reasonably expected that it will become in the future an anomaly in the history of the cities of all times and countries. Would that we could congratulate it on a progress as eminently and grandly spiritual as material! If *all* its citizens were so united in their aspirations after Catholic unity and eternal happiness, as in the practice and acquisition of the worship of self-opinion and temporal bliss, New York would then be a glorious production, perfectly healthy in body and soul. Instead of being *in part* a demon's workshop, where hundreds of foul errors are fabricated, nurtured, and circulated, by men of blasphemous belief, it would, under the divine influence of Catholic faith, become altogether a heavenly propaganda from which holy and wholesome doctrines would be disseminated throughout the entire union, awakening love, respect and sympathy everywhere, subjecting the flesh to the spirit, dissipating the mists of vice and falsehood, and shedding the divine rays of piety and virtue in all directions. It might then be styled a new Jerusalem, where all the citizens of uniform and holy faith would live together like brothers, partaking of similar blessings, sharing in one another's sorrows and joys, endowed with sufficient of this world's goods, and eagerly aspiring after a life of peace and mutual love on earth to a glorious reunion in Heaven.

The recollection of the virgin white and towering walls of the grand new cathedral, which I saw clearly that morning, made me hope that its presence in the city with the Blessed Sacrament in the Tabernacle, behind the ever-burning lamp, a minor, though kindred influence of other Catholic Churches, and of yet more similar edifices rising year after year, the influence of hundreds of zealous and fearless apostles, successors to the earliest ones, all would conspire in time, with the grace of God, to direct the tide of atheism, Judaism, rationalism, heresy, and every other form of religious corruption, into the ocean of eternal catholic truth. New York, said I to myself, was never abandoned to such sensuality, cruelty, and unbelief as was ancient Pagan Rome, when Peter the fisherman entered it in humble garb, and yet, by the power of God, he a lamb amid wolves, began the work of transforming that pit of hell into a sanctuary of saints and martyrs.

Arriving at this point of consideration, my reflections were interrupted by the arrival of the ferry-boat on the Jersey side. The passengers disembarked, and each hurried away to his destination, while I had not a minute to spare after reaching the railroad cars that were to con-

vey me to Philadelphia. After securing a comfortable seat, I popped my head out of the window, and observed scenes common to most city railroad depots. Newsboys rushed hither and thither, urging individuals to purchase their various papers; friends and relations of the travellers said good-bye as the engineer whistled to indicate his intention to start; men and boys with their mouths full of cake and pie, issued from a neighboring restaurant, and hastily ascended the steps of the cars; uniformed officials bustled in every direction, the conductor at last cried out "all aboard," the locomotive puffed and steamed from the platform, and away we rushed with all the speed and regularity of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The cars were crowded on this occasion, as some interesting event was about to take place in one of the towns on the line. Hugging myself up in a corner of the seat close by the window, I found that my companion was a corpulent, asthmatic German, who kept continually applying his pocket-handkerchief to wipe off the beads of perspiration that rolled down his face after his race for the cars. Finding that he was too busily occupied, and too much inclined to coughing, to be communicative, I approached closer to the side of the carriage, drew out a favorite volume of "Young's Night Thoughts," and plunged into those beautiful pages, that discoursed with such a prodigality of imagery on life, death, and immortality. As our whirling cars rushed through the deep cuts, and every passenger became enveloped in gloom, thoughts of our passage from time to eternity occurred to me — recollections of Dante's journey through vales of darkness, and awful images of disaster and death, struck terror into my soul. The value of time, the vanity of the world, the need of constant preparation for that last and most solemn moment, became, as it were, sensibly evident, for none could tell but through some switchman's error or engineer's blunder, an opposite train with corresponding speed, might be rushing at that moment towards us on the same track, violently collide with our own, when an awful conflagration, terrible outcry, smashing of windows, pitching off the track, painful injuries, and shocking, sudden deaths might be the consequence; then I trembled as the force of those lines of Young, which I had just read, occurred to me.

"The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch.
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up, alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down — on what? A fathomless abyss!

A dread eternity! How surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me —
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

But solemn reflections of this kind gave way to brighter thoughts as we issued from the dark cuts, and came out into the bright and open country, where the blue sky, glorious sunlight, rural roads, meadows, woodlands, sparkling streams, and refreshing green fields, with cows, horses and farm hands met our gaze. Now looking into my precious book, devouring and digesting its exquisite sentiments, then listening to the serious and cheerful conversation of my fellow passengers, and again contemplating the never-tiring beauties of nature, I regarded railroad travelling as a delightful source of observation, instruction and amusement. There is a companionship in the presence of your fellow beings, in the surroundings of God's glorious works, in the shapes and colors of the furniture of the carriage, in the breeze coming in through the window on a lovely day, in the sight of towns and cities, that one, perhaps, never saw before, and in several other interesting associations. The city of Newark was left behind us. Elizabeth looked like a speck in the distance as the sunlight flooded its housetops, and we rolled away through pleasant fields and roads adorned with well-fed cattle, and fine farm-houses, provided with flowery door-yards. The city of Trenton was soon reached and passed, and after a little over an hour's time we came within sight of the suburbs of Philadelphia. Numerous omnibuses, cabs and street-cars, awaited the arrival of the train at the depot. After taking a seat in a Chestnut-Street car, I gazed out of the window, and could not help admiring the fine stores, banks, hotels and other business buildings that I saw. Though the houses did not possess that air of solidity and massiveness peculiar to those on Broadway, New York, still there was a charming look of neatness, compactness and ornamentation about them. The Philadelphians are proud of their city, and I heard more than one of its citizens, boast of its superiority over New York in the way of accommodation and healthfulness. I supposed that like all large cities, it had its repulsive, as well as attractive, features.

After finding out that most of the hotels, were on the American plan, I put up at Guy's, on Chestnut Street, as it was conducted on the European style. Philadelphia is far inferior to New York, in the number and character of its houses of this description. At any of the grand and numerous hotels in the latter city, to which restaurants are attached, you can first engage your room, and dine wherever it suits you, while according to the American plan, you forfeit your dinner if

you do not attend to it, and have to pay just the same. Guy's is a cosy and elegant hotel, and its proprietor is a very courteous and obliging gentleman.

After dinner I sallied out to view the town. The afternoon was delightful, the air though mild was rendered bracing by a refreshing breeze that sprung up, and the crowds of people who perambulated the sidewalks appeared jubilant under its invigorating influence. Chestnut, Market, and Arch Streets resounded with the noise of heavy wagons, news venders, and pedestrians. The stores were abundantly patronized, and every feature of the scene indicated great business activity. The first important object that I desired to see was the Cathedral, and in order to reach it I passed down Market Street, by the newly erected and magnificent post-office, close by the yet unfinished and palatial State Buildings, which are being built at a cost of millions of dollars. In this grand quarter of the city, convenient to Market and Broad Streets, stands the gorgeous and massive Masonic Temple, which would become morally and materially ennobled if dedicated to more sacred rites than those of the secret mysteries and enslaved brethren. Some of the finest buildings in the city are to be seen in this vicinity. An Arch-Street car, on the way to the Cathedral, brought me by some beautiful private residences constructed of Philadelphia brick, trimmed with white stone, and ornamented with marble steps that lead to the doors. In the course of a few minutes I reached the Cathedral, situated on Eighteenth Street, opposite Logan Square, not far from which rises the beautiful Academy of Sciences, which is built of a delicate, light-green stone. A full view cannot be had of the Cathedral, as it stands too near the street, and is broken by the numerous trees that grow in front of it. Yet what you see of it strikes you at once with its massive and solemn appearance. After ascending the steps, passing its great columns and entering the vestibule, you are immediately impressed with the sacred and mystic character of this magnificent temple. It has neither a brilliancy that dazzles, nor a sombreness that subdues; but a happy combination of airy light and dreamy shade, that is admirably adapted for awakening in the soul a spirit of calm and heavenly contemplation. You never grow tired of observing the gigantic pillars, the new, rich and beautiful stations of the cross, the elegant stained-glass windows and polished furniture of the entire church, and the splendor of the great sanctuary, which is ever illumined by the red and blue lights that fall from above. While kneeling before the grand, high altar, and gazing at the beautiful faces of the exquisite images of the saints, one is, indeed, brought nearer to God, disposed to dwell on the charms of purity, and stimulated to imitate the burning love, great self-denial, and

ngs, which distinguished the friends of our Lord relish for holy thin[an]or to their entrance into Heaven. The everlasting while on earth pri[s] tabernacle was a constant reminder of the treasures of light before the [t]ss, and glory, that were contained in the Blessed Sacra- grace, sweetne[s] was the dwelling of peace and sanctity, where smiling ment. Here[c]tinually worshipped away from the noisy, rumbling world, angels con[t]ens and haunts of confusion and sin. Happy is the soul, that with its [d]om this sanctuary of piety and innocence, carries amid the away fr[o]s, dangers, and false pleasures of this life, a pure Heaven of its storm, illumined by the grace of God. Having uttered a prayer to the ow[n]rd that this blessing might be granted me, I slowly withdrew from [t]his beautiful temple. The archbishops and priests, of Philadelphia, deserve great credit for the admirable condition of their churches and parochial schools. Signs of a vigorous life were to be seen in every parish that I visited, and if, as it is reasonably expected, the same zealous efforts be continued and increased, the church in the course of a few years will have solid grounds for entertaining an unbounded pride in the Catholic clergy and people of this fine city. Next day I paid a visit to Very Rev. M. Walsh, the Vicar-General of the diocese, and rector of St. Paul's parish. He welcomed me with his usual frank and generous manner, as his heart is large and grand, like his vigorous and gigantic frame. His fine church and schools are well filled, and his new, commodious and handsome parsonage, is an ornament to that part of the city. I took the street-car from the block beyond his house to Fairmount park, where an agricultural fair was going on in the Exposition Buildings. Passing over one of the largest bridges that spanned the Schuylkill River, on our way to the grounds, we beheld a magnificent view of the city lying beneath, and spreading away beyond us with its endless chimney stacks, streets of roofs, churchspires and prominent buildings, glimpses of waving green trees, and fields in the suburbs imparted freshness and beauty to the picture, suggested the idea of rest and peace awaiting labor and excitement. Every one that has visited the Centennial is acquainted with the immense and splendid size and style of the Exposition Buildings, especially of Machinery Hall. On arriving at the place, I saw multitudes of people entering the fair, and I followed the throng to witness the elegant specimens of cattle, fowl, vegetables, fancy goods, musical instruments, paintings machinery of every kind, that were displayed on all sides. In the centre of the mammoth edifice, was a circular skating rink, surrounded by flowers and evergreens, and backed by a gallery and orchestra from which sweet music issued to enliven the spectators. I next proceeded to the Temperance Fountain, the grand gift of the Catholic T. A. Union.

It is, indeed, a whole monument of white marble, and as I regarded the chaste beauty of its exquisite architecture beneath a clear, blue sky, and above the green grass and flowers, I hoped that it, with its splendid statues and apt inscriptions, would ever remain in that city of independence, a living proof of the undying affection and loyalty of Catholic priests, soldiers, statesmen, and civilians towards the constitution of the United States. Bigotry, at the sight of this truth-speaking monument, would justly receive a crushing rebuke.

Following a pathway I soon reached a gentle eminence, from which I beheld a vast extent of lawn and woodland gracefully rolling away in the distance. Deep valleys, crowned with trees, and ornamented with picturesque rambles and drives, appeared in various directions, and after proceeding a roundabout way, through patches of shrubbery and sequestered walks, I came in sight of the zoological gardens. There is situated in a deep valley, partly surrounded by ornamental hills on which are perched observatories of solid iron, hundreds of feet high — a newly-erected house of the Good Shepherd stands on an adjacent eminence. It is a very extensive, noble-looking building, and in the course of years will be immensely valuable on account of its healthy and picturesque situation. The zoological gardens are admirably arranged. The grounds are diversified with trees, lawns and lakes; the flower-beds are numerous and beautiful, and a large, well-assorted stock of animals may be seen in the handsome houses. Massive stone-walls, as thick as those of the castles of the middle ages, with strong iron gates, confine the finest specimens of the bear family, that roam up and down their prison and sometimes yawn lazily in their sombre pits. After visiting the ever-restless monkeys, whose pranks and capers never cease to amuse the spectators, I passed through flower-gardens, quite shady rambles, and out into still streets, on my way to an Arch-Street car. After arriving at my hotel before dusk, I retired to rest at an early hour, and awoke next morning determined to pay a visit to Independence Hall. No traveller to Philadelphia should ever leave it without inspecting this venerable and interesting edifice, which is situated in Chestnut Street, as it contains trophies and relics of the founders of our Constitution, the portraits of the Presidents, and of America's most distinguished statesmen, besides curious chairs, swords, dresses, manuscripts, which Washington and other patriotic celebrities used, handled, wore and wrote. The long, white vest of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was there, though the great Catholic and loyal heart that it protected had long since passed from this world. The old bell which first sounded the joyous notes of liberty and independence in this great land, can still be seen, though

cracked, as it hangs above the staircase of the hall. The sight of every relic and picture in those chambers, was calculated to fill every lover of freedom with honest pride and joy, as he thought of the grand success that followed the whole efforts of the fathers of the Republic. As the time of my intended stay in this city of so many attractions was now ended, I tore myself away from its bewitching associations, and took the first train for Baltimore on the following day.

REV. M. W. NEWMAN.

To My Sister.

I.

SWEET sister, wherefore ask if I forget
My friends and country — is my heart of clay?
Nor ever morning brightened on me yet,
Nor ever evening, in her mantle gray,
Ushered in peace and rest to weary men,
But fled my soul on fancy's wings away
To the calm confines of my native glen,
To snatch one hour of homely bliss again.

II.

I see them all — the mountains far and blue,
The shadowy hills that run along the west,
The fairy white thorn haunt of the cuckoo,
The mossy lane in woodbine vesture drest,
The cold, clear spring beneath the lone ash tree,
Where peeped the robin from her half-hid nest;
The rock, the river, Grainne's bower, where be
The broomy dells, once scenes of harmless glee.

III.

The dear old school that overhangs the lake,
Perched on its rock, with golden whins aglow,
The fields melodious with the shrill corn crake,
The marshy riverside where May-flowers blow;
The primrose dells, where many an hour I spent
With book, or loved companion, long ago —
Ere forth on this rough world they wandering went —
In those long vanished years of happiest content.

J. K.

The Asiatic Cholera.

THE origin of the Asiatic cholera has been a puzzling problem to the medical schools, and it is only by recent investigation that anything like a reasonable hypothesis has been advanced with regard to it. The following account, treating very intelligently of the causes which lead to its appearance, is interesting as matter of history, while the suggestions in regard to the methods to be adopted to prevent its gaining a foothold in any locality, are such as would cause the heart of our efficient health officer to palpitate with joyous approbation.

There are comparatively few people now living in this country, who have ever witnessed a case of Asiatic cholera, and there is probably no disease of which mankind in general stands in greater fear and which is the object of more superstition. The fact of the dreaded malady spreading its contagion by personal contact, and following in its march the mail roads of commerce, induced Eugene Sue to select Ahasuerus as the personal propagator of cholera, especially as it formerly advanced with the slowness with which eastern caravans carried the tea across the Asiatic prairies.

In Asia, in the neighborhood of Calcutta; in Arabia, near Mecca, and in Egypt, not far from Cairo, are the breeding places of cholera. There famine is a frequent occurrence. The people grow up surrounded by filth, such as an American citizen has not the faintest idea of, and an infectious disease finds the most favorable conditions for its development in those unhealthy districts.

How the Disease is Carried.

The fact has been established that the human being alone acts as the carrier of the cholera poison. There is no well-authenticated case on record where rags or clothing, as has been proven of yellow fever, had transmitted the infectious material of the Asiatic disease.

Precautions Against Cholera.

We knew, therefore, long since that neither in Europe nor in America could Asiatic cholera develop itself without its germ having first been introduced into these countries. We also were aware of the fact that human intercourse alone propagates the contagious, and experience had taught us that filth favored, and cleanliness prevented the spread of the disease. In modern times, where public hygiene has become such an important factor in the governing of nations, where public sanitary measures are generally understood and highly appreciated in civilized countries, the facts just enumerated have been made subservient to the general welfare of the people. The last epidemic just reached our shore, but finding no suitable soil for its development, it died out of its own account after having attacked a few victims in the filthiest quarters of the country. The epidemics which last year raged in Egypt and Calcutta were totally confined to their original starting-point. Perhaps the best proof of the utility of strict

sanitary measures was given by the epidemic in Egypt. In the immediate neighborhood of the infected place some thousands of English soldiers were camping; many foreigners from all parts of the civilized world were then living not fifty miles from the dangerous district; a greatly augmented intercourse took place between Egypt and Europe, and still the disease never spread outside of the sanitary cordon or befell but a few persons in the protected quarters.

We need therefore have in our country but little fear of a visit by the Asiatic cholera, if we but use the common precautions which modern sanitary science has taught us.

The Germ Theory.

Recently, however, a discovery has been made which promises soon to contribute more to our safety than all former measures. There are a great number of diseases which run a certain definite course, usually appear as epidemics and are infectious, i. e., their cause has to be looked for either in the air we inhale, the food we eat, or the water we drink. To these maladies, which are all characterized by fever, belong typhus, typhoid fever, diphtheria, small-pox, scarlet fever and the like. The researches of the last few years have demonstrated the fact that each of these diseases has a minute living organism of its own special kind, which is met with in great numbers in the blood and in the tissues affected. According to their nature and shape these micro-organisms or microzymes or bacteria are called bacilli or micrococci.

Koch's Discoveries.

A short time ago Dr. Koch, the president of the German commission, sent to Egypt and the discoverer of the tubercle bacillus, handed the report of the commission to the German Government. In this report is mentioned that the commission has at last found the bacillus of cholera. Remarkable to say, this bacillus is not met with in the blood of persons suffering from cholera nor in that of those who sucumbed to the disease, but is found only in the intestinal canal, where it accumulates in astonishing numbers.

This discovery explains many facts which have thus far not been comprehended. We now know the reason of the numerous rice water discharges, and we are able to understand the good effect of a treatment first proposed and tried in London. ' Disinfectants have such good results in consequence of their destroying influence upon all low organisms and especially upon bacteria. From a great number of observations, which were made during the last great cholera epidemic in London, we may form the conclusion that sulphuric acid and tincture of the chloride of iron are specially destructive to the bacillus of cholera.

Considering the recent discoveries in modern pathology, it is not only the duty of the authorities to enforce a strict quarantine upon all vessels coming from suspected ports, or containing cases of infectious disease on board, but they should also see to it that the greatest possible cleanliness is preserved in large cities. No garbage nor any similar impurities should be permitted to accumulate in the cellar or in the

yard of a private house; there should be no room in which old rags, worn-out clothing, old boxes, shoes, brushes, etc., are kept and all kinds of dust and impurities slowly collect. Everything no longer of use should at once be removed, and the smallest corner of the garret or the cellar should be as clean as the same place in the parlor. Wherever dust accumulates, especially if moisture is added to it, bacteria will develop.

France.

Says the *Lake Shore Visitor:* France is now beginning to dread the ravages of a scourge, the effects of which she well knows. The cholera has made its appearance in several of her cities, and is daily on the march. Such a disease is not welcome anywhere, and it seems to be so desperately contagious that no one cares to run any risk. It will not be a surprise to any one acquainted with the manner in which this disease seems to go from place to place to hear of its being in Paris and London. Small Pox is a terror, and Yellow Jack has not many admirers, but Cholera is dreaded, perhaps, more than any other disease. The papers at a distance from the infected cities, say that the germ of the disease is to be found in the filth with which these cities abound. While there may be some truth in a remark of this kind, and while the expression, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," may be literary true, it cannot be denied that cholera is no respecter of persons. It takes off rich and poor, and takes them away suddenly. The worst feature of the plague seems to be in the fact that it has broken out in a bad time. It is early in the summer, and as hot weather is the most favorable time for its ravages, it may take a notion to pay this country a visit. The laws may be put in force against vessels coming from infected ports, but the laws do not seemingly prevent the spread of the scourge. Another thing much to be dreaded is the fact that people are apt to keep the existence of the disease a secret. To let the world know that a city is stricken with the plague, is simply to kill its business, and in this age where money is in question, life is nowhere. France may now look out for herself. The warning has been sounded, and tourists and travellers will give her friendly shores the go by. The cholera may also have its good purpose. This nation became a renegade. The people who could and would nurse patients stricken with any disease became hateful in the eyes of the great educators of France, and many of them were obliged to leave. The Republic may find to its cost that it could but poorly afford to strike even at the Sisters. They are useful for educational purposes, and they are necessary when the cheeks of brave men turn white at the approach of a disease which all dread.

Put your House in Order.

Liverpool Catholic Times: Men of every state and condition in life have a responsibility laid upon them, which they cannot justly shift on others. Even the poor in the foulest of fever dens are, at least, in part, responsible for the uncleanliness amid which they dwell; and altogether responsible for their mode of living. If they provoke the approach of cholera by intemperate living, by drunkenness, to which even

their poverty perhaps tempts them, they must so far be held guilty of a crime which partakes of the nature of suicide. They cannot, nowadays, plead ignorance of the fact that to live in squallid filth, to avoid cleansing water, especially in summer weather, to drink to the verge of intemperance, is to invite disease either in the shape of small-pox, typhoid fever, or cholera. When pestilence is abroad it is time for men to put their house in order, not only their natural dwelling-place, but the temple of the Holy Ghost — which is themselves.

Tranquility of Mind,

Occupation in customary business, strict temperance and attention to diet. To these should be added rigid cleanliness. Too great attention cannot be given to the perfection of drainage and the providing of the purest of drinking water. If these precautions are taken by all our citizens, we may be reasonably sure that although the cholera may visit our shores, our population will certainly not be decimated by its ravages.

The late Mr. O'Connell and the Cholera.

The following letter was written in the dark cholera times to Mr. John Primrose, his agent at Cahirciveen. It shows very practically that O'Connell held with Mr. Drummond that "property has its duties as well as its rights."

LONDON, 3d March, 1834.

My Dear John: — As far as I am concerned, spare no expense that can possibly alleviate the sufferings of the people. You had better at once get Maurice O'Connor from Tralee, so as to have one medical man in Cahirciveen and another to go to the country villages or single houses wherever the disorder appears. If it breaks out at all about Darrynane, Dr. O'Connor should go there at once to give the people every possible assistance. I will pay him readily two guineas a day whilst he is in the country. Do not delay, my dear John. Everybody should live as full as possible, eating meat twice a day. Get meat for the poor as much as possible. I wish my poor people about Darrynane should begin a meat diet before the disorder arrives amongst them. Two, three, four beeves I would think nothing of. Coarse blankets also may be very useful, if got for them promptly. Could you not get coals from Dingle? If not, get them from Cork. In short if I could contribute to save one life, I would deem it a great blessing at the expense of a year's income. I spoke to Mr. Roche; he will write this day to Mr. Sullivan, of Cove, to give Father O'Connell £20 for that parish, particularly for Hartopp's tenants. But a physician is most wanting. Give me the fullest details, but above and before all things, *be prodigal* of relief out of my means. Beef, bread, mutton, medicines, physician, everything you can think of. Write off to Father O'Connell to take every previous precaution. A Mass every possible day, and getting the people to go to confession and communion; rosaries and other public prayers to avert the Divine wrath. With tenderest love to Rickarda and her babes,

Ever, my dear John, Yours most affectionately,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

BEGIN each day anew with everybody. Let not the disappointments of yesterday, mar the hopes and prospects of to-day.

Mormonism, Etc.

In the United States Senate on the 27th of May, the Utah bill came up as unfinished business.

Mr. Brown, of Georgia, delivered a prepared speech in support of his amendment, making adultery the sole cause for divorce in the District of Columbia and Territories of the United States. Mr. Brown recognized polygamy as immoral and vicious, but said a large amount of cant and hypocrisy was brought to its consideration. People abhorred it in Utah, but winked at it in other sections under different names. He contrasted Massachusetts with Utah in regard to monogamy, properly so-called. The Mormoms, he said, supported their wives and offspring; the libertines of New England denied all responsibility for the results of their vice and immorality. A nation of Mormons was impossible, but hosts of libertines were springing up everywhere, prostitution was rampant, and the crime of fœticide alarmingly on the increase. He was ready to sanction all constitutional legislation or the suppression of polygamy and to suppress illegal divorce, prostitution and fœticide in New England and elsewhere, but he was not willing to violate the oath he had taken to support the constitution to gratify New England sentiment or suppress any sect or denomination, however unpopular. He could see no difference between the polygamist of Utah and the adulterer of New England, and it was unjust to pass laws to punish the one and let the other go scot free.

Mr. Hoar of Mass., replied to the strictures of Mr. Brown, which, he declared seemed to indicate that the senator from Georgia believed Mormonism was right and that polygamy was better than the lawful marriage of one husband to the wife; that Mormonism was better than Christianity as the governing principle of a nation. That, at any rate, was the logical result of the speech. As to the attack on New England he had little to say. The facts and figures relating to marriage and divorce in that section were open to all, but he protested against a strained contrast which represented that section in a worse condition than Utah. There were some peculiar conditions in Georgia, or how else could the presence of large numbers of mulattoes in that State be accounted for? He proceeded to enumerate the evils of Mormonism, and to affirm that the provisions of the bill are strictly constitutional and absolutely requisite to stamp out the vast and growing iniquities which Mormon rule promotes and encourages.

Some five hundred Mormons arrived at New York June 23d. Five countries were represented. There were Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, English and Welsh. The last-named were very few and the Danes were the most numerous. An interviewer accosted one of the "Elders," who said:

"Yes, it is true the number of converts is falling off. We don't get as many now as we used to. Some of these people are not new converts. They have been believers for years. We have missiona-

ries in Europe all the time. They work in various parts of the continent. Almost all of the work is now being done in Denmark. Sweden and Norway are also good fields."

"It is stated that there is not one Frenchwoman among the Mormons; is that true?"

"Oh, I guess we have a Frenchwoman, but the French do not take kindly to us. They don't like us. You see France is a Catholic country, and we make no headway in Catholic nations. We make converts in England, Wales, Scotland, the countries I named a moment ago, and a few in Germany."

"How about Ireland?"

"We can't convert the Irish as yet. Catholicism predominates in Ireland, too, you know, and the Catholics are our worst enemies. But we will get the French and the Irish. In fact we will get them all."

"When?"

"When the Catholic Church becomes disorganized."

"These people," he continued, "have left their homes not to better their condition in this world, but because they believe the faith, so you see that there must be something in it. The fact that we missionaries leave home to travel around without pay proves the same thing. You know that a man with a good business and a nice little family would not leave his fireside to journey in foreign lands and pay his own expenses unless there was something in the faith which people do not understand. You know we receive no pay, but, of course, we expect reward in the hereafter."

The *Western Watchman* in an article on divorce: Our laws have been trying these twenty-five years to uproot the infamy, but all to no purpose. Force never yet did compel morality. You must have some authority to speak to the consciences of men; authority which can infallibly designate the crime and prophesy the punishment. Protestantism is fast dragging down our age to the lowest level of pagan abasement, and just as sure as Rome died by corruption of morals, so sure will Protestantism die from the same cause; and just as sure as the Church saved the brand of Christian civilization from the burning of Roman and pagan lust, so sure will she save modern society from the devouring concupiscence of the Reformation. For three hundred years Protestants have loved to call the Church Babylon; that Protestantism is the modern Sodom goes without saying. There was but one material deluge, and one ark saved mankind from the destroying waters. The world is destined to know many moral floods, but the ark of the Church is the heaven-appointed refuge of mankind from the devastations of them all. Protestantism is flesh—proud flesh. The spirit of God is not in it and it will corrupt its way until death relieves the world of its contagion.

FEW persons find out the value of health until they lose it.

Suicides.

THOSE who read the daily papers cannot fail to have noticed the unusual frequency for some time back of self-murder. Leo XIII. has alluded to it in one of his encyclicals. We hear on every hand boasts of the superiority of our age, the advance that we have made in all that concerns the comfort and refinement of life, and yet there are more cases of despairing self-destruction than formerly. It thus becomes manifest that either the great development of material prosperity has not increased the general happiness, or there has been a woful falling off in religious influence. We cannot escape the conclusion. Either the general happiness is less or conscience is less. These are truths that rise up like skeletons to make mockery of our foolish boasts.

We are inclined to think that both the general happiness and sense of duty have been diminished. There is abundance of industrious seeking after comforts. In fact, the industry in this respect is excessive. But there is a selfishness, a disregard of our neighbors, a want of consideration for the general welfare, a control exercised by wealth and demagogism. With these elements prevailing it is impossible that there should be that wise moderation which leads to general happiness. As to the moral sense, the secular education of the day is certainly decreasing it. In these facts is to be found, we believe, an explanation of the frequency of suicides. As soon as France and Italy were controlled by the "Revolution," the very same fact was noticed, an alarming increase of self-murder. When the Church exercised greater influence there was greater contentment among all classes.

There cannot be any doubt but that proper Christian sentiment in regard to this crime is greatly lessened by the simply criminal practices of many at the funerals of those who have been guilty of taking their own lives. These persons are often in a manner eulogized for their very crime. They are pictured as being overcome by their misfortunes. They are represented as having keen, refined sensibilities, and on that account unable to stand burdens that would be light to rougher natures. There is no room for this extravagance in the Catholic ritual. The suicide is buried without one prayer or ceremony, and the remains are not allowed within the consecrated portion of the cemetery. If this practice were general there would be a popular sentiment, a horror for this crime. A contrary practice has its natural result. When societies are seen escorting a suicide's corpse, bands playing, flowers strewn over the grave, eulogies pronounced, what can the effect be on afflicted minds but to urge to the very same crime? And as a matter of fact, anybody who reads the papers may easily notice that one suicide is very often followed quickly by another.

T. F. MAHAR, D. D., in *The Catholic Universe*.

Rewarding a Brave Girl.

At Ogden, on the 4th of July, the medal of honor awarded by the Iowa Legislature to Miss Kate Shelly for her heroic act, the details of which are given below, was formally presented to her. The event brought together the largest crowd ever assembled in the little village, including a number of men of State prominence. The Northwestern road ran a special train from Boone, the home of the young heroine, which bore her and her immediate relatives, as well as a large party of invited guests, to the scene of the presentation. Hon. Welker Given, Governor Sherman's private secretary, did the honors of the occasion, the governor not being able to attend. At the request of Miss Shelly, Professor J. F. Curraw of Angus responded. After the ceremonies, Miss Shelly received at the Park, where a large number of people called to pay their respects. The incident from which the event of yesterday had its origin occurred three years ago on July 6. Miss Shelly was then a girl of fifteen years. Her father had been a section hand on the Northwestern railway, but had lost his life. The girl and her mother, with two other children, lived in a hut near a railway track, upon the side hill near Boone, overlooking the valley of Maingona creek. On the night mentioned, a terrible rain storm swept the country, and the usually quiet stream soon became a raging torrent. The waters undermined and swept out the trestle work to the railway bridge; but the ties and rails still held their place. The Omaha express was due from the West in a short time. The girl knew that the engineer would be deceived by the fact that at a distance the rails were apparently intact. Something must be done to get warning to the next station west, which was the small town of Moingona. She could not cross the stream, for the waters were impassable. She resolved to brave the fury of the storm and risk her life on the treacherous railway bridge. Her mother protested, but, lighting a lantern, she went forth. Carefully she felt her way upon the topping structure. With the aid of her lantern, she walked or crept and crawled as best she might. Her mother watched her from the window of the house, expecting every moment to see the light drop into the surging waters. But fortune smiled on the little girl. Soon she gained the opposite bank, where the footing was safe, when she sped with great rapidity to the station, which she reached ahead of the train, and a great catastrophe was averted. This is the story of the event made memorable yesterday by the presentation of the first medal ever given in the name of the State. The medal is a fine work of art, made by Tiffany of New York, costing $150. An effort was made to induce Miss Shelly to permit its presentation in the presence of the Legislature last winter, but this she firmly refused, desiring to avoid as much as possible a public demonstration. The State has voted her money, commercial travellers' associations have remembered her by gifts, and the orders of conductors and railway engineers have done the same. All these attentions have not turned her head. What

she desires more than anything else, she remarked recently, is an education. She is, as her name implies, of Irish parentage. Few persons of either sex or any age would have had the courage to risk what this little girl did on that stormy night.

Raising the Hat.

New Orleans Morning Star: Of all the various salutations as expressed by different nations, there is none, in our opinion, so indicative of *respect* as that of raising the hat, as we see it practiced by European and American Society. The bow of the body indicates servility, kneeling down implies slavishness, prostration is utter abasement of self, hand-shaking betokens familiarity, an embrace expresses fraternal affection, but the slow raising of the hat from the uncovered head speaks solely of respect, a feeling which dignifies the one upon whom it is bestowed and ennobles him who bestows it.

This raising of the hat to a lady is very full of meaning, and we have often thought that a woman who by her unworthiness, has lost her right to this mark of man's respect, must bitterly feel the lesson which the lack of it conveys to her guilty heart.

Very admirable also is this mode of salutation, as practiced by Catholics towards the Blessed Sacrament. The lifting of the hat when passing a Church, speaks loudly of faith and courtesy and is an act as full of beauty, as it is of instruction. A young lady of this city once a Protestant, now a devout Catholic, was once very much amazed by the attentions paid her, as she thought, by several stranger-gentlemen as they passed her, on Camp St. They were lifting their hats not to any lady, but to Him who sits enthroned on every Catholic altar.

But there are Catholics who fail to practice this courtly reverence, either because they are ashamed or because they are ignorant of their duty. To be ashamed is unworthy of a Catholic gentleman, and he who never fails to raise his hat to a lady but who neglects to do so to the Unseen Presence on our altars, is lacking in the finer instincts of manhood. But there are, perhaps, many youths, who do not know enough of Catholic teachings to make this simple salutation, so full of respect and faith. They pass and repass the many churches as unconscious of the One in their midst as were the multitudes who passed the stable at Bethlehem where the Child who was God lay in His weakness and Omnipotence. There was a star that lead the wise men aright; how we wish all Catholics would permit *another Star* to point out their duties and guide their steps towards God.

If every Catholic man and boy would but make this simple salutation when passing a church, what lessons of faith the world might learn! We say the Creed in Church, but this practice is a *Credo* in action, an act of faith which all men can see.

The Assumption.

THERE was a day when from the Mount of Olives Our Divine Lord and Saviour ascended up into Heaven in the sight of His Apostles, and they watched Him as far as the power of human sight could reach, until a cloud received Him out of their sight; and he ascended up above all created things, above the world where we are, and the stars that we see in the night, and the sun that gives us light by day, and the moon by night. He ascended into the Heavenly Court, into the glory of His Father, and the brightness of His own glory fell upon the glories of the Heavenly Court. It was the glory of the only begotten Son of God incarnate, and glorified in His ascension to take posession of His eternal Kingdom. And once more there came a day when another light fell upon the Heavenly Court. There came a day when one not like the brightness of the sun, but like the beauty and the splendor of the moon, less intense in glory than her Divine Son, but greater than all other creatures— Mary, the Blessed Mother of God, was assumed into Heaven, and her Divine Son came to meet her with the holy angels and the multitude of saints. And there was great joy, heavenly joy, divine joy, in that meeting of the Mother and the Son. We celebrate the Feast of the Assumption on the 15th of August; and what better can we do than turn our thoughts upon the beauty and the bliss which that assumption promises to us? You remember her history, how upon Calvary Our Divine Lord gave her into the charge of the beloved disciple, who was to be her son in His place, and in Him we all of us became sons of Mary like the beloved disciple. He said, "Behold thy mother," and in those words He taught us that as His Father is our Father, so His Mother is our Mother too.

St. John took her to his own house first to Jerusalem, and afterwards to Ephesus; and we are informed the beloved disciple had charge of that blessed Mother, and watched over her until the day came when she was to fall asleep; then, as we are told in the history of the Church, by one of those divine traditions, by one of those old traditions, the origin of which we cannot trace, after some twelve years' waiting upon earth she returned from Ephesus to Jerusalem, and the Apostles, who were scattered abroad preaching the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, came up to Jerusalem, and in the presence of them all she fell asleep. I do not say she died, for St. Paul has said, that to all who believe and love Our Divine Master, death is sleep; they sleep in Jesus Christ. She passed out of this world. She died, indeed. Body and Soul were parted, as ours will be. But I call it a sleep. I call it a transient ray of light; for in her beauty and splendor she passed into the Kingdom of God. And we are told the Apostles carried forth that spotless form to lay it in the grave. It must have been a royal procession, a procession more beautiful, more pathetic than any procession ever known upon earth, and they laid her in the grave. And the history goes on to say that for three days, that is, until the third day, there were heard songs of heavenly hosts hovering about the burial place, and on the third day the Apostles

came again, but the tomb was empty, and she was not there, but there were lilies springing from the soil where that spotless form had lain; that is one of those beautiful traditions of the Church. The most part of it I believe with all my soul. I believe not only that the soul of the Immaculate Mother of God went to the bosom of her Son, but that the spotless body was also raised from the tomb and glorified with her soul in the presence of our Divine Lord and Redeemer. This is the mystery of this festival. Let us think for a moment about it. Death is the penalty of sin. What justice would there be in inflicting death upon one who had no sin? The Blessed Mother knew no sin, original or actual. From the first moment of her existence she was filled with the Holy Ghost. Throughout her life she corresponded with all the inspirations of the Holy Ghost. So that not alone will I say that mortal sin did not come near her, that is impossible; but never even venial sin, never a failure to correspond with all the graces of the Holy Ghost. Thus she obtained a continual increase and multiplication of graces; so that at last her sanctity is declared by the Church of God to be immense, because we can find no measure for it.

If she was like this, what dominion had death over her? Death came with sin, and she was exempt from all sin; therefore death had no rights over her. Corruption had no power, no perogative, no jurisdiction over that sinless form. How is it possible for us to believe that she was to remain in the grave in the same way as sinners who justly deserve it? There were many lessons, indeed, which that mystery taught them, but he would draw attention only to two. The first was this: What was the joy of that Son and Mother meeting again? What bliss on that meeting, when she was to be once more united to her Divine Son, for all eternity, in that eternal Home. There she saw Joseph, whom, next to Jesus, she loved with her whole soul. She saw John the Baptist; she saw James, the Bishop of Jerusalem, and Stephen, who were martyred, and many more, who had gone to the Heavenly Kingdom while she was yet on earth. She was surrounded by those she knew, and the memories of the Holy House of Nazareth, where she and St. Joseph had dwelt together in the love of God, and in that peace which surpasseth all understanding. They who had been thus united on earth were now united for all eternity. This taught them that if they were holy and peaceful; if they lived and died in the holy fear of God, not only should they, one by one, but their homes, too, would rise again and be united in the eternal Kingdom. With those who lived for the world, who sinned with the world, it might be that a father might stand on the right hand of Our Lord, and the mother on the left, and sisters and brothers be separated, and the unity of that family be rent asunder forever. Another truth it taught was, that if they were to meet together, in that eternal home, they must all sanctify their homes, make them like the Holy House of Nazareth—fathers like St. Joseph, and mothers like the Blessed Mother, children like Jesus in His childhood, and then those homes would be united and glorified in the eternal Kingdom of God.

CARDINAL MANNING.

Blood and Iron.

In an article entitled "Blood and Iron," the Paris paper *Figaro*, makes some astounding calculations of the extraordinary expense which Germany has gone to since 1871, in order to consolidate her military supremacy. In Alsace Lorraine alone they have expended 162 millions (say £6,400,000) to make their possession unassailable. The fortified camp of Strasborg-Kehl is simply impregnable. It contains immense stores of provisions of every kind, others are packed ready in trains, waiting, as it were, under steam, and require but a telegraphic order to be despatched in any direction. Anxious to strengthen their position on the sea, they have spent ninety-five millions to defend their long coast-line (2,000 kilometres in extent) on the Baltic and North Seas. The new Wilhelmshafen has consumed 38 millions; Bremen and the mouths of the Weser, 20 millions; Hamburg and the mouths of the Ebbe, 17 millions. As regards inland places, Mainz, Magdeburg and Ingolstadt have swallowed no less than 57 millions; Cologne and her fortified camp, 34 millions; whilst Ulm, Spandan, Küstrin, Posen, Thorn, and Königsberg divide 113 millions between them. Metz, Thionville, and Saarlonis form together the so-called Lorraine triangle, towards which all the forces of the empire can be directed in an incredibly short space of time. Ten lines of railway end at the Rhine, eight lines connect the Rhine with the fortified parts of Lorraine, and seven lines reach the Russian frontier. Thus, to east or to west, Germany is able to mass at a moment's notice enormous bodies of men at any given point, and with equally enormous quantities of supplies and ammunition. Will the nation, however, be able to go on affording such extravagant military expenditure, asks the Paris *Figaro*, when a single cannon shot, in order to cast a projectile of 3,000 kilogrammes in weight, costs 100,000 francs; when an ironclad, which may be destroyed in one second by a single torpedo, costs between twelve and fifteen millions of francs? Militaryism is indeed an incubus on the German people, and there are many signs that its oppressiveness is felt.

One is always sure to find a great many nationalities hospitably received in the Salon. Very remote indeed from Paris life appears the scene in the Connemara cabin which Mr. O'Kelly has painted, and which he has already exhibited in our own Academy. The subject is the Celebration of Mass in a peasant's hut. There is a grave earnestness about the congregation, which reproves the frivolity of some of the pictures which are hung near in the Salon. Mr. O'Kelly's work is admirable in every respect; but in Ireland there is at present little money to spend upon the luxuries of life.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MARCH TO YOUGHAL.

Capture of Butlerstown, Kilmeaden, Curraghmore, Granno, and Dunhill — Surrender of Dungarvan — Letter of Broghill — The Revolters — Cromwell enters Youghal — Sickness of the Troops — Death of Colonel Jones — His Character — Irish Army in Winter-Quarters — Ormonde asks Leave to Quit Ireland — Dean Boyle — Causes of Distrust.

CROMWELL'S army began its march from Waterford towards Dungarvan on the 2d of December, "it being so terrible a day," says Cromwell, "as I never marched in all my life." Butlerstown castle,[1] outside the liberties of the city, was seized and blown up. Kilmeaden, on the Suir, was destroyed, and its owner, one of the Le Poer family, seized and hanged on a tree close by. His property, extending from Kilmeaden to Tramore, was afterwards confiscated.[2] A similar fate awaited Curraghmore. It chanced that the owner had a shrewd daughter, who knowing her father was a stanch Royalist, devised a plan to save him, and cleverly put it into execution. She contrived to entice the old man into one of the dungeons of the castle, and there she safely bolted and barred him in. She then received Cromwell at the door, and placed the keys of the castle in his hands. She assured him that, although her father had thought it prudent to remove for a time out of the way, he was not only well disposed towards the ruling powers, but willing to give any proof of his allegiance that might be required. The consequence was that Curraghmore remained in possession of its lord. The garrisons of Ballydoyne[3] and Granno[4] fled at the enemy's approach, leaving their arms behind. The castle of Dunhill,[5] situated on the sea-coast beyond Tramore,

[1] Butlerstown castle, three miles northwest of Waterford, belonged to Sir Thomas Sherlock. It was taken in 1644 by Lord Mountgarrett, then in command of the Irish forces. Sir Thomas was turned out of doors almost naked. He escaped to Dublin, and was there received by the English as their "constant friend." Yet neither Cromwell nor the King restored him to his estates. He died in 1663, worn out by poverty and despair. The Council granted the sum of £50 to bury him.

[2] It was purchased from the adventurers by John Ottrington. His granddaughter married into the St. Leger family, and brought the property to Viscount Doneraile. Archdall's *Peerage*, vol. vi. p. 121. Kilmeaden House is built on the spot where the castle stood.

[3] Four miles west of Carrick.

[4] Granno or Granny castle is on the Kilkenny side of the Suir, three miles above Waterford.

[5] Dunhill, i. e., the Port of the Cliff. In 1317 Arnold le Powere, Baron of Dunoile, with the Lord Justice, the Earl of Kildare, and Richard de Clare, furnished and armed thirty thousand men to oppose Robert and Edward Bruce. Campion's *History of Ireland*, p. 122; Dublin, 1809. In 1324 John le Poer of Dunoyle was one of the witnesses to the

was bravely defended by a lady. It was built on a rock almost inaccessible, and judging from the ruins still remaining, it must have been a place of prodigious strength. For a long time it resisted the attack, though artillery was used to make a breach in its outworks. At length it yielded. The Countess was the life and soul of the defenders. Day and night she was on the ramparts, animating by her presence and energy the spirits of the garrison. She had, it seems, a skilful engineer, who defeated all the plans of the besiegers. One day she retired to rest, but she neglected to provide for the wants of her weary soldiers. Her engineer sent to demand refreshment for himself and his comrades; he received in return the unwarlike meed of a drink of buttermilk. Irritated at the insult, he made signals to the foe, who actually had raised the siege and were marching off, and surrendered to them the castle. It was forthwith blown up with gunpowder. The Countess perished among the ruins.

The first day's march of the army was to Kilmacthomas. The whole of the next day was spent in crossing the river Mahon, which was swollen by a land-flood. During the night the soldiers were quartered in the neighboring villages. On the evening of the 4th the army reached Dungarvan,[1] and proceeded without delay to invest the town. It had submitted to Lord Broghill a few days before, as we learn from one of his letters, dated December 19th:

"The 2d of this month, with a party of 600 horse and 800 foot, I advanced to Dungarvan, where the Lord so ruled their hearts that on the 3d it was delivered up to me by Colonel Kinsale, who was in it with his regiment and troop, both which have since taken up arms with us. There was in the town six ordnance, sixteen barrels of powder, with bullet and match proportionable."

The townsmen would seem to have repented of their hasty submission to Lord Broghill; perhaps they were not satisfied with the conditions imposed on them. But now, terrified at the near approach of danger, they again surrendered at discretion. An order was issued to put the inhabitants to the sword, in punishment for their treachery. Cromwell rode into the town at the head of the troops. As they were about to execute the merciless command, tradition says a woman named Nagle forced her way through the crowd with a flagon of beer in her hand, and drank to the General's health, calling on him to pledge her in turn. It is added that Cromwell was so pleased with her courage and courtesy, that he accepted the pledge and permitted his soldiers to partake of the liquor, which they, thirsty and heated,

compact entered into between the King of England and the nobles of English descent for the capture of felons, robbers, and thieves of their family and sirname. Hardiman's *Statute of Kilkenny*, p. 66, note, published by the Irish Arch. Soc. in 1843. In 1328, on Sunday, the day after the feast of St. Agnes, died John le Poer, Baron of Dunhille. Clynn's *Annals*, p. 20; Dublin, 1849.

[1] In 1643 the town of Dungarvan was incorporated by Act of Parliament, which recites that as the seignory of Dungarvan was the most great and ancient honor belonging to the King in Ireland, which through war was, for the most part, destroyed, it is provided that the Portreeve and commons of the said town, their heirs, &c., may enjoy all manner of free gifts and customs, as the inhabitants of the honorable manor of Clare in England have nsed and enjoyed, and as the mayor and commons of Bristol have done, the profits to go to the reparation of the walls under the survey of the Earls of Desmond. Ryland's *History of Waterford*, p. 23.

found very refreshing, and which the servants of the woman abundantly supplied. He revoked the order, and not only spared the lives of the people, but saved the town, the church and the castle excepted, from being plundered by the soldiers. Here he met Lord Broghill, to whose services he was so much indebted for his recent successes.

At Whitechurch, about five miles west of Dungarvan, he was met by 2,500 men of the southern garrisons that had lately revolted. They assured him that the towns throughout Munster, which had lately gone over to the parliament, would gladly receive garrisons and afford them winter quarters.

On the 5th he entered Youghal, where fresh supplies awaited him. Here he established himself and a part of his army in winter-quarters; the rest he distributed through the towns that had lately submitted to the parliament. Winter had set in, and sickness was beginning to spread. "I scarcely know an officer of forty amongst us," he writes, "that hath not been sick, and how many considerable ones we have lost is no little thought of heart to us. The noble Lieutenant-General (Jones), whose finger, to my knowledge, never ached in all these expeditions, fell sick, we doubt not, upon a cold taken upon our late wet march and ill accommodation. He went to Dungarvan, where, struggling for some four or five days with a fever, he died; having run his course with so much honor, courage, and fidelity, as his actions better speak than my pen. What England lost hereby, is above me to speak. I am sure I lost a noble friend and companion in labors."[1]

The news of Jones' death reached the House of Commons on the 5th of January, 1650, in a letter written by a Cromwellian soldier. "We had a very sore and stormy march hither; and that which added to the bitterness of it was the sickness of the truly noble and ever honored Lieutenant-General Jones. He was a gentleman very useful in the army, and was very much liked and lamented. His approved constancy and fidelity to the English interests was such as to manifest that he will very much shine and be famous for it to posterity. His straits, hazards, difficulties, and necessities were very many, and I might add, temptations, too. Yet he broke through all with unmoved gallantry, steadfastness, and resolution. His temper and disposition was very sweet and amiable, and obliging to all. And he had very much love and respect to all that came lately over."[2] His body was brought to Youghal, and buried with great solemnity in the chapel belonging to the Earl of Cork, in St. Mary's church.

---

[1] Letter to Lenthal from Cork, Dec. 19th, 1649. Cox says: "He was a man of clear valor, and excellent as well as fortunate conduct, and not inferior to anybody in a sincere passion for the good of his country." *Ibid.* Yet in spite of this panegyric, it is certain that great enmity and distrust existed between Jones and Cromwell. A strict surveillance was maintained by him and Ireton over Jones' movements, who, shortly before his death, was engaged in devising projects to beat Cromwell out of Ireland! Morrice's *Memoir of Lord Orrery*, p. 16. We are told also that one Mrs. Chaplain, daughter of the minister of Dungarvan under the Cromwellians, who lived in the house in which Jones died, often said that it was confidently believed that Cromwell had found means to poison Jones. Smith's *History of Waterford*, p. 65.

[2] Letter from Cork, in Whitelocke, p. 421. Ireton was appointed in his place. "Major-General Ireton cannot well endure the yoke of his new honors, such is his modesty;

Here also died two other persons eminently faithful, goodly, and true to the parliament, Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe and Scoutmaster-General Rowe.[1]

Ormonde, too, was anxious to find winter-quarters for his army, whence it might be ready to issue forth without delay, to meet the enemy when he should take the field in spring. He had neither money to pay his men nor provisions to support them for twenty-four hours together. He suggested to the Commissioners of Trust that the troops should be distributed through the towns of Munster which still continued faithful to the king. Both Limerick and Waterford, the most important places now in the hands of the Royalists, persistently refused to receive them. To add to his mortification, his men began to desert in considerable numbers. He kept some of his forces together hovering between Clonmel and Waterford; the rest were obliged to scatter over the country and seek quarters where they could find them. Many of them never reassembled. He took up his own quarters at Kilkenny. Thence he wrote in disgust to the King, who was at Jersey, to acquaint his Majesty "how his authority was disputed by those great pretenders to royalty." About this time, he seems to have asked the King's permission to withdraw both himself and the King's authority from Ireland, should occasion require it. His friend Dean Boyle had even procured a pass for him from Cromwell. He was well aware of the people's distrust of himself and of their aversion to his government. Believing themselves betrayed by him, they could not be brought into a course of action that would put an end to all hope of obtaining favorable terms from the enemy. Besides, he was forced to confess that "it appeared every day more evidently than other, and would soon be visible to the shortest foresight, that upon anything that Ireland could afford, it would not be possible to make any resistance against the rebels, who had the whole coast towards England, Waterford excepted, ready to receive their forces, commodious harbors for their shipping, and garrisons from whence they could immediately be in the heart of his best countries and at the walls of his remaining towns. No supplies were arriving from abroad, no diversion was made by the Royalist Party in England, though Cromwell and Ireton, the supposed heads of the rebels, were removed from them."

Taaffe and the Connaught troops returned to their own province. Lord Dillon went to Westmeath, Major-General Hugh O'Neill, with 1,600 Ulster men was admitted into Clonmel, — the Mayor having asked that a considerable part of the army should be sent to garrison that town; that 300 men should march immediately into the town,

indeed he is a good soul." Letter from Pembroke, January 6th, in *Perf. Diurnal.* He was soon after appointed President of Munster. "January 10th, 1650 — The Attorney-General was ordered by the House to prepare a patent to be passed under the Great Seal of England, appointing Major-General Ireton to be President of Munster." Tonson's *Debates*, vol. xix. p. 46.

[1] Cromwell to Lenthal, February 16th, 1650, in *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. p 468, Appendix 44: "Our condition for want of Physicians is sad, being fain to trust our lives in the Papist doctors' hands, when we fall sick, which is much, if not more, than our adventures in the field." Letter of W. A., in *Perfect Diurnal*, January 8th, 1650.

and that the rest might be in some garrisons near, to be brought in if necessity required it.

Inchiquin went towards Limerick; with 400 horse he took possession of Kilmallock, against the will of the inhabitants. Daniel O'Neill, who as an Ulsterman and a nephew of Owen Roe, was acceptable to the gentlemen and officers of the North, and as a Protestant, was not objected to by the Scots, was sent with 2,000 Ulster foot, and Colonel Trevor with 400 horse, to assist Lord Montgomery of Ardes and Sir George Munroe, in recovering the places lost in the counties of Down and Antrim; when, after a long and weary march, they arrived there, they found these commanders had been routed by Sir Charles Coote, at Lisburn. Carrickfergus surrendered a week after, "the town and castle being of the greatest importance of any place of the province;" and thus all the North, except Charlemont and Enniskillen, was in the hands of the Parliamentary forces, while in the South, Broghill could boast that "there was no English garrison in Munster but was theirs."

CHAPTER XX.

IN WINTER-QUARTERS.

Head-Quarters at Youghal — Cromwell visits Cork and Kinsale — Stubber — Visits Bandon and Skibbereen — Cromwell's Bridge — His Recall — Sufferings of the People of Cork — Their Constancy — Bramhall — The Church Bells — Coppinger of Ballyvolane — The Clonmacnoise Decrees.

WHILE the army was enjoying its well-earned repose, Cromwell was busy making excursions from his head-quarters at Youghal.[1] About the middle of December, in company with Lord Broghill, who had joined him at Dungarvan, he went to Cork, as we learn from a letter of Thomas Herbert to an "Honorable Member of the Council," dated Cork, December 18th, 1649: "Yesterday my Lord Lieutenant came from Youghal, the head-quarters, my Lord Broghill, Sir William Fenton,[2] and divers other gentlemen and commanders attending His Excellency, who has received here a very hearty and noble entertainment. The well-affected of the city entertained him with much heartiness and freeness. To-morrow the Major General (Ireton) is expected here; both in good health, God be praised. This week, I believe, they will visit Kinsale, Bandonbridge, and other places in this province that have lately declared for us, and expect a return of his affection and presence, which joys many. Colonel Deane and Colonel Blake, our sea-generals, are both riding in Cork harbor."[3]

From Cork he went to Kinsale, to view the several forts there. He found it "ragged and without heat." The Mayor, as usual, came out to meet him, and delivered to him the town-mace and the keys of the gates. Instead of returning them, as was his practice, to the Chief Magistrate, he handed them over to the governor of the town, Colonel Stubber. He said he had been told that the Mayor was an Irishman and a Papist, and that he judged it inconvenient to entrust

---

[1] While at Youghal he is said to have lived in one of the old castles adjoining St. John's house of the Benedictines, in the Main Street. During the Protectorate it was known by the name of the Magazine. It was pulled down in 1835. The front room on the first floor was his council-chamber. See *Kilk. Arch. Journal* for 1856, p. 15. "He lay at Lady Corke's house at the college; he was about to take Mrs. Semmes' house to live in this winter, yet some say he will go to Cork." Letter in *Perf. Diurnal*, January 2d, 1650.

[2] His father, Sir Geoffrey, came to Ireland in 1579, as needy as his fellow-adventurer Boyle. Having obtained the place of Surveyor-General, he helped Boyle, to whom he gave his daughter in marriage, in his extortions. In the course of one year he managed to amass a great fortune. Wallop spoke of him as "a most apparent bribe-taker." See *Flight of the Earls*, p. 223. Sir William married Margaret, the daughter and heiress of Maurice Fitzgibbon, who inherited the estates of the White Knight; their daughter and heiress married Sir John King, who was created Lord Kingston by Charles II. in 1660. See Archdall's *Peerage*, vol. iii. p. 228.

[3] Brief Relation, &c., January 1st to 8th, in *Cromwelliana*, p. 73. These, with Sir William Fenton and Colonel Phayre, were appointed temporary commissioners for the management of affairs in Cork. Cary's *Memorials*, &c., vol. ii. p. 188.

a place of such importance to one of that creed. It was whispered to Cromwell that Stubber was not over strict in his religious duties. "May be not," he replied; "but as he is a soldier he has honor and therefore we will let his religion alone this time."[1]

He visited Bandonbridge, too, and found there much heartiness, "a fine sweet town, and an entire English plantation, without any admixture of Irish." He was greatly pleased with the strength of this plantation and the devotion of the people to the cause of England; and speaking of the exertions of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, founder of the colony, he declared that if there were an Earl of Cork in every province of Ireland, it would have been impossible for the Irish to raise a rebellion.[2] Tradition says he went on to the west, by Dunmanway and Skibbereen; and that his army took up its quarters for one night, at least, in the church of Abbey Strewry, on the northern bank of the river Ilen, about a mile to the west of the latter place. The territory of the O'Donovans was wasted, the troops destroying all that came in their way.[3] Two of their castles were blown up with gunpowder. There is a bridge over the Glengariff river bearing Cromwell's name, an ancient structure, shorn of its parapets and long disused. It is said that, on Cromwell's approach, the natives broke down this bridge, in order to hinder his advance; but he forced them to rebuild it, threatening to hang any who refused; since then it has borne his name, as also the ford, Ath Cromwell, over which the bridge is erected.

On the 19th of December, Cromwell wrote from Cork to Lenthal, giving an account of the attempt made by Ferrall and O'Neill to surprise the fort of Passage, and of the repulse they met with. This letter did not reach the House of Commons until the 8th of January. On that day a resolution was passed by the House, that the Lord Lieutenant should be desired to come over and give his attendance in parliament; and the speaker was ordered to write to him to that effect. A report had spread abroad that the King had left Jersey and was gone to Scotland, and that he was raising forces there to invade England. Some of the members proposed to muster an army in all haste and send it across the border. But Fairfax, who then held the supreme military command, did not seem willing to comply with their wish; by many he was said to be too favorably disposed to the Scotch,

[1] Wright's *History of Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 86. Stubber was afterwards governor of Galway. Under pretence of taking up vagrants and idle persons, he made frequent excursions by night with armed troops into the country, and seized upwards of a thousand people, often without discrimination of rank or condition, whom he transported to the West Indies, and there had sold as slaves. Hardiman's *History of Galway*, p. 134. It was suspected that Stubber was the executioner of Charles I. *Ibid.*, p. 12.

[2] Bennett's *Hist. of Bandon*, p. 154. He came to Bandon several times afterwards, and always put up at a little two-storied house that occupied the site on which the house of Mr. F. Bennett now stands, in the South Main Street. About the beginning of this century the house was taken down; but the boards of the bedroom occupied by Cromwell, in the western end of the house, were carefully removed, and relaid in the new building. *Ibid.*

[3] Daniel O'Donovan, chief of Clancahill, in 1649, was reduced to great extremity by Cromwell's forces, who seized all his estates, burning, killing, and destroying all that came in their way. He surrendered his castle to the Commonwealth, Colonel Phayre, governor of Cork, having engaged to him some satisfaction. *Annals of the Four Masters*, ad ann. 1600.

being influenced by his wife, who was a strict Presbyterian. As the Irish army was in winter-quarters, and the Parliamentary party was in possession of nearly all the strongholds, it was thought that the Lord Lieutenant's presence, so much needed elsewhere, might well be spared in Ireland. Cromwell at first showed a readiness to return to England and assume the chief command of the expedition; but, on reflection, as the danger from the side of Scotland did not seem very urgent, he decided "to settle Ireland in a safe posture first." By another letter, written from Cork by Cromwell to his "dear friend Lord Wharton," we find that he had returned to Cork, and was staying there on the first of January.

A detailed account of the sufferings of the people of Cork about this time is fortunately preserved in the archives of the Irish College, Rome; it bears the date of 1651, and was written by a Jesuit Father then on the Irish mission:—

"The hatred of the heretics towards our holy religion increasing every day, an order was published prohibiting the citizens to carry swords or to have in their houses any arms whatever. This order was carried out, and soon another proclamation was issued by the President of the Council of War, commanding all Catholics either to abjure their religion or to depart from the city without delay. Should they consent to embrace the religion of the Parliament, they were allowed to remain and keep their goods and property. Should they, however, adhere pertinaciously to popery, all, without exception, were to depart immediately from the city. Three cannon-shots were to be fired as signals at stated intervals before nightfall, and any Catholic found in the city after the third signal was to be massacred without mercy. Then it was that the constancy of the citizens in the faith was seen. There was not even one found in the city who would accept the impious conditions offered, or try to keep his property and goods with the loss of his faith. Before the third signal all went forth from the city walls, the men and women, yea, even the children and the infirm; and it was a sight truly worthy of heaven to see so many thousands thus abandoning their homes, so many venerable matrons with their tender children wandering through the fields, or overcome with fatigue lying on the ground, in ditches, or on the highways; so many aged men, some of whom had held high offices in the State and belonged to the nobility, with their wives and families, wandering to and fro, knowing not where to find a place of refuge; so many merchants, who on that morning abounded in wealth, now without a home in which to rest their weary limbs. Yet all went forth with joy to their destruction, abandoning their houses and goods, their revenues and property and wealth, choosing rather to be afflicted with the people of God on the mountain-tops and in caverns, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, than to enjoy momentary pleasure and temporal prosperity with sin."

Bramhall, the Protestant bishop of Derry, happened to be in Cork about this time; with difficulty he contrived to evade the Puritan spies. Cromwell was much displeased at his escape; he declared that he would have given a good sum of money for that "Irish Canterbury," as he called him. Prelacy in any form was hateful to him. Ussher pleaded in vain with Cromwell for Bramhall and his brother-bishops of the Protestant church.[1]

[1] See Parr's *Life of Archbishop Ussher*, p. 75. He was afterwards declared incapable of pardon for life or estate, and banished. *Crom. Sett.* p. 97. He fled to the Continent, and remained there until the Restoration. In 1660 he was translated from Derry to Armagh. He died in 1663. Ussher was the head of the Puritan party among the Protestant clergy in Ireland. Leland's *History of Ireland*, vol. iii. p. 28.

Being very much in want of artillery, he had the bells of the Cork churches melted down. When remonstrated with for the sacrilege, he replied that as gunpowder was invented by a priest, he thought it not amiss to turn the bells into cannons.

During his stay in Cork he is said to have made the house of Mr. Coppinger, at Ballyvolane, his head-quarters, and to have passed the Christmas there.[1] The family tradition is, that Mr. Coppinger was travelling in Holland some years before, and was placed in circumstances in which he became security for a young Englishman, a brewer, for a debt, for which he was arrested. The bills, which were drawn in Mr. Coppinger's favor in liquidation upon England, were dishonored, and there the matter rested — Mr. Coppinger having to make good the payment. In 1649, at the Court of Claims in Cork, he was recognized by Cromwell, who sent a message to him that he could not decide about the forfeiture of his property without seeing him. Mr. Coppinger accordingly waited upon his Excellency, when Cromwell inquired, "Is not your name Coppinger?" "Yes." "Were you not at ——?" mentioning the town and the year. "Yes." "Did you not become security for a young man whose bills were never honored, and you had to pay?" "Yes." "Then," said Cromwell, "I am that man, and you will receive your estate without further question, in compensation of these bills."[2]

On the 4th of December, the Irish prelates, to the number of twenty, met at Clonmacnoise. For nearly three weeks they sat in council, seeking some remedy for the dire evils that had fallen on the country. The task they set themselves was nearly a hopeless one: to unite the various discordant parties into which the country was split; to assemble an army scattered throughout the provinces, and demoralized by the treachery and incapacity of its leaders; to raise money for the public wants from a people that had been plundered by friend and foe alike; in a word, to make one last effort for their country and for their religion, both of which were now threatened with utter extinction. The result of their deliberations was embodied in an address to the clergy and the laity of Ireland, calling on them in the name of their country and of their faith, to forget their past feuds and join in resisting with all their might the new enemy that had invaded their native land. "The whole Irish party," says Leland, "was anxious for the event of this self-appointed council, and looked for nothing less important than a violent protestation against

[1] The house is still standing, between Mayfield and Dublin Hill, to the north-east of the city.

[2] Wright, in his *Hist. of Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 86, gives the anecdote as communicated to him by Mr. Crofton Croker. "August 19th, 1841, Mr. Coppinger called on me at the Admiralty. He told me that his property at Dodge's Glynn, near Cork, was a forfeiture of King William's time, the possessor having been killed in the battle under Sir James Cotter. . . . He further says that Cromwell took up his residence there while at Cork," &c. Another version, which we have from a member of the Coppinger family, says that Cromwell gave the owner a protection, which saved the property from confiscation, and that he wrote it on the pommel of his saddle, seated on horseback, before the door. This is more probable, for the Court of Claims was not established until 1654; its first sittings at Mallow, where the cases of the inhabitants of Cork were heard, took place in July, 1656, *Crom. Sett.*, p. 61.

the government of Ormonde. Happily the temper of one of their bishops, Heber McMahon, bishop of Clogher, disappointed their expectations. From the time of the accommodation between Ormonde and O'Neill, in which MacMahon had been instrumental, the Marquis frequently conversed with him on public affairs, and inspired him with a high opinion of his talents for government and his zeal for the interests of religion. With these sentiments he entered the assembly of his brethren, where he had the consequence naturally derived from superior abilities. He silenced the factious, encouraged the moderate; he defeated all the practices of Antrim, and, at length, with difficulty prevailed on the prelates to declare, by a formal instrument, that no security for life, fortune, or religion, could be expected from Cromwell; to express their detestation of all odious distinctions and animosities between old Irish, English, and Scottish Royalists, and their resolution of punishing all the clergy who should be found to encourage them."[1]

"It cannot be denied," says Borlase, repeating the words of Clarendon, "that the conclusions which were then made were full of respect to the King's service and of wholesome advice and counsel to the people." Even Ormonde admitted that "in the assembly there were divers speeches made, tending to the satisfaction of the people, and to incline them to obedience to his Majesty and unity among themselves, in opposition to the rebels."

It is not easy to see what there is in these decrees to excite the anger of Mr. Carlyle, or to make him descend to the use of hard names. Can it be that it was a great crime on their part not to accept with gladness "the true message brought them," not to recognize in his hero, "the veritable heaven's messenger clad in thunder"? He admits, indeed, that there was "some glow of Irish patriotism, some light of real human valor in those old hearts; though it had parted company with facts, and came forth in a huge embodiment of headlong ferocity and general unveracity." How far this latter statement is borne out by history, our readers know from the results of a recent controversy.

Immediately after the publication of the bishops' decrees, Cromwell published a reply to them under the title: "A Declaration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the undeceiving of deluded and seduced people, which may be satisfactory to all that do not shut their eyes against the light: In answer to certain late Declarations and Acts, framed by the Irish Popish Prelates and Clergy in a Conventicle at Clonmacnoise." This Mr. Carlyle styles "the remarkablest state paper ever issued by any Lord Lieutenant." Though it is by no means so rare as the Declarations of the Bishops, it may be new to some of our readers.

[1] *History of Ireland*, vol. iii. p. 359. The Declarations and Decrees of the Bishops made at Clonmacnoise December 4th and 13th, 1649, will be found in Appendix viii. to this work. They are taken from *Spicil. Ossor.*, vol. ii. p. 38, &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

OPENING OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

Cromwell takes the Field — A Day of Humiliation — March on Kilkenny — Letter of Cromwell — Conna, &c., taken — Fethard summoned — Ludicrous Account of the Surrender — Privileges — Surrender of Cashel — 'Forty-nine Officers — Thurles Garrisoned — Lady Thurles.

IMPATIENT of all delay, Cromwell took the field once more on the 29th of January, the weather being unusually favorable for his purposes.[1] Hitherto his course had been along the coast; now he would venture inland, and try whether fortune would favor him there as it had done elsewhere.[2] His forces were considerably less in number than when he had landed in Dublin six months before, though they were largely recruited from the garrisons that had revolted to the parliament, and from the English that were made prisoners in the captured fortresses. They had profited of the rest afforded them in their winter quarters; for, in his letter to the House of Commons from Cork, dated December 20th, he says: "The army is in so good health, that regiments which lately had marched only 400 men, now march 800 or 900." From England he had received plentiful supplies of men and provisions. And so he found himself at the head of "a healthy and gallant army, full longing to be abroad against the enemy, all new-clothed and money in their pockets." His friends, too, gave him the help of their pious prayers, for "the officers of the army kept the 16th of February a day of humiliation, grounded on the dealings of God with their brethren in Ireland, Who, though He had made them a glorious testimony against the bloody enemies, yet had afflicted them by the death of many worthies; which chastening of the Lord they did desire to lay to heart, as also that affliction in the miscarriage of some vessels sailing from Minehead."[3]

Ormonde, with a portion of the Confederate army, was in winter-quarters at Kilkenny. If he could be taken unawares, before he had time to get his scattered forces together and make the necessary preparations for the siege, the war would be at an end. Besides, Kilkenny and its inhabitants were special objects of dislike to the Puritans, for it was the nursery of the late rebellion, and the head-quarters of the Supreme Council of the Confederate Catholics. Towards Kilkenny, therefore, Cromwell led his army with all speed.

[1] The winter had proved fairer than in man's memory any winter hath been.

[2] "Though God hath blessed you with a great longitude of land alongst the shore, yet it hath but little depth into the country." Cromwell to Lenthal, Dec. 19th, 1649.

[3] February 8th — Letters received from Cork, that five ships with soldiers were all cast away coming from Linehead for Ireland — only 20 or 30 swam on shore — 80 horse and 150 foot, and all the seamen except 20 or 80.

The history of this part of the spring campaign is given in such graphic detail in one of his letters to the Speaker of the House of Commons that we cannot do better than set it before our readers, supplementing it, when possible, from other sources. It was written from Castletown,[1] which was a seat of the Archbishop of Cashel, and dated February 11th, 1650:

"Having refreshed our men for some short time in our winter-quarters, and health being pretty well recovered, we thought fit to take the field, and to attempt such things as God by His providence should lead us to upon the enemy. Our resolution was to fall upon the enemy's quarters two ways. The one party, being about fifteen or sixteen troops of horse and dragoons and about two thousand foot, were ordered to go up, by way of Carrick, into the county of Kilkenny, under the command of Colonel Reynolds, whom Major-General Ireton was to follow with a reserve. I myself was to go by the way of Mallow, over the Blackwater, towards the county Limerick and the county Tipperary, with about twelve troops of horse and three troops of dragoons, and between two and three hundred foot. I began my march upon Tuesday, the nine-and-twentieth of January, from Youghal."

Lord Broghill was left with a flying camp in South Munster. Colonel Ingoldsby was sent towards Limerick.

He passed by Conna, five miles north-west of Tallow. To the west of the castle[2] is Gallows Hill. Here he is said to have halted with his army, and held council about executing the garrison. From this point he battered the castle with his guns, but apparently with little effect. He sent out parties which captured the castles of Mocollop, Cappoquin and Dromanah.

Castletown Roche was heroically defended for some days by Lady Roche against a detachment of the army. She was at length forced to surrender by the heavy fire from a battery erected in a field on the opposite side of the river Awbeg, Spencer's "Gentle Mulla," which is still called "the camp."[3]

"On Thursday, the one-and-thirtieth, I possessed a castle called Kilbenny,[4] upon the edge of the county Limerick, where I left thirty foot. From thence I marched to a strong house called Clogheen,[5] belonging to Sir Richard Everard, who is one of the Supreme Council, where I left a troop of horse and some dragoons. From thence I marched to Roghill castle,[6] which was possessed by some Ulster foot and a party of the enemy's horse; which upon summons, I having taken the captain of the horse prisoner before, was rendered to me. These places being thus

---

[1] Four miles north of Carrick.

[2] A large, square tower, built on a steep hill on the south side of the river Bride; it was the residence of Thomas Fitzgerald, elder brother of Gerald, the great Earl of Desmond, and father of the famous Sugan Earl.

[3] In *The Cromwellian Settlement* it said that Cromwell passed it by, not caring to assault a place so well fortified; p. 183. Lady Roche was hanged four years after in Cork, having been falsely accused of murder by a certain ungrateful English maid-servant, whom she had taken into her house. Morison's *Threnodia*, p. 72.

[4] Kilbenny, midway between Mitchelstown and Clogheen.

[5] Twelve miles south west of Clonmel. The Everards were owners of large estates near Fethard. The barrack in that town was formerly their residence. Sir Richard played an important part in the rebellion of 1641. When Limerick surrendered in 1651 his life and estates were declared forfeited, because he was "one of those who opposed and restrained the deluded people from accepting the conditions offered to them." Lenihan's *History of Limerick*, p. 183; Dublin, 1866.

[6] Now Rehill, nine miles south-west of Cahir.

possessed gave us much command, together with some other strongholds we have of the White Knight,[1] and Roche's country,[2] and of all the land from Mallow to the Suir side, especially by another old castle, taken by my Lord of Broghill, called Old Castletown,[3] since my march, which I sent his lordship to endeavor."

When Castletown was captured, Broghill "gave quarter for life and their wearing apparel to the private soldiers, and the officers to be at his discretion, Thereupon, by advice, he caused all these to be shot to death, to affright those little castles for so persistently holding out."

"Also a castle of Sir Edward Fitzharris,[4] over the mountains in the county of Limerick; I having left his lordship at Mallow with about six or seven hundred horse, and four or five hundred foot to protect these parts and your interest in Munster, lest while we were abroad, Inchiquin, whose forces lay about Limerick and the county Kerry, should fall in behind us. His lordship drew two cannon to the foresaid castle, which having summoned they refused. His lordship having bestowed upon it about ten shot made their stomachs come down. He gave all the soldiers quarter for life, and shot all the officers being six in number. Since the taking of these garrisons the Irish have sent their commissioners to compound for their contributions as far as the walls of Limerick."

He sent a detachment to Newcastle, a stronghold on the southern bank of the Suir, the seat of the Prendergasts. The castle was surrendered by the owner; but it was immediately restored to him on condition that the defences should be taken down. A few soldiers were left to see the order carried out. The rest of the detachment had not proceeded far when they heard confused noises behind; they hurried back, thinking that the tenants of the castle were murdering their comrades. It was only the noise of a pack of buck-hounds kept in the bawn. The owner and his hounds were led off to Cromwell. The dogs seem to have been successful mediators for their master, for he obtained the General's favor. There is a letter of Cromwell's still extant requesting that this gentleman and his family might be spared from transplantation. The request, however, was not complied with; his estates passed to the Adventurers, and his children became exiles.[5]

He crossed the Suir at Rochestown, three miles south of Cahir.

"From thence," he continues, "we marched to Fethard, almost in the heart of the county Tipperary, where was a garrison of the enemy. The town is most pleasantly seated, having a very good wall with round and square bulwarks, after

[1] John Fitzgerald, called John of Callan, because he was slain there by the M'Carthys in 1261, was married twice. By his first marriage he had a son Maurice, the ancestor of the Kildare Fitzgeralds; by the second he had four sons, on whom, as Count Palatine, he conferred knighthood; these were the ancestors of the Munster Fitzgeralds. The eldest was Gilbert or Gibbon; hence his descendants were called the Clan Gibbon. The two last who bore the title of White Knight, made themselves infamous by their treachery towards their kinsmen, the great Earl of Desmond and the Sugan Earl. Their territory lay about Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork. An interesting account of the fate and fortunes of the last of this family who was owner of the castle, is given in Mr. A. M. Sullivan's *New Ireland*, p. 129; London, 1878.

[2] The district about Fermoy.

[3] Near Kildorrery, in the county of Cork; it belonged to the Fitzgibbons.

[4] Castlehaven speaks of "Cloughnosty, a house of Sir Edward Fitzharris, seated in the mountains between the counties of Cork and Limerick."

[5] *Crom. Sett.*, Introd. xxv., and *Kilk. Arch. Journal* for 1876, p. 51. Only a scanty remnant of the castle is standing. It is about seven miles south of Clonmel.

the old manner of fortifications. We came thither in the night, and indeed were very much distressed by sore and tempestuous wind and rain. After a long march we knew not well how to dispose of ourselves; but finding an old abbey in the suburbs, and some cabins and poor houses, we got into them, and had opportunity to send the garrison a summons. They shot at my trumpet, and would not listen to him for an hour's space. But having some officers in our party whom they knew, I sent them to let them know I was there with a good part of the army. We shot not a shot at them; but they were very angry, and fired very earnestly on us, telling us it was not a time of night to send a summons. But yet in the end the governor was willing to send out two commissioners; I think rather to see whether there was a force sufficient to force him than to any other end. After almost a whole night spent in treaty, the town was delivered to me the next morning, upon terms which we usually call honorable, which I was the more willing to give, because I had little above two hundred foot, and neither ladders, nor guns, nor anything else to force them."

In *The Irish Monthly Mercury*, a newspaper of the time, a ludicrous account is given by one of Cromwell's soldiers of the terror of the town authorities when called on to surrender:

"From Rahill his Excellency went to Rochestown, where he got over the river Suir in such a nick of time that the least protraction had metamorphosed the ford into a ferry. The same night, in a hideous tempest, he came late before the town of Fethard, where the governor, little dreaming of any storm but that of the weather, was summoned by his Excellency. The gentleman at first thought it was in jest; but the corporation swearing and trembling it was in earnest, he concluded from the last as much as from the first, that it was so; and by the same action evidencing he was of the same faith, like one well versed in his trade, called a council of Shakers to know whether it was consonant to the rules of war to summon a town by candle-light? After a small debate, either for the time or for the sense, they concluded that whether it were or no — for the thing was left amphibious — it was consonant to the rules of safety to surrender the place; which he did, modestly saying that he had lost his government in a storm and not tamely, as other governors had done, and that by his then surrendering he had satisfied his engagement to the Supreme Council, which was that none of them should live to see the day in which he should lose Fethard; no, nor the sun neither, though it shine on all the world but Wood Street. We were more troubled to come to than to come by this town, which my Lord Lieutenant entered by the same light in which he had summoned it, the late Governor entertaining him with a file of health; but sure he had so much care of his own that he did not drink it, so that his modesty or circumspection lessened him of one cup, but he had drunk of another had he wanted the latter."

Ludlow, whose account of all that took place before his arrival in Ireland, is singularly inaccurate, says the Corporation of Fethard sent deputies to surrender the town before Cromwell thought of approaching it. The towns-people, with a pardonable vanity, believe that the town was surrendered only after an obstinate resistance. Both these statements are false, as may be seen from the following document. Cromwell arrived before the town late at night, and on his arrival sent a trumpeter with a summons, calling on the garrison to surrender. To this summons he received the following reply: —

For Oliver Cromwell, General of the Parliament forces now in Ireland:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP, —

I have received your letter about nine of the clock this night, which hour I conceive unreasonable for me to treat with you. Yet if your Lordship

pleases to send sufficient hostages in for such as I will employ to treat with you, I will be ready to entrust some in that business. Having no more at present,

I remain,

Your honor's friend and servant,

PIERCE BUTLER.

From the Garrison at Fethard, Feb. 2d, 1650,
half an hour of nine o'clock of the night.

The following articles of surrender were signed the next morning before six o'clock; the Parliamentary garrison was admitted before eight:

Articles of agreement made and concluded on the 3d day of February, 1650, between the Most Hon. Oliver Cromwell, Lord Lieutenant-General of Ireland, and Lieutenant-Colonel Pierce Butler, Governor of the Town of Fethard, concerning the surrender of the said town, as follows:

1. That all the officers and soldiers shall march freely with their horses and arms and all other goods, bag and baggage, colors flying, matches lighted, ball in bouche, into any place within his Majesty's quarters or garrisons, except such as are now besieged, safely conveyed thither, free from violence from any of the Parliament's party.

2. That all the country families and inhabitants, as also any of the officers may freely live and enjoy their goods either in town or abroad; if they or any of them be disposed to betake themselves to their former habitations in the country, that they have respite of time for that, and admittance to enjoy their holdings, paying contribution, as others in the country do, and carry with them safely such goods as they have within this garrison.

3. That all clergymen and captains of the soldiers, both town and county now in this garrison, may freely march bag and baggage without any annoyance or prejudice in body or goods.

4. That all and every the inhabitants of the said town, and their wives, children and servants, with all their goods and chattels, both within the town and abroad in the country, shall be protected from time to time, and at all times; and shall quietly and peaceably enjoy their estates, both real and personal, in as free and good condition as any English or Irish shall hold his or their estates in this kingdom, they and every of them paying such contribution as the rest of the inhabitants of the county of Tipperary pay proportionably to their estates, and no more.

In consideration whereof the said Governor doth hereby engage himself that he will deliver up the said town with all things therein, except such things as are before agreed upon, to be taken away with them by eight of the o'clock this morning.

(Signed),

O. CROMWELL.[1]

By reason of their timely surrender, not only the people but even the priests were then spared, and allowed to enjoy their liberties and properties in security; and later they escaped, being transplanted to Connaught. On the 26th of October, 1653, in reply to their petition to be secured in the possession of their lands, the Standing Committee of Officers for References were ordered by the Commissioners of the Commonwealth of England for the affairs of Ireland, to consider of their petition and the articles annexed, and to testify their opinion therein to the said Commissioners of the Commonwealth. To which they sent in the following answer, Nov. 2d, 1653:

[1] MS. in the Royal Irish Academy. In Hall's *Ireland*, vol. i. p. 231, there is mention of a certain gate of the town through which no corpse was ever carried, because it was by it that Cromwell entered the town. This gate was taken down about ten years since.

"In obedience to your Honor's reference, having taken into consideration the Articles of Fethard, and the testimony of the good affection of the inhabitants of the said town to the English interest in the beginning of the rebellion, and the constant manifestation of their good affection since the said Articles, and the several expressions of the Lord Lieutenant and the late Lord Deputy upon consideration of their Articles, that they were a people to be differenced from the rest of the whole nation; we humbly offer that the said inhabitants may enjoy the benefit of their Articles in the place where they now live, and not be transplanted into Connaught or elsewhere.

"Signed in the name and by appointment of the said Committee.

"CHARLES COOTE."

When the Royalist officers, after the restoration of Charles II., who were to divide between them all the houses of the Irish in the towns as not yet set out to the Adventurers or soldiers, sent surveyors there, as to all other towns, to measure and value the houses, the Sovereign and Commons of the town opposed them, and prevented them by force from so doing.

"The night we entered Fethard," continues Cromwell, "there being about seventeen companies of the Ulster foot in Cashel, about twenty-five miles from thence, they quit it in some disorder. The Sovereign and aldermen since sent to me a petition that I would protect them; which I have also made a quarter."

Hearing the favorable conditions which their neighbors at Fethard had received, they hastened to offer the keys of the town to Cromwell and to throw themselves on his mercy. They too were promised, at least such of them as were not in the rebel army, and were actually inhabiting the town at the time of the surrender, that they should be dispensed from transplanting.[1] Such mercy was not acceptable to those who, four years later, laid claim to the town;[2] any delay allowed they thought displeasing to God: and when on the 23d of May, 1654, the whole town, except some few houses that the English lived in, was burnt to the ground in little more than a quarter of an hour, the disaster was attributed to the wrath of God against the iniquity of the people, not the least of their crimes being their unwillingness to depart from their homes and transplant to Connaught.

A regiment was sent from Fethard to garrison Thurles, which some of the Royalists threatened. In a "Letter of the Commissioners to the Lord Deputy and Council of Ireland, from Mallow, August 13th, 1656, on behalf of Lady Thurles,[3] the daughter of Sir John Poyntz, of Acton, in Gloucestershire, who sought to be excused from

[1] *Ibid.* p. 114. In reply to their petition, an order was issued dispensing them from transplanting till May 1st, 1655.

[2] These were called the 'forty-nine officers; they had been in the standing army of Charles I. in Ireland before June 5th, 1649; as these got no lands from Cromwell, there was granted to them at the Restoration all that portion of the forfeited property of the Irish which had not been given already to the Adventurers and soldiers, viz., the houses in the corporate towns and the mortgaged lands. The distribution was intrusted to a body of trustees, sitting in the Green Chamber in the Custom House, Dublin. See *The Calendar of State Papers* (1603–1606), edited by Rev. C. W. Russell and J. P. Prendergast, Esq., preface lxxxiii.; London, 1872.

[3] She was the mother of the Marquis of Ormonde, and wife of Thomas, eldest son of Walter Butler of Kilcash, who by courtesy was styled during his grandfather's life-time Lord Thurles. After his death she married George Mathews of Thurles, founder of the Llandaff

transplanting, on the ground of constant good affection to the English Government," it is stated that —

"When his Highness sat before Fethard, Lieutenant-Colonel Brian O'Neill, with about 1,500 of the Irish army well appointed, came to Lady Thurles' town of Thurles, and desired admission with his party, to garrison her house, which she refused: and immediately sent advertisement to his Highness thereof, and prayed he would be pleased to send a garrison of his army. Whereupon Major Bolton, with a regiment of horse and foot, was immediately commanded away to her house. A certificate of Major Bolton's was produced declaring the same, and likewise that the said lady was instrumental in the rendition of Cahir."

family. She was "a Popish recusant," and, as such, transplantable, though she had advanced considerable sums of money towards the relief of the English army, and entertained at her house for many weeks Major Peisley and some of his company, who were wounded at the capture of Archerstown by the Irish. From time to time she was dispensed from transplanting, and dwelt, perhaps, with the Countess of Ormonde (who retained her own property, though the estates of the Earl, her husband, were confiscated), till her son returned with increased honors and power at the Restoration. *Crom. Sett.* p. 245, and the *Kilk. Arch. Journal* for 1863, p. 282.

The Dying Mother to Her Son.

"*Peto, nate, ut aspicias ad cœlum et terram!*" — Mach. vii. 28.

COME near me, Patrick darling,
My eyes are growing dim;
The voice of God calls me away,
And I must go to Him;
I am going from you, Patrick dear,
And leaving you alone,
To pray for your poor mother's soul
Beside the white head-stone.

My heart is sad to leave you,
But Gód's holy will be done;
I leave in better hands than mine,
My dear, my only son;
To Mary, mother of our Lord,
My darling I consign,
And in Her holy hands I place
His destiny and mine.

The thrush is singing from the top
Of yonder stately elm,
I soon shall hear triumphal hymns
In God's own happy realm;
The sun is shining brilliantly
Through yonder window-pane,
But brighter shine the angel bands
Where I, with God, shall reign.

Oxford, N. J.

Thy country, child, remember her,
And labor for her weal,
And do not fail to cheer the men
Who strive her wounds to heal;
The warmest wishes of thy heart
Let Erin claim alway,
And hail with rapturous soul and voice
The dawn of freedom's day.

Be faithful to the Church of God,
Though standing in your path,
The powers of hell should threaten you
With all their fiery wrath;
By ever-Blessed Mary's side
My prayers for you shall rise,
Until I greet you joyously,
Above the clear blue skies.

Now, kneel, my boy, and pray with me,
That God would in his love,
Send angels down to take my soul
To His bright realms above;
My sight is failing fast, God bless —
God bless my darling son;
Thank God! my life is ended well,
My crown of victory won!

REV. P. A. TREACY.

THE highest price ever paid for a work of art was $123,000, which was given in 1852 for a picture of the Blessed Virgin from the hand of the great Spanish artist Murillo. A writer in the New York *Sun* remarks that such masters owed much of their inspiration to the living faith and piety of the people they met in everyday life. He says: "The truth is that Murillo's lot was cast in a land where physical comeliness and the indwelling gleam of goodness or of genius were by no means rare, where faith was still sincere, and piety still fervent. From those whom he saw about him he had but to cull the fairest and the noblest, and depict them transfigured by their most hallowed mood, in the hour of their highest spiritual beauty. Such was the aim he kept before him, and by no master, save by Raphael, has it been so triumphantly fulfilled.

Irish Ballad Poetry.

I HAVE been for a long time on the look-out for a collection of those old songs, that have been the delight and inspiration of the people of Ireland at home and abroad, for the last hundred years. Hays' "Irish Ballads" is a fine work in its way, but, although it contains many songs, still neither it, nor any of Mr. James Duffy's other valuable patriotic publications were satisfactory. I picked up a good many of the kind I wanted, in out-of-the-way places in Dublin and Cork, and here and there through the country; but anything like a complete repertory I could not attain to. Great was my delight, then, when I first laid my eyes on Mr. Kenedy's "Universal Irish Song Book." With all its drawbacks, and it has a good many, it is by far the most valuable collection that I know of. In saying this, I must remind the reader, that what I wanted particularly, were those old anonymous songs and ballads, that, somehow were to be found everywhere that the English tongue spread through Ireland, in the last and in the present century. Of these, Mr. Kenedy's book contains more than any publication that I have come across. It is on this account in my eyes a volume of great value. Of course, it is not confined to those anonymous old songs: there are many of the noblest efforts of our later and recognized bards in its pages; but these can be met everywhere. Great thanks are due to Mr. Kenedy for the book, and I can justly say it is one that no Irishman would regret having purchased, and which he will find rich in the "makings" of laughter and tears.

The faults of the volume may be comprised in a word, want of editing. It is told of an Irish boy, that when some one asked him who made his boots, he replied, "Och, they niver was med, sor! but bought in the market." At that time home-made ware of all kinds was most in vogue and highest in esteem. In similar words, we may say of "The Universal Song Book," and many others of less size and merit, that they never were edited, only printed at random. To edit a volume of Irish songs and ballads, and do it well, is no child's play — nor do I think, are there to be found many in Ireland, or the United States, who are competent for the task. What delightful little gems are Duffy's "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," McCarthy's "Irish Ballads," and the rest of that series. If we had a "Universal Irish Song Book," edited in that manner, it would be a treasure forever. One word of advice I would tender to the editor of such a work,— but he will not need it, for he must be a poet,— it is to admit no piece into the work that has not some trace of poetry in it. How sadly we feel that this

rule was not acted on by the compiler of Mr. Kenedy's Book. What have these abominations of Lover's to do in any collection of any kind of song or poetry. The vast majority of these pieces are the basest things that ever had their first lines beginning with capitals. Of all the songs of Lover that ever came under my notice, only three can be called poetry: "What will you do, Love?" "The Fairy Boy," and "The Angel's Whisper." I might, perhaps, have included "Rory O'More," but without the tune, from which we cannot disconnect it, Rory would be worthless. A necessary qualification for the editor of such a work, is a good knowledge of the Irish Language. There are some really fine songs half English and half Irish, such as "*Go de shin, don the shin, na meannin shin oho.*" Moreover, there are Irish words and phrases continually occurring in our old songs and ballads. These should be treated in either of two ways. The correct Irish orthography in English letters should be given in the text, with the pronunciation, or the nearest possible pronunciation, in foot notes — or the equivalent sounds in the text, and the correct spelling at foot. We must have no more of the unspeakable gibberish that is to be found in italics in so many of our volumes of poetry. Those songs that are evidently Cockney balderdash and blundering, should be rigidly excluded, while many fine pieces of genuine Irish poetry, the work of Irish men and women in this country, should be included.

I have a serious complaint to make against our Irish-American booksellers. It appears that they are the last in the world to be aware of the publication of a new book on Ireland. For the last month my teeth have been watering, out here in the West, for that new book by Alfred P. Graves. It is bad enough to be charged a dollar for an American reprint of a book, I could buy in Dublin for nine-pence, but to be kept three months waiting for a new volume of poetry by Mr. Graves, or a new historical work by Mr. McCarthy, is really too bad entirely.

In concluding these random remarks, I must say it is highly encouraging, to see the onward march of Irish intelligence. To-day our poets, orators, historians and journalists are holding the highest places, while the mass of our people, notwithstanding the fearful disadvantages of the past, are fast falling into line with the great army of the educated, who are now changing the face of the earth.

J. K.

SEEK contentment: it is better than riches.

A Story of Orangeism.

By advices from Montreal we learn that it was the intention of the Orangemen at Ottawa to have a procession on the 12th of July, in that city, and the lodges had so arranged it, that the line of procession would pass through the Catholic quarters. The programme issued by the Orangemen left no doubt as to this arrangement. Now, why, it may be asked, do the Orangemen thus wantonly desire to outrage the feelings of Catholics? Simply for the purpose of creating a riot. Well, if they are thus bent upon a riot they ought to be accommodated and get the full benefit of their temerity. The Catholics of Ottawa, or of any other place, outraged in such fashion as this, should make it so hot for those fanatics that they would give the Catholic quarters a wide berth in future. It is the only reasonable and legitimate way of treating Orangeism. The threatened cholera on the Continent of Europe is not so great a plague as Orangeism. The cholera should be stamped out, so should Orangeism. There is no other way of treating it.

We remember on one occasion when the Orange cut-throats of Sandy Row in Belfast, Ireland, threatened to march through the Catholic quarters in that city, notably Hercules street, where the great mass of the people known as provision merchants carried on their business. These merchants were an orderly set of big men, quiet in their demeanor but somewhat determined in character when threatened by the scum of the beggarly Orange weavers of Sandy Row. The threats to march through Hercules street were repeated, and the inhabitants of that quarter of the city, now known, we are sorry to say, as "Royal Avenue," took counsel together and arranged to allow the women of the Catholic quarter to sally forth and keep back the Orange crew. The day arrived and the women armed themselves, chiefly with long cabbage stalks — those Hercules Street fellows had a humorous side to their well-fed bodies — on came the Orangemen "chairing" a sprig of the aristocracy, Lord Arthur Chichester, son of the Marquis of Donegal. This young man was placed in a chair decked with Orange paraphernalia and carried on the shoulders of the Orangemen. The procession numbered some 10,000 men, for Orangeism was rampant in those days, otherwise it would never have attempted to march through Hercules Street, the only street in the city it feared to enter. The women were at their post, and it was hard to restrain them until the Orangemen put in even an appearance in the vicinity of the gallant thoroughfare. At last the Orange procession came in view. The streets in the vicinity were narrow. Out rushed the women led by a celebrated "character" known as Jennie O——. There were three Orangemen mounted on white horses in front of the procession. These carried drawn swords. Next came a standard-bearer with an Orange flag followed by half a dozen men carrying the poor stripling, Lord Arthur Chichester. After these came a body of six men with an "open Bible," and framed charters of the Orange lodges, a band of fifers and drummers, and then the long procession of yelling Yahoos

who endeavored to keep up the courage of the men in front by shouting "to h—l with the Pope." "Steady there," shouted Jennie O——, who by the way knew she had a thousand men at her back — "let the curs smell the beef!"

Every third or fourth door in Hercules Street at that time was the entrance to a narrow court or alley-way, and into these the women had packed themselves. As the Orange procession came slowly onward the women gradually came forth from their hiding places, and the first turn made by the procession into the forbidden street was met by an onslaught of infuriated women who unhorsed the men in front — not a very difficult task it must be acknowledged — and then attacked the young Earl in the chair, smashing that article into pieces which pieces were exchanged by a few of Jennie's lieutenants for their cabbage stalks, and in ten minutes the head of the procession was turned to the right about with a sudden wheel, while those who headed that part of the redoubtable body never stopped in their flight until a place of safety was reached. The main body of the procession seeing the leaders on a stampede, without waiting for an explanation also took to their heels, and the great Orange procession that was to have marched in triumph through Hercules Street, Belfast, became so demoralized that not a dozen Orangemen could be found in that vicinity for thirty years afterward.

During the *melee* not a single man put in an appearance to help the sturdy women. True, they were at hand and many a pair of wistful eyes among them looked out from their temporary places of concealment to see how it fared with Jennie and her legions. The women and girls triumphed. Victory was theirs full and complete. Had they faltered or had they been badly worsted in the fight, although the Orangemen made the best resistance they could, the men of Hercules Street that day would have cleaned the city of Orangeism. They were in the humor for it.

For years after this event the children used to madden the Orange crowd by yelling at them, "cabbage stalks."

It is too late this year for our advice to reach the people of Ottawa, otherwise we should encourage them if the Orangemen attempted to carry their insults so far as to outrage the feelings of Catholics by deliberately marching through the Catholic quarters of Ottawa, districts where Catholics might happen to reside in numbers, to send out the women of the threatened quarters armed with cabbage stalks or any handy weapon to prevent them. It would not be necessary for the men to be a mile away, and if a man saw his wife in danger of insult from an Orange ruffian the chances would be altogether unfavorable to the Orangeman.

Those who do not know what Orangeism really is, may charitably imagine that it is not so bad as represented, and that in any event it would be wise to reason with its members and endeavor to convert them from the evil of their ways. We know something of the Orange system and of those who belong to it. In Orange matters those men are beyond the pale of reason. Their hatred of their Catholic neighbors drives them insane. This is the result of their teachings and the

only mercifnl way of treating them is to stamp them out as you would stamp out a plague. This may be an illegal method; but all legal methods of treatment in their case have been failures. Let the women cabbage-stalk them.

PETER MCCORRY, in *Catholic Herald.*

Lace-Making in Ireland.

REFERRING to the efforts which were made earlier in the year to infuse into the Irish productions of embroidery, lace, and the like, a spirit of higher artistic merit than that which generally marks them, the *London Times* announces that a definite scheme has been framed under the title of a "Proposal for the Maintenance of the Domestic Industry of Lace-Making in Ireland," and is now being put forward to obtain public support. It has received the approval of the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and of influential persons such as the Duke of Devonshire, the Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Lord Emly, Lord Monteagle, Lord O'Hagan, Sir Richard Wallace, Sir George Colthurst, Mr. Richard Bagwell, Mr. Vere Foster, Mr. Edward O'Brien, and Mr. Lecky. Under this proposal the purchase of original designs to be selected with the advice of recognized authorities is contemplated. When the designs have been purchased, commissions are to be given to the various lace-making communities, such as those at Youghal, Innismacsaint, Cappoquin, Kenmare, Killarney, Cork, Newtown, Barry, Carrickmacross, Clones, and Limerick, for the execution of specimens from the new designs. The specimens are then to be exhibited and to be made as widely known as circumstances will permit. To carry out this scheme a sum of £500 is required, and this is being raised by subscription. The Drapers' Company have promised £50 if £450 is raised. Sir Richard Wallace promises £25 to complete the total sum required. The Duke of Devonshire has subscribed £20, and there are other subscriptions from £10 downwards, amounting in all to £132. It is hoped that the remaining £300, which is necessary to complete the amount wanted, will shortly be subscribed. The hon. treasurer, who receives subscriptions to the fund, is Mr. Alan Cole, of the South Kensington Museum, from whom full information as to the projected action may be obtained.

A LADY asked a learned professor if he understood Chinese. He did. "Well, what is 'mouth' in Chinese?" "Mouth is k'ue." A week later the lady suddenly asked the professor. "What is 'kitchen door' in Chinese? "It is k'ue." "Very remarkable. A week ago you said 'mouth' is k'ue." "Quite so," answered the professor, "whatever opens and shuts is k'ue in Chinese."

The First Sisters of Charity.

Three suggestive characteristics of the origin of the Sisterhood: it begins in individual effort, of a retiring woman, and grows unconsciously — Condition of Paris and of the Poor in France, at that period — Prevalence of misery — The character of Mdle. Le Gras, the foundress: her tenderness of heart, her intelligence, her virtues — Gradual growth and organization: origin of "La Charite" — First noviciate and postulants: first hospital service at Hotel Dieu; first teaching of the poor at La Chapelle; first vows — The Sisters of Charity in France now expelled from their great work of charity.

When we see in our city streets a Sister of Charity dressed in her simple bluish-grey and overshadowed by the large, white-winged linen cornette, we are looking at a French peasant costume of two hundred years ago; and the first few peasant girls who came to Paris from their pasture-watching, from their spinning-wheels, their lace-making, their work in the thatched huts and in the fields, and asked instead not only to serve but to be the very servants of the poor, are represented now by a multitude of more than twenty thousand spread to the ends of the earth, and doing a work of charity whose extent and worth is beyond all human calculation. In order of time as well as in numbers they rank first in the service of the poor; and how many religious orders have followed their initiative, we may judge from the statistics of France of late years; for in that one country in 1878, at the outbreak of hostility to the Church, there were no less than two hundred thousand nuns devoting their lives to the suffering and the poor.

Numbers tell but little here. If we multiply them beyond the grasp of thought, by thinking of the further extent of Orders of Mercy throughout the rest of the world; if we multiply again by glancing back at the long succession through these two centuries and more; we are only going through that process of self-delusion, which we fall into when numbers are beyond our conception and become words with no impression contained in them — such as the numbers stated but not understood in the facts of physical science. And when all attempts at imagining are done, still there is before us the immeasurable future peopled with the active orders of charity ministering to the poor, each system receiving continually the fresh influx of new members and of youthful energy. It is only because the Sisters of Charity are best known to the world that their very name has become suggestive of sympathy; the Sister of Charity has become the type of compassion. What volumes of praise for the spirit of all the Catholic Orders of Mercy are implied in this one fact! And if the manner in which help and comfort are given can add without limit to the value of service, where are our numbers now, and who can measure the worth of the first step that was taken to lead out into the whole world's haunts of suffering this numberless and endless army of consolation? In going back to the origin of the Sisters of Charity we are about to look at the initiative in this boundless work of human compassion and of divine love. That origin could not have been more humble and simple than it was. It has three characteristics that are not without their suggestive side. First, the movement began through individual effort at a time of such broadcast calamity, such a dead-level of misery, that any human

foresight would have said individual effort would be utterly thrown away. Secondly, the foundress, Louise de Marillac, accomplished a work that deserves to be counted an immense public service — a benefaction to the world and to all time; and yet she was of the most gentle minded, the most delicately sensitive type of womanhood, always in the background, always hidden, even now unknown — the Christian picture of the valiant woman, and the very reverse of the world's type of an active public benefactress, the proverbial "woman with a mission." Thirdly, the whole work was a gradual and an unconscious one, without any previous resolve, without any design, with no idea of what was being accomplished; and yet those who had the labor had also the reward of seeing it completed. Every one familiar with the character of St. Vincent de Paul will readily understand how this great foundation was an unplanned work; it was one of the many examples of what in his own words he was wont to call his anxiety not to hurry and tumble over what God was working out. And as Louise de Marillac, or as she is oftener called by her marriage name, Mademoiselle Le Gras, was for nearly forty years the friend and willing helper of the great apostle of the poor, it is easy to see how his spirit came to be hers, and how she labored as he did, without solicitude, without ambition, only doing with earnest hands the work that opportnnity cast in her way.

When we have glanced at these three aspects of the origin of the Sisters of Charity we shall have a mere outline of a wonderful work that Vincent de Paul always counted as directly divine. And first we have said that it arose through individual effort at a time when anyone would have thought such efforts were lost like drops in an ocean of misery. The place and time will be suggested to us if we make the Paris of to-day dwindle and change into the city of between two and three centuries ago; and if to place a background to the latter part of our story we gather a few suggestions of the sufferings inflicted on the French people by the war of the Fronde. The whole history of the foundation may be matched side by side with English events, by noting that Louise de Marillac was born in 1591 — that is, when Elizabeth's anti-Catholic laws were being worked in full fury at Tyburn; and the death of the foundress occurred in 1660, about two months before that day of May when Charles II. landed. In the September of the same year, in Paris, a priest died, at an age halfway between eighty and ninety; with bright intelligence to the last, and promising with his dying breath that God who had begun the work, which he humbly disclaimed, would also finish it. He died who had been the sanctifier of the priesthood of France, the apostle of the poor; "Monsieur Vincent," as he was called, had seemed during his fifty years in Paris a character inseparable from it, a part of its life that could not some day be gone. And truly his work has never passed away; it has become to us in the modern world an inseparable part of the life of charity, and the day will never come when it will be in the world's midst no more.

The Paris of our times is more than seven times larger than it was then. Northward of the Seine the old walls made their half-circle where now is the innermost circle of boulevards; beyond the river the

loop of wall was still more narrowed, and there one suburb surrounded the Abbey of St. Germain, and another in the opposite direction clung round the little tributary of the Seine as far southward as the present site of the Boulevard St. Marcel, thus enclosing the old Porte St. Victor in the town. All round the circuit of the walls the faubourgs were thrown out, like clustered villages leading in to the gates. Such were then those faubourgs, now buried deep round the heart of the great city — St. Honoré, Montmartre, St. Denis and St. Martin. The two last named had merged in one, ending in the monastery of St. Lazare, where we shall find St. Vincent and his priests during his later years. Passing on still eastward, there was the Faubourg du Temple, and farther yet, close to the rounded towers and loopholed walls of the Bastille, there was another gateway with its faubourg branching out from it, that of St. Antoine. Tracts of cultivated ground filled the expanse between these faubourgs, and even within the walls there were broad spaces of open garden ground, such as the lands of St. Gervais and of Ste. Catherine. Paris had, of course, its Louvre even then, partly palace and partly armory, and its Tuilleries, the old château in the midst of quaint luxurious gardens dating from the time of Francis I.; and farther up the river, on the site known now only by the Theatre Châtelet, the old Grand Châtelet, with its cluster of round pointed towers, looked down upon the water, and upon its oldest bridges leading towards Notre Dame, and its crowd of boats moored along the shore lines. The islands had been but little built over, except the principal island, where the double towers of the cathedral and the high roofs of the Hôtel Dieu looked out over a close labyrinth of lanes. Two parallel lines of streets, continued beyond the river, traversed the whole city, in what may be roughly called a north to south direction. They are now represented by the Rue St. Martin taken with the Rue St. Jacques, and by the line of the Boulevard de Sebastopol and that of St. Michael beyond the river. The old street that traversed the ground where the demolition was made for the Sebastopol boulevard, after swerving at last a little more directly northward, passed under its gateway and out into the Faubourg St. Denis, where we shall find Mdle. Le Gras passing her later years in a house facing the monastery of St. Lazare. A former residence of hers was at La Chapelle; it was then in the open country, but like many another village it has long ago been merged in the spreading city, and the railways of the north-east are bringing the traffic of our days into the modern capital, where Mdle. Le Gras once managed her country homestead and taught the children of the village. To fix the period before our mind we may note that she had nearly completed her nineteenth year when Henry IV. was assassinated by Ravaillac; that she was married in her twenty-third year to Antoine Le Gras, who had held the office of secretary to the queen, Marie de Medicis; that nearly thirteen years after her widowhood began, at the end of the year that had seen the Duke of Buckingham's suite dazzling all Paris when he came to bring away Henriette-Marie to be the queen of England; that the Grand Monarque became the boy-king of France the year after the first Sisters of Charity had taken their first vows; that the war of the Fronde broke out from the

widespread enmity against the line of favorite ministers that culminated in Mazarin, at a time when the first Sisters of Charity were doing their full work, but without formal approbation as a religious society, and that already at that time the health of the foundress was so broken that her pale and fragile looks made her prolonged life a mystery; and, lastly, we may notice that though the Fronde had formerly ended in 1653, the evils it had wrought were still rife, when this frail life, that had seemed so weak and labored so strongly, came at last to an end in 1660. The miseries that flooded the land in the war of the Fronde were only the sudden and tenfold increase of an already existing state of disorder and wretchedness. France was divided into no less than seventy thousand fiefs and arrière fiefs, and while the peasantry, with their labor and their cottages, belonged almost absolutely, life and roof, to the lords of the land, a system of taxation, infinitely varied but everywhere extremely hard, kept the rural classes in discontent and hopeless poverty. The poorest found relief at the châteaux and the monasteries; even non-Catholic writers admit that of the two the monasteries administered their charity more wisely, while that of the châteaux was likely to increase the sense of servitude. Broad tracts of the country were densely wooded, and beside the local laws to reduce the cottager's yearly store in favor of his master, there were other laws to keep him from preserving his harvest from the wild animals that abounded on the fringes of the forest-lands; so that whether in favor of lord or of beast, the law seemed never to protect the men that called a field their own. Pestilence was constantly sweeping over the country. In 1631 the plague broke out, and spread through the whole of France; and when we hear of its increased virulence five years after, it is not because it had come afresh, but because it had never gone. At that time there was a law, made by Isaac Lafemas, of Champagne, ordering that any mendicant showing the least symptoms of contagious disease, should at once declare his ailment under penalty of being shot dead. Liable to be shot if he went abroad as a danger, the destitute man of the seventeenth century was clearly in that case on a level with the dog of the nineteenth. It is true there existed, in all the great towns, hospitals where the sick poor could be received; but they were insufficient at the best of times, and overcrowded in the years of pestilence, so impoverished that they had not even sufficient linen, and so ill-managed that their state was too repulsive for description. Many of the poor preferred to lie starving in their own homes, and not without reason. Some of the hospitals were little better than plague-pits, though we may hope the example at Rouen was the worst, where, on the same bed of contagion, seven or eight sick lay together, and we hear even of one living man thus imprisoned among a group of the dead. When the first efforts were made to arrange a better service in the hospitals, we must not imagine that the ladies of Paris and the Filles de Charite, acting as their servants, entered anything like the bright, airy, and well-ordered wards that we think of when we hear of a hospital now. But it was not only the hospitals that were in disorder, the very streets were in a state of disorder and danger that can hardly be realized. The streets of the

capital from nightfall till dawn were in profound darkness. It was only two winters after the time we are considering, in 1662, that carriers of torches and lanterns were commissioned by law to be stationed at the Palais de Justice, the Louvre, and the open street-corners of the city, to be hired by the hour from the patent-owners who had bought their right from the State. Among the rich, carriages of the immense, lumbering, glass-and-gilt kind were coming into vogue; there had been very few at the beginning of the century; and the passage of these huge carriages, with their following of lacqueys, made increased disorder. We hear, for instance, how, in a narrow street near the Louvre, the carriages of the Prince de Conti and of the Comte de Soissons one luckless day knocked together, and the blows exchanged by the two retinues did not settle the quarrel, for the collision was avenged next day in a street battle between seven or eight hundred men. Daylight disorder was nothing compared to the dangers of the absolute nightly darkness, when every man (through the custom of the time, till they were forbidden in 1660) carried pistol, sword or poniard, and beggars went in armed groups or bands — the highwaymen of the less frequented streets. When on the one side was the courtly life of wealth, and on the other, at untraversed distance, the squalor of poverty, it is no wonder that vice and poverty, violence and beggary, became associated in one contempt by the classes who were never forced by circumstances to get a nearer view. In the atmosphere of the Court, to be a servant was to be a soulless chattel; to be poor was to be contemptible; and seen from that distance poverty was a loathsome, social pestilence, and mendicancy a system with crime and violence lurking behind it. To turn to a page of the book before us, the reason of this prejudice may be seen in the state of the worst quarters of Paris. As the biographer of Mdle. Le Gras tells us :—

> Although its population had hardly yet risen beyond seven hundred thousand, it counted at that time no less than forty thousand poor of the begging and vagabond classes. Wandering in the streets, often asking alms with a sword at their side, stealing what they failed to get honestly, these wretched men only too frequently schemed to attract attention by pretended infirmities, and came even to the foot of the altar to trouble those who knelt there. At night they shrank away into what were known as the "Cours de Miracle," filthy and infectious dens of which nothing in our day can give any idea. The greatest of these clusters of courts — to which all the rest were more or less alike — had its entrance from the Rue Neuve-Saint-Sauveur in the district of Saint Denis, and extended between the cul-de-sac of l'Etoile and the Rue de Damiette and the Rue des Forges. To get in there one had first to go through a labyrinth of horrible streets, miry, narrow and of ill-repute: then to go down a crookedly winding descent that led out into a sort of square, where one saw standing in a great niche a symbolic statue of God the Father, stolen no doubt from some church, and surrounded here by about ten dens of habitations sunken below the level of the ground. Each of these contained more than fifty families crowded together; which gives us for this one court five hundred families and at least three thousand inhabitants — a hideous population, without religion or law, without sacrament or morality, always in revolt against the Church and in rebellion against society — as Bossuet said, "a godless people among the people of God, men dead even before death — reduced to the life of beasts — a hunted, banished, wandering, vagabond race."

Such was the state of life in many parts of Paris until the founding of the Hôpital Général by St. Vincent de Paul through the instru-

mentality of the Duchess d'Aiguillon. Such it was at the time of the Fronde, unreclaimed and deemed irreclaimable; and it was the home for the poor at St. Laurent where the Sisters of Charity undertook the work that suggested the idea of the Hôpital Général and began the first attempt at reclamation. As we have said, at the time of the Fronde no such charity existed; and when the war swept in upon the city a vast increase of population, the "Cours de Miracle" were still brimful of squalor and vice.

M. Antoine Feillet's "La Misère au tempts de la Fronde" has cast new light upon a war that had been regarded too much as a contest of private enmity, of romance, of frivolity, led by careless nobles and brilliant Court ladies like "la Grande Mademoiselle," and bearing rich fruit in their memoirs written afterwards in idle hours. It is true that personal pique and hatred had a large share in it, for it was utterly different from the almost contemporary English Civil War, because it was directed not against principles but against persons. It is true also that it came to an end, leaving the political state of the country precisely what it had been before, Mazarin as powerful as ever, finance as disordered, taxation as galling, administration as bad. But it did not sweep the land and fade like a romance of war. It caused four years of appalling misery to the people, and many years passed afterwards before the poorer classes had risen out of ruin. When Vincent de Paul was crying out to Court and camp alike, imploring pity for the poor, it was not for one unfortunate section of the people that he pleaded. "The poor" meant almost the entire population. When he and his priests journeyed through the provinces where either army had passed like a blight, he told how one saw the people lying beggared in the streets, or in the fields and woods, unable to rise through weakness, scarcely covered with rags, dragging themselves along the ground like animals, in search of roots, for food, and "having but one sigh between them and death." Scarcely were they dead when the birds would gather to them unscared, and the beasts from the woods. He tells among the countless details of misery, how he went into two hundred houses, and found bread in only two; and how in fifteen parishes that he visited about the same time, there were fifteen hundred poor lying upon straw without food or remedy. The soldiers themselves were so ill provided that their commanders began to protest against being obliged in the winter to clothe their men out of pity; but in their turn, seized with a madness of destruction, they seem to have had little pity for others. Contemporary letters tell how in the armies there was neither obedience nor discipline; how the soldiers, "as if possessed by the devil," marked their path with destruction, outrage, and sacrilege; how the terrified people abandoned their homes at the news of their approach, and how the harvests that were neither trampled nor consumed were beaten to the ground, probably lest the enemy might find provision afterwards in passing the same way. "The soldiers go to the farms," said a letter from Port-Royal; "they beat down the corn and will not leave a single miserable grain to the owners, who beg it of them for charity." The religious houses were in some places a refuge; with the doors barricaded, the courtyard crowded with poultry, the basement full of horses

and cattle, and the very chapel stored with food, clothing, furniture — everything that could be saved for the poor villagers — the convents sheltered the countrywomen and the remnant of property, till their walls in turn were broken through. Round Paris the villages had been entirely deserted and nearly all the abbeys pillaged. The terror that overspread the country was no panic, but the result of known deeds of violence. The Mère Angelique Arnauld tells, in one of her letters, of a dying soldier who dreaded above others one crime of his life; in the sacking of a convent a nun had fled out of his reach by climbing the iron-work of the grille, and he had shot her, while she hung clinging to the crucifix above. This then was the war at the height of which, in 1652, the first Sisters of Charity that left the soil of France set out for Poland, there soon after to begin fearlessly on the battlefields of strange nations their long career of service to the wounded.

But we have not yet outlined even in mere suggestion that sea of misery that made trial of the first years of the Sisters of Charity. "You need not go to Picardy and Champagne to see wretchedness," said the curé of St. Sulpice preaching to ask alms; "go to the faubourgs of Paris — go to the garrets, and to the cellars where the poor are lying on the ground without food or fire." Instead of one thousand there were three thousand sick in the Hôtel Dieu at the height of the Fronde, and the war had taken away nearly all its revenue. Vincent de Paul and his priests of the mission, those apostles of the poor, themselves could hardly live. Even the rich had to make great sacrifices; the ladies of Paris were sending immense sums to the famine-stricken country, but they keenly felt the effort. Some there were whose generosity counted worldly goods as nothing; Madame de Miramon, that great-hearted lover of the poor, in 1652 sold her necklet of pearls for a sum that in our days would be a thousand pounds; and the next year she sold her household silver. The plague was adding to the misery of the city; it was raging, in 1652, when Condé, besieging and burning the Hôtel de Ville, was stupefying with terror a people already starving. A few days before a petition had been sent up to Parliament praying for freedom from rents, and showing that all business had ceased; the shops had closed, and workmen were dying every day from sheer hunger and exhaustion; it stated how no resource was left to them but to sink among the throng of mendicants, and how even then they could not hope to get relief, because of "the infinite number of the poor that are in Paris." In the faubourgs alone there were counted twelve thousand families of the respectable class that sinks secretly to starvation, or as the French call them the "pauvres honteux;" and the destitute who did not attempt to conceal their state were reckoned as a hundred thousand. Such was the sea of manifold misery in which the first Sisters of Charity labored; and their labors were not lost, but, perpetuated, have come down to our time multiplied a hundredfold.

Let us turn now to the second aspect of their origin, and consider the character, or, as we might better say, the personality of the foundress, noticing, as we go, how shrinking from publicity, and without any previous design or ambition, she did a great work for all time.

From first to last she had no idea of coming forward in the world; nor did she come forward. Her name is even yet but little known. Let us go to the chapel of the Sisters of Charity in the Rue du Bac, and read her epitaph there on the slab of black marble near the altar, before we look at the greatness of her heart and the beauty of her soul. The inscription runs: "Here lies Dame Louise de Marillac, widow of M. Le Gras, Secretary to Queen Mary du Medicis, the Foundress and First Superior of the Sisters of Charity, the Servant of the Sick Poor." Then, after noting the various transferences of her remains rendered necessary by the desire of the sisters to possess them and by the troubles at the time of the First Revolution, it ends by recording the hope that the sacred dust resting here may remind others of her charity, and may enkindle the spirit of her who was "the true mother of the poor."

There was always in the character of Louise de Marillac what St. Vincent called her touch of seriousness, and perhaps this had some share in her first youthful desire to consecrate herself to a religious life; she thought of a most austere Order that had recently come to Paris — the bare-footed, thorn-crowned Filles de la Passion. But here was no hard or cold seriousness. It sprang from an earnest nature and a warm heart. Of this warmth of heart we have proof at every turn in her life. Half-orphaned from her birth she had no chance of answering a mother's love, but her father, in his last will, wrote of her that she had been his greatest consolation in this world, and that God had given her to him to be the repose of his spirit under the sorrows of life. After his death she began her thirteen years of marriage; and of the happiness of the union we know but little except what is told by the touching fact that afterwards, through all her life, she kept religiously the anniversary of her marriage day. One child was born to her, that Michel for whom her tenderness was so great that St. Vincent at one time declared no mother could have been more a mother than she, and at another wrote to calm her anxiety: "In the name of God leave your son to his heavenly Father, who loves him even more than you do." In the fate of her uncles she suffered keenly — those two famous De Marillacs who lost their lives to Richelieu's vengeance after the "journée des dupes." Michel was her favorite of the two, the Keeper of the Seals, that noble man in whose sanctity there was something of the ring of the antique knightly holiness. He wore out the end of his days in lonely imprisonment at Châteaudun; there it is on record that his gaoler refused the petition of a veiled woman who had come from Paris to see the prisoner, and there is evidence that this was Mdle. Le Gras. Faithful to the last, as her affection was, she had been the comforter of the mourning household when the other Le Marillac was executed, and in sharing their grief she had tried to take away any trace of vengeful bitterness. If we look on still farther, and see the new community rising round her and spreading through the various parishes and through the country, the same tenderness of heart is still proved. The news of the death of anyone her scattered sisters had to be broken to her with cautious management, so really did she cherish them individually; and after her death,

all who had been under her roof declared that no one had ever seemed to be surpassed by another in her affections. But the glory of her great heart was her love for the poor. Its motive and its manner can be summed up in one word: she realized that the service of the poor is accepted by Jesus Christ as the compassionate service of Himself. It was always to her as if the Redeemer, whom she could not see, was disguised and waiting in His own world to receive through His suffering creatures the sympathy of those who remembered His word — "Ye have done it unto Me." That was the word that inspired Vincent de Paul and the first Sisters of Charity and uncounted myriads more; and the change those words have wrought in the world since eighteen hundred years ago — the life that is in them to raise up systems of charity to comfort the poorest, the helpless, the despised — this must surely tell us how beautiful an office have the Sisters of Charity in common with the other great orders of mercy, no less than the office of preaching by deeds not words the divinity of Christ; since no voice but the voice of God could have so awakened the heart of man, so changed the world by one utterance, so provided an everlasting impetus for the comfort of all human sorrow, not as a dry work of duty, but as a labor of reverence and love.

Louise de Marillac had possessed from childhood a bright intelligence. Her education was the work of her father rather than of the convent at Poissy; we are told that she studied philosophy "in order that the highest science might be open to her." One of St Vincent's letters shows that she had learned Latin, and her father's one care seems to have been that her education should not incline her to waste mind and heart afterwards in a weak and frivolous life. After her marriage we see her clear intelligence at work, and in the charge of the household and the assistance of her husband in his worldly affairs, she reminds us irresistibly of the "valiant woman" who had looked well to the ways of her house. In her widowhood of nearly thirty-five years, entirely devoted to the poor, the same intelligence was shown in her management of each new work of charity as it was placed in her hands; she was always ready to undertake more and more, and to organize the service at her disposal, so that there was no failing, no giving up, even when hospitals, schools, prisons, forsaken children, refugees of war, all came successively as the sphere of work enlarged. But, above all, her clear intelligence showed itself in her piety, where, eagerly embracing every practice approved by the Church, she shrank from self-satisfaction and novelty as selfish waste of time, declaring her dislike of "those little practices which only serve as a sort of amusement, and are nothing compared with real virtues." This led to a simplicity, a sincerity, that marks her life and all she did, and every page that she wrote with swift pen to guide those whose sanctity she was forming. She had a great devotion to the hidden life of our Lord, and to that still more hidden life in the bosom of Mary which has attracted the adoring wonder of many saints. One beautiful thought of hers was that the Christian life of the individual ought to correspond to God's plan in creating the whole race; for the plan of creation embraced the Incarnation also, and the plan of a life ought to embrace

mortification as the means of restoring the soul to its first paradise of purity. So much for her hidden spirit; and yet her soul — that garden of the Spouse — had vast regions of beauty that tempt us to linger. Many things we hear of her, such as are noted in lives of canonized saints — her being discovered crucifix in hands in transports of love and sorrow, her confessions with heart-broken weeping, her tears of joy on the communion cloth where she had received, her kneeling without a stir, leaning against the altar rails during the whole time of Mass, when she was known to be weak and ill, and her wondering word to the sister who expressed surprise: "Ah, if one realizes it!"

Her outer life was marked by poverty. It was her great desire, as she simply said, "to imitate in all things the poverty of our Lord and of his Mother." So we see her pale and fragile, worn out by the loving labors of her life, walking the streets of Paris dressed always as a poor widow, with patched cloak and uncovered hands; and even the last of her fortune, which she never used for herself, she would have entirely given away but for St. Vincent's advice. Her interior life was distinguished by desolation and suffering — for suffering was hers in soul as well as in body — that earthly crown of sorrow that seems to be the inheritance of all the noblest and purest lives. We shall not delay here over her bodily infirmities; she was sinking to her death during twenty-three years. What we would notice is the delicate sensitiveness of her humble soul; she suffered intensely for years from the grief with which she mourned those faults that a less pure conscience could not have perceived; and so truly did she dread her own unworthiness that she sorrowed for every misfortune of her house and for the death of her sisters, as if her own defects were causing the affliction of others. Such was she who for thirty-eight years St. Vincent de Paul had rejoiced over as "a soul always pure." And when worn out with age and labors she expired, M. Portail, who had heard the confession of her whole life, standing by her death-bed, exclaimed aloud, after the last breath had passed: "Oh! beautiful soul that has gone in baptismal innocence!" No strength of will, no mere natural force of character, above all, no ambition of publicity, led to the work done by Louise de Marillac. Her deep humility caused a complete self-abandonment to the guidance of others, who interpreted God's will to her; her strength was what the poet describes in the Sir Galahad of romance, whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure; and in place of ambition she had an indomitable and persistent courage inspired by her faithful love of Christ. To Him she consecrated herself forever, and her service of Him interprets her favorite word — "our dear lords and masters, the poor." Could any public beneficence have a more unearthly origin? Could any human work spring more directly from divine seed, the lowly virtues of a hidden soul?

And now we have come to our third and last characteristic of the origin of the Sisters of Charity. It was unsuspected by those who were engaged in it. St. Vincent de Paul always disclaimed it either for himself or for Mdle. Le Gras, who is in fact styled the foundress,

not as the designer, but merely as the one who moulded the first group of sisters and became the first "sœur servante," as they call the office which in other houses is called that of superior. "Do not delude yourselves," St. Vincent said, speaking to the first sisters, "God alone has founded your Society. We never formed an idea of it. Ah! who would ever have thought there were to be Sisters of Charity when the first of you came to serve the poor in a few districts of Paris? Oh! my children, I did not think of it. Your 'sœur servante' did not think of it either. It is God that was thinking of you; it is He that we must call the author of your Society — for truly there was no other." The gradual development that led up to the Sisters of Charity can be traced, beginning dimly and far back in the life of Mdle. Le Gras. First, the De Marillacs had, as a family, a certain resoluteness in the service of God, and there was no doubt a tradition of charity; the marriage had a bond of sympathy in the love of the poor, for which her husband's family was already renowned. The name of Le Gras was to become still further celebrated, for it is not as Louise de Marillac but as Mdle. Le Gras that the name of the foundress is known.* The charities of her married life were like the first dawn before the sunrise of the future work; whatever time she had at leisure, after the care of her child and of her household, was devoted to the poor, and she not only gave them food and tender service in sickness, but with her own hands she helped in the burial of the dead. The next trace is a vow that, should she survive her husband, she would devote the rest of her life entirely to our Lord. After this vow, made on the 4th of May, 1623, she spent a month of great trial of mind till the day of Pentecost, when her threefold trouble vanished, and as she afterwards wrote her own account of it, she was given a consciousness that "a time would come when I should be in a state to make a vow of poverty, chastity and obedience, and that I should be with other persons, of whom some would make the same vow. I felt then that I would be so placed as to be helping my neighbor, but how this could happen I was unable to understand, because going about would be necessary." This expression of hers reminds us of the tremendous and, at the time, almost startling change that was made in the idea of the religious life by the founding of the Sisters of Charity. Hitherto all women vowed to religion were veiled, and shut off from the world in the enclosure of the cloister. Because of pre-existing ideas, the Sisters of Charity have always disclaimed the name of nuns, and, strictly speaking, they are a congregation or society, and not a religious order, though the distinction is hardly discernable to the outer world, now that there are many religious orders not cloistered.

The next step towards the unknown future work is tracable after the death of Antoine Le Gras, at the close of 1625; his widow then began the fulfilment of her vow by removing to one of the most wretched quarters of the city, the Rue S. Victor, far from all friends

* The rank of Antoine Le Gras, not being of the noblesse, did not permit her to assume in those days the title of Madame.

and old associations, but close to the devoted apostle of charity whom all Paris knew as Monsieur Vincent. At the Faubourg St. Victor she remained for ten years. Having a great desire to do something for the poor, she was first permitted, in 1627, to collect alms for St. Vincent and his priests of the mission, who were journeying through the country districts, as he himself said, "to preach the Gospel to the poor, brightly and simply, as our Lord did." In 1628, a step in advance, she was employed in finding places for country girls sent to Paris. Next year, again, we find her trying to spread the "Confrérie de la Charité," or as it was commonly called, "La Charité," which he had already established in some of the parishes.

Twelve years before, in 1617, "La Charité" had been founded. Monsieur Vincent had been on his way to the pulpit in a country church at Chatillon, when a lady asked him to recommend to the people a case of extreme distress — a farm household about a mile and a half distant, where nearly all the children and the laborers were lying sick and in great poverty. After vespers that day, M. Vincent was on his way home, when he was astonished to meet troops of people coming towards Chatillon, and some, by reason of the summer heat, were resting under the trees exhausted. It was the concourse returning from the home of the poor family, after carrying to them an abundance of bread, meat and wine. And seeing that his words had an effect beyond expectation and beyond the actual need, his practical mind thought at once, "These poor sick people must have too much provisions now all at once; some of it will be spoiled and good for nothing, and then they will be as destitute as before." So conferring with the most zealous members of the parish, he put order in the work of charity, which had so suddenly kindled at his word; he arranged a rule and meetings every month. And so the recommendation from the country pulpit, and the unthinking generosity of the response, led to the founding of "La Charité," in whose ranks a few years after even the brilliant and noble of the Court enrolled themselves and served. And out of this Chatillon incident, as we shall see, sprang the beginning of the Sisters of Charity — an origin small and remote as the first moisture on the rocks, before it has even become the stream that is to swell into a river. Two things we gather from the incident: first, the persuasive power that must have come from the voice, and not from the voice alone but straight from the heart of Vincent de Paul; and the other, the characteristic of all his foundations of charity — that he did not plan beforehand, nor was he solicitous to do any one great work, but as occasion offered he was ready to make the greatest use of it.

In 1629 Mademoiselle Le Gras was sent on her first tour of surveillance to see that La Charité was well administered in the country districts, and we find her desiring the coarsest fare and the meanest shelter on these laborious journeys, "in order to share still more the sufferings of the poor." But soon a difficulty arose. The first members of La Charité had belonged to country homesteads, where the women were accustomed to work. It had sped to the châtelaines of the country-houses, and to the great ladies of Paris,

The rules called them the servants of the poor, and obliged them to take a day each in turn to serve, themselves buying the bread, the meat, and the wine for the sick, to prepare the dinner, and to carry it with their own hands, "at nine in the morning, and to do likewise for a supper at five in the evening." When the first heat of zeal had cooled, the members of high station could not attempt these duties, and to hand them over to their servants would be a dishonor to the high motive of the charity. St. Vincent, out of the embarrassment, only built his work higher and more firmly. One by one he began to call from their spinning, their lace-making, or the watching of the sheep, the peasant girls who had signified to him a special desire to devote themselves to God. These at the different villages became humbly the servants of the ladies of rank in their waiting upon the poor. Little did they dream in that humblest service that St. Vincent de Paul was to call them the precious stones laid in the foundations of the temple. Wearing as they did the simple blueish-grey dress and the white linen cornette with its wide, upturning wings — the country costume of their villages — they little dreamt that they were the first of the glorious band, the countless host, of Sisters of Charity.

The very first to serve was Marguerite Naseau, an orphan girl, who while guarding the pasturage, had taught herself to read by asking the names of the letters from passers-by, and with the same energy she had begun to teach the poorest of the country children. She served the confraternity at Villepreux, and then was sent by St. Vincent to Mdle. Le Gras in Paris, who gave her to the confraternity in the parish of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet. Scarcely was her work begun, when the parish was infected by the plague, and meeting in the street a poor woman already stricken and houseless, Marguerite Naseau took her to her house. There the woman recovered, and the poor Sister of Charity was taken to the Hospital of St. Louis to die instead. She was the leader of the long train of martyrs of compassion that has not ended in our days with the Sisters of Charity who sacrificed their lives in the Crimea, and thirteen years ago in France.

The new Society — or, as St. Vincent called it with his playful touch, his little snowball — was imperceptibly enlarging at every turn. In the autumn of 1633, to give the rustic members a high idea of the Christian life, and also a few rudiments of education, a sort of noviciate was begun; Mdle. Le Gras received three or four aspirants into her house, and consecrated herself to the work by an irrevocable vow, on the 25th of March, 1634. Hers was often a hard task. A constant stream of possible "servants of the poor" came from the country districts, and most of them, not requiting her labor, went away after a short time, though her own patience with human frailty and her indulgence with the weak are said to have been inexhaustible. Many of these young peasants were of an ignorance and a roughness that was hard company day and night for a woman of gentle birth, very sensitive and exquisitely refined. But where the raw material was coarse, there was all the more reason for preparation; for were not

these the hearts and hands that were to wait upon "our dear lords and masters, the poor?" And the rustic material became under her teaching as beautiful, as refined by grace, as the few that were finer by nature. At first but rarely the daughters of the rich came into the little company; but so well was her care rewarded that all stood on one level, all poor alike, and all beautified by the reflection of the spirit of her whom they regarded as a mother. To see how high was the standard placed before the first Sisters of Charity, we need only read of Jeanne d'Allemagne, who, seeing hard bread handed to a beggar, gave her own food secretly instead, and when it was discovered said simply, "One must not give to God anything that is not good." Or we can listen at the deathbed of the Sœur André, and hear how her only trouble was that her own pleasure in life might have been too great, for as she explained, the service of the poor had been so sweet to her that for very delight she had felt as if she went on wings.

In 1634 St. Vincent began those conferences that lasted until his death, and the account of which is now a most precious treasure to the sisters. It was there that he talked with them as a father among his children, telling them at one time how since Solomon placed precious stones in the foundations of the Temple, their lives must be beautiful as jewels, worthy to be the beginning of a work for God. At another time he explained how they were to have for their convent the house of the sick, for their cell some hired home, for their chapel the parish church, for their cloisters the city streets or the hospital wards, and obedience for their enclosure, and the fear of God for their grated screen, and holy modesty for their veil.

The next step in advance was the service of the Hôtel Dieu — a very great step, for it is in the hospitals that the Sisters of Charity have won their greatest fame. Like many works of St. Vincent, the initiative was given by another, and he, assured of the wisdom of using the opportunity, turned to it his untiring genius of charity. Madame de Chassaigne, of whom the name alone is known now, had occasioned the establishment of La Charité at Chatillon. Madame de Gondy, sister of the Archbishop of Paris, took the initiative of the country missions by giving funds to found them, and thus arose the Priests of the Mission. The Présidente de Herse gave alms for another work — retreats before Holy Orders — and thus began another undertaking by St. Vincent. And now it was the young Madame Goussault, famed for her brightness, her beauty, and the charm of sanctity that sped from her simple ways, that conceived the idea of having the greatest hospital of Paris served by the ladies of La Charité, and by the young girls now trained who were acting elsewhere as their handmaids. In its twenty halls the hospital received from 1,000 to 1,200 patients; 20,000 to 25,000 passed through it every year. It was already in the charge of Augustinian nuns, but they were almost powerless because of the lack of funds and the badness of the administration. "The sphere of your work is enlarging," said St. Vincent to Mademoiselle Le Gras; and with her trained sisters to wait upon them, the ladies of La Charité, with the highest names of Paris, were daily to be seen passing through the wards from one bedside to another, braving contagion in personal service, and

out of their wealth giving largely to the revenue of the hospital. They had been enjoined to ask to enter there as the assistants of the nuns, and our Filles de Charité ranked last and least, the servants of all. They, too, did their part for the revenue, though in the most humble way. There had been a large room hired near, where they made jellies, confectionery, and other delicacies for the patients of the hospital, who had hitherto suffered from the want of suitable food: they made a large quantity, besides, specially for sale, and many a table in Paris paid for its confectionery to the advantage of the Hotel Dieu. Before a month the confraternity numbered 120 members. Amongst other good works they had secured for the hospital a sufficient number of chaplains; and for their consolation of the sick and the hundreds of conversions that had been made, St. Vincent de Paul wrote their praise tersely in one of his letters — "God has written their names in the Book of Life." But meanwhile the servants in peasant dress, who were preparing the food and doing the hardest work, were to be in the long future the established guardians of the hospitals. Their special talent seems to have been activity in the simplest ways. We have seen them increasing the revenue by their skill in preparing dainty food; and we find amongst them at this time a lace-maker, who was of great use, because she taught the poor women how to earn a living when they were restored to health.

In May, 1636, Mdle. le Gras removed into the country to La Chapelle, and with her sisters taught the Catechism to the village girls and women. It was the beginning of the immense work done ever since by the Sisters of Charity in the teaching of the poor. In the summer of that year, when the invasion by the Spanish army under John de Werth was sweeping the population before it towards Paris in its advance, the household held their ground bravely, and sheltered all they could. "Since that time war has never driven back the Sisters of Charity, nor has the tumult of arms stopped their good deeds."

Other works awaited them. In that city of misery which underlay the luxury of the capital, it was reckoned that every year between three and four hundred children were abandoned. If they had not perished before being found, the officials of the State placed them at a house called "La Couche," where their fate was still worse. Badly managed, with insufficient pay instead of charity, the refuge was so miserable and fatal that Mdle. le Gras had already brought it under the notice of Vincent de Paul. Most of the wretched infants there were half-poisoned with sleeping draughts, others were sold even for a few pence, and became part of the stock-in-trade of the beggars; or, worse still, after the sale their death yielded innocent blood for the horrors of sorcery. One night, when that figure whom even the criminal classes respected — "Monsieur Vincent" — was in the dark streets under the shadow of the city wall, he came upon a beggar man disabling an infant so that it might be shown as an object of pity. "Cruel wretch!" he cried out in his indignation, "at a distance I mistook you for a man!" And rescuing the little victim, he carried it away in the shelter of his mantle.

From that moment he was resolved to rouse public charity and

save the forsaken children. It was the beginning of the homes of the "Enfants Trouvés." At Lyons and Marseilles they were already in existence, but their immense development is due to St. Vincent de Paul and the first Sisters of Charity.

In 1641, Mdle. le Gras removed to the Faubourg St. Denis, opposite St. Vincent's house of St. Lazare, and opened a school for the poor; and yet another branch was added to their work of mercy when the sisters were admitted to the prisons — seventeenth-century prisons, let us remember, of the horrors of which there is now no example in civilized lands. Every apparent chance was adding to the form of the young society; and now, borrowed from another congregation, St. Vincent brought the title of "sœur servante" given to the superior, and about the same time he heard and reported a touching form of vows "to serve our lords, the poor." As the result of his words, the sisters petitioned to bind themselves by vow; permission was granted to make simple vows binding only from year to year, and this is still the custom of the Sisters of Charity, who nevertheless in heart and desire have given themselves to Christ and His poor forever. The first four made their vows on the feast of the Annunciation, Mdle. le Gras renewing hers with them, in 1642. The 25th of March is still the day of the vows that are now made by a world-wide union of twenty thousand.

During the war of the Fronde, the sisters journeyed through the country to serve the poor; the little community remained at the Faubourg St. Denis, even when the army of Condé was encamping about St. Lazare, and when its advance guard was attacked and destroyed by the royal army close by at the Porte St. Martin. "The greater part of the people are moving away," wrote Mdle. le Gras to St. Vincent. "It seems to me that Paris is abandoning this faubourg to its fate; but I hope God will not abandon us, and that in His goodness we shall find mercy." Good works were carried on without interruption, though not without the endurance of terror and privation. In the midst of the danger, the new foundation spread beyond its native country; four sisters, invited by the Queen of Poland, set out on their long journey. Not long after their establishment on new ground, Poland was devastated by the Swedish invasion, and at that time began the long career of the Sisters of Charity in braving the peril of battlefields to tend the wounded.*

The development of the work was complete. It received the formal approbation of the Church in May, 1655, with the words, "Your Society shall bear the name of the Sisters of Charity." On the 8th of the following August, the act of establishment was signed by Mdle. le Gras and her first sisters, and signed and sealed by Vincent de Paul; even the stamp of the seal told the spirit of the enterprise, for on the wax can still be seen the figure of the world's Redeemer with arms opened wide to all.

*For their work in the ambulances of our time see M. de Lyden's "Les Sœurs de Charité." His account of the Crimean war abounds with military and medical testimony to their worth. Their bravery was above praise, whether in contending with the epidemic of cholera, or rescuing the sick from the burning hospital at Smyrna, or on the battlefield at Sebastopol, where they had to be prevented almost by force from entering the trenches under the fire of the Russian guns.

In 1657, the new Society received the royal authorization, and Louis XIV. placed it with special privileges under the protection of his successors.

This authorization to some extent saved the Sisters of Charity in the storm that has recently broken over the Church in France. As yet they are nowhere disturbed in their own houses; but they have been replaced by lay teachers in the public schools, where they had been doing incalculable good, working as they were — not, like the new teachers, for the pay of the State, but with a zeal inspired by the highest motives. Other great works had been in their charge: they had served in the prisons, in the asylums of the insane, in the orphanages and the famous homes of "Enfants Trouvés;" above all, they had been in the hospitals. As nurses of the sick, they had a world-wide fame; and, while their tender sympathy had consoled thousands of friendless deathbeds, and their sweetness of charity had won numberless souls to faith and repentance, in the nursing of the sick they had a success that made them valuable to the medical staff of the hospitals. One word will speak volumes in proof of this — the name of Florence Nightingale has become a byword for skill in hospital and ambulance treatment; but it is not generally known that Florence Nightingale received her first medical training from the Sisters of Charity in Paris, at the Rue du Bac. And what is their position in the care of hospitals now? Until two years ago the hospitals of Paris were entrusted to nuns — not always the Sisters of Charity, for several religious orders shared the charge. Two years ago, M. Charles Quentin, the chief of the Assistance Publique, began the expulsion of religious from the hospitals. The sisters could not be suddenly swept away, as other nurses had to be trained and provided; but hospital after hospital went through the process of "laïcisation," and there are now in Paris only three or four where the sisters remain, holding their footing till the order comes to bid them go. So from the sick wards of Paris the Sisters of Charity have been all but entirely excluded. It is not only the patients but the doctors that complain of the inefficiency of the new service. Even if hired hands could have — and they cannot have — the tenderness of the hands that work for love, the continual changing of nurses is a loss to the sick and a difficulty to the medical staff. As one doctor lately said of the hospital to which he is attached, the new nurses change like the slides of a magic-lantern show.

But the consecrated "servants of the poor" have passed through other overclouded periods; far worse was the close of the last century, when they had even to disguise their dress; and some day yet they will resume the work to which for two centuries they have earned their title. For the rest, their spirit has not changed, whether in our midst or among strange nations and strange tongues; in the orphanages of the African or the Chinese missions, it is still to-day the spirit of the first Sisters of Charity, the spirit of Vincent de Paul and of Louise de Marillac. Still to-day are they bringing down into our cities the Sermon on the Mount; poor to the last degree, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the mourners with all who mourn, the peace-makers, the seekers of justice in their own hidden

life — can we wonder if they are to have also the beatitude of the persecuted, and if men take from them the only thing they ask of the world — the permission to comfort the afflicted?

Those who would desire to know intimately their spirit to-day and its origin two and a half centuries ago, cannot do better than follow the history of Mdle. Le Gras as it is told by her nameless biographer. It is no mere compilation at second-hand. The only work existing before it dated from 1674, re-edited with a few new details, but now almost unknown. Here we have the result of original research, and new information furnished by documents never published till now. Nor will the copy of the autograph letter be without interest, telling as it does, with "the touch of the vanished hand," about "le service des pauvres pour l'amour de Dieu." — *Dublin Review* for July.

[Messrs. Benziger Bros., New York, publish the book.]

The Baptism of Converts.

In the Apostolic Prefecture of Bombay a certain person about to be received into the Church had been baptized in childhood by an Anglican minister. The particular party of the Established Church to which the minister belonged, prescribes in its ritual for baptism the same matter and the same form as the Catholic Church: and though these Anglicans consider this matter and the form necessary for the sacrament, and are careful in attending to both when administering baptism, still a doubt arose in the minds of some of the clergy of Bombay as to the course they ought to pursue. Is it to be presumed, asked they, that baptism is administered invalidly by Anglicans, and so must we baptise converts, at least conditionally; or are we to presume the administrations valid, and so believe these converts to have been properly baptised, until proof is given to the contrary? The *Sacred Congregation of Inquisition*, in reply, directed the memorialists to receive a copy of the decree of November 20th, 1878, and to be guided by the principles there given. The Decree referred to contains the following: It is not a rule, nor must it be laid down as a principle, that all converts, without distinction of race or sect, are to be baptized conditionally. Each case should be examined by itself. If the validity of the baptism can be established, the neophyte is to make only an abjuration and the profession of faith. If, on the other hand, the baptism was certainly invalid, the sacrament must be administered absolutely. And if, again, nothing can be proved, either as to its validity or its nullity, or if, after due examination and inquiry, there still remains upon some points a probable doubt, then the baptism is to be administered conditionally.

Our Young Folks.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE SNOWDROP.

CHAPTER VII. Continued.

"Now, then, young man," he cried, "what do you mean by such conduct? Your screams are enough to wake the dead."

"Hush, Uncle Tom," said Dermot, forgetting himself in his terror at the sight of Snowdrop's still white figure; "my little cousin is dead. Oh, pray, carry her down!"

"My goodness! the poor child has fainted! but I'll soon bring her round," and taking her up in his strong arms, he carried her off, and laid her on the floor before the fire in his room.

By this time the whole house was awake and stirring. Mrs. O'Connor and nurse came hurrying in to see after the unconscious child, and Captain Mason hastened away to the village to look for the doctor.

Dermot sat in a little huddled-up lump on the floor, neither moving nor speaking. He kept his eyes fixed on Snowdrop's face, as though he could not bear to lose sight of her for an instant. But presently, to his surprise and delight, the white lids trembled, the lips moved slightly, and at last the little girl opened her eyes and looked round the room. "Dermot," she whispered, "where are we, dear?"

"In Uncle Tom's room," he answered, softly. "Quite safe—quite safe."

"Then I did not fall off the tower? I wasn't killed?"

"No, dear, no. Uncle Tom found us and brought us down."

"I am glad—I am glad! Dear, good Uncle Tom; I always loved him—always," and then with a smile Snowdrop fell asleep.

"Now she'll do," said nurse, "an there'll be no doctor wanted to-night. Get off to your bed, Master Dermot, and don't sit there waitin' for a cold," and she walked away to the nursery, bearing the sleeping child in her arms.

"Yes, Dermot," said his mother, "you must go back to bed. Come along, and I will tuck you up."

"Very well, mother," and the boy went off to his room without another word.

But as his mother stooped to cover him in his crib, he raised himself, and flinging his arms round her neck sobbed and wept as though his little heart would break.

"Hush, dear," she whispered; "you must not cry like that."

"Oh, mother, mother, I am so sorry I was disobedient; forgive me, mother; say you forgive me!"

"I do forgive you, darling, for I see you are truly sorry. Good-night, my boy, good-night! Tell God you are sorry, Dermot, and ask him to forgive you. Say your prayers, dear, and go to sleep," and putting her arms round him she kissed his little tear-stained face.

"I will never disobey you or father any more, never anymore," he cried; "and I'll never go up that old tower to look at the stars again."

"I hope not, dear; but you must ask God to help you, Dermot, or you will surely sin again. But go to sleep now; we shall talk it all over to-morrow. God bless you, my boy," and kissing him once more, his mother drew down the blind and left him for the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FRUITS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

CONTRARY to all expectations, the children suffered but little from their midnight visit to the tower. Slight colds kept them prisoners to the house for some days, and then they were both as well as ever again. For Snowdrop this was a pleasant time, and she and her little cousins amused themselves from morning till night with their dolls; but for Dermot it was truly a week of penance. The weather was bright and pleasant, and Captain Mason went off every day upon some excursion, in which the boy would have dearly loved to join.

"What lucky fellows those O'Briens are, mother," he said, mournfully; "Uncle Tom takes them about everywhere. It must be awfully jolly. This cold of mine is such a nuisance! It is too bad that it should have come just when I want to amuse myself, and go out with my uncle."

"It is a great punishment for you, I know, dear," said his mother, gently; "but my little boy must not forget that he brought it on himself. It is only the fruits of disobedience, Dermot, remember. Had you been obedient and stayed in bed, instead of dragging your cousin up the cold tower, you would now be sailing about with Uncle Tom; but if children disobey their parents they must expect to be punished."

"But you forgave me, mother?"

"Yes, dear, certainly, and so did your father. We have not thought it necessary to give you any punishment, because we considered that this cold was far greater than any we could have inflicted. But you must be brave over it, Dermot, and bear it cheerfully; it was God Himself who punished you for your sin."

"Yes mother, I know. And, oh, I am so glad that Snowdrop did not die, or get very ill, as you feared she might; or it would have been my fault."

"So it would; and you ought to thank God frequently, dear, that you both escaped so well."

"Yes, mother, so I do, often."

"Very well, then, you must bear your little punishment bravely, Dermot, and be very good during these long days in the house. If God sees you thus He will be pleased, and forgive you."

"Yes, mamma, I know; and I promise not to grumble any more;" and, kissing his mother, the boy returned to his book.

From this hour Dermot was cheerful and uncomplaining. The cold rapidly grew well; but, alas! when he was able to go out the pleasant excursions were at an end; for Uncle Tom's leave was up,

and he was obliged to bid them all good-bye, and go off to England with his regiment.

But Mrs. O'Connor was delighted with her little boy's gentleness during this time of trial, and resolved to give him a treat whenever an opportunity presented itself.

One day, towards the end of May, she and her husband were invited to go over to Howth to lunch and dine with some friends. The children were in despair at the thoughts of a whole day without their mother, and hung about her all the morning, as if they imagined she would never return to them.

"Well, you are a nice set of babies," she cried, laughing, as they crowded round her. "One would think I was going away for a year. And just remember the long days I sit in the drawing-room there, and you hardly come near me."

"Yes, mother, but then we know you are there," cried Dermot, "and we can take a peep at you when we like."

"Well, that is certainly a very nice way of putting it, young man; but look at my little daughters and Mistress Snowdrop: because I am going for a holiday they must wear long faces, and pretend they are sorry to lose me."

"Oh, mamma, we don't pretend!" cried Topsy, kissing her mother's hand; "but we shall be so lonely!"

"No, indeed, we don't pretend," said Nora. "We shall miss you dreadfully; but I am very glad you are going to have a holiday, aren't you Snowdrop?"

"Yes, indeed, I am. And I hope auntie will enjoy herself very much."

"So do I," said Lesbia, nestling up to her mother's side; "and, oh, mamma, I hope Howth is a pretty place."

"Very pretty, dear, but not half so pretty as dear old Kilteen. But I am glad to go and see my friends there occasionally."

"Mine dad, too," cried Baba, toddling up. "Mudder, bing mine pity sells."

"Oh, you beggar!" cried Lesbia.

"Mind not a beddar — mine dood durl — 'ou beddar, Esba."

And then they all laughed merrily, for no one ever contradicted little Ba.

"Well, now, my dears," said Mrs. O'Connor, taking the small child on her knee, "mother never likes to think of her little people feeling lonely, and so she has arranged a treat for them. Guess what it is."

"To have the Mulvanys to tea?" cried Dermot. "But, oh, mother dear, they are such torments, and we have girls enough. Let us have the O'Briens."

"My dear Dermot, you are quite wrong. But do you think I could enjoy my day if I thought those scamps were with you?"

"I know what the treat is, mother," said Nora, gaily. "It's to go to Kingstown and see grandmamma."

"Wrong too, Nora," said her mother, laughing; "quite wrong."

"I guess it's to go for a nice long drive through the country,"

cried Snowdrop, joyfully. "Am I not right, auntie? Oh, I see by your face I am."

"Yes, dear, you are right — but you have not guessed all. I have told cook to pack up a big hamper of good things, and you are to start off and spend a long day on Bray Head."

"Oh, how nice! Dear, good, kind mamma!" they cried in a chorus. "That will be most delightful."

"But are we all to go?" asked Dermot. "Baba and all?"

"Of course! Why shouldn't she?" said his mother, in surprise.

"Oh, she 'll be such a bother! And then there will be such a lot of kids."

"Kids, indeed," said Mrs. O'Connor, indignantly. "Now, I tell you what, Master Dermot, you had better not take on so many airs. If you do, you and I shall not be friends. It is very unkind of you not to want poor Baba to go, for I am sure she would enjoy it very much."

"Oh, mother, I know — I didn't mean —" and Dermot grew red and turned away without finishing the sentence.

"You did not mean to be unkind, I hope," said his mother, drawing him towards her and kissing his burning cheek; "but my little man must not think that because he is seven he is to turn up his nose at his sisters, because they are smaller than he is. It is only foolish, silly boys that would do such a thing."

"Yes, mother, I know, and I won't do it any more; indeed I won't."

"Very well, dear, mind you don't; and now away you go and get ready for your drive."

At twelve o'clock the outside car and Dermot's small carriage came round to the door, and Mr. O'Connor lifted the little people into their places, tucking them up comfortable and securely, in case of wind or rain.

Nurse, Baba and Lesbia were on one side of the car, Nora, Topsy, and one of the housemaids to look after them on the other, whilst Dermot and Snowdrop took their seats in the donkey-carriage.

"Jane must go in with you, Dermot," said Mr. O'Connor, as the nursemaid appeared with a bundle of cloaks under her arm. And be sure you give her the reins going down the hills. You might let Neddy fall."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't. Do let Jane go on the car. I hate to have a nurse stuck up beside me, as if I was a baby," cried the boy. "There is plenty of room between Baba and Lesbia!"

"My dear Dermot, you can stay at home if you wish; but I will not allow you to drive Snowdrop without some person to keep you and Neddy in order. Do as I tell you. Let Jane hold him up going down steep hills; and do not go too fast. Take it quietly. You have plenty of time."

"All right, papa. I shan't forget," said Dermot, cheerfully, and making room for Jane and her bundle; "but it all depends upon John there. If he drives the car fast Ned is sure to follow; if he goes slowly, Ned will do the same."

"Yes; I daresay that's true; so mind you go very quietly, John."

"Sure I 'll go as aisy as possible, your honor," said John; and cracking his whip he drove out of the gate.

"Hurrah! hurrah! for a jolly long day!" sang Dermot, kissing hands gaily to his mother. The other children took up his song, and cheering noisily, they went off down the road to Bray.

"I say, Jane, I hope the hamper has not been forgotten," cried Dermot, as Neddy trotted briskly after the car.

"Why, you must be blind, boy," said Snowdrop, gaily. "Don't you see it there, swinging about under the car."

"Of course! Well, I am a stupid! But I say, Snowdrop, is n't it jolly driving along this way? Did you ever have anything half so nice in London?"

"Well, I don't know. We had very nice things there: not exactly like this, but still fun."

"I think it must be stupid in towns. There is nothing to do all day, and you feel so cooped up and stuffy. I just hate when mother takes us into Dublin. I am always longing to get back into Kilteen again."

"Oh, but you are such a wild fellow," said his cousin, laughing. "You like to be allowed to run about where you please, and—"

"Yes; so I do. But I'm not allowed to do it, for all that. I hate nurses, and I hate lessons. I would love to run about from morning till night without opening a book or without being hauled up every half-hour to have my face and hands washed. It 's all very well for girls and babies, but—"

"Now, Dermot, that 's what auntie calls your silly talk," cried Snowdrop, shaking her head. "Forget all about these things and talk nicely. Tell me something funny."

"Very well, Miss Wisehead, so I will. But what are we to talk about?"

"Oh, I don't know. Something nice."

"Well, let us guess what good things there are in the hamper."

"But that sounds greedy. Is there nothing nicer than that?"

"No, not when a chap's hungry," said Dermot, laughing. "But I say, here comes something to amuse you. Look at the trouble that old lady is having with these animals."

At this moment an old woman came down the road driving a number of pigs, that would insist on running here and there and everywhere but the way she wanted them to go.

"What ugly creatures," cried Snowdrop, laughing. "Oh, Dermot, drive on fast and get away from them!"

"Well, dear friend, you wanted something nice to talk about. Behold, there is a charming subject of conversation;" and he cracked his whip and sent the poor pigs grunting and squeaking in all directions.

The children on the car were highly amused at this performance, and shouted back many witty remarks to their friends in the donkey-carriage.

After this they were all very lively. Jokes flew about on every

side, and the time passed so pleasantly that they were all quite surprised when they found themselves at the entrance to Bray Head.

"Will you walk up, Master Dermot, or drive along the avenue till you find a nice place to lay the dinner?" asked nurse, as they waited to get the gates opened.

"Oh, I 'll walk," he answered, jumping out of the carriage. "What will you do, Snowdrop?"

"I think I shall walk too," she replied. "That road in there looks lovely and shady."

"Yes, so it is; but it is a good pull up the hill," he said. "Jane you can take care of Ned."

"Let me come with you, Dermot?" said Nora. "I am tired sitting here."

"All right. Down you get, old lady," he answered pleasantly; and he stretched out his hands to help her off the car.

But at this moment a high trap drove past and Dermot saw his two friends, Dick and Harry O'Brien, sitting up behind the driver.

"Halloa!" cried Dick. "There 's the Kilteen nursery out for the day."

"Yes," said Harry, with a laugh; "and there 's the head baby, Master Dermot, well to the front. My word! he 's a fine boy to be tied to a nurse's apron-string; but I suppose he has n't cut his back teeth yet, poor dear;" and shouting and cheering they disappeared from view.

As their ill-natured words fell upon Dermot's ears he grew crimson, and turning away to escape from their sight, he forgot about poor Nora, who would have fallen to the ground had not Jane darted forward to save her.

"For shame, Master Dermot," cried the nursemaid. "Why did you tempt the child off the car if you didn't mean to help her? I'll just tell your mamma, if you don't take care."

"Tell who you like," he answered, angrily, and he strode away up the avenue by himself.

But as he went he heard a step behind him; a little hand was pushed into his, and a sweet voice whispered in his ear:

"Come along, Dermot. Let us have a good race."

"You'll soon get tired, and out of breath," he answered, smiling; "but come and let me see what sort of a runner you are;" and taking Snowdrop's hand he ran lightly up the hill.

CHAPTER IX.

A MERRY PARTY.

The nurses and small children followed slowly up the road, looking about for a comfortable place on which to spread the cloth. At last they came upon a charming nook, a little way up the hill, a mossy bank with ferns and bracken growing thick on every side, and there they resolved to rest and dine.

"This is pretty," cried Nora, climbing up on the trunk of a fallen

tree and looking about her. "Snowdrop, Snowdrop, you love the sea. Just come and look at it now."

"Yes, isn't it delicious?" said her cousin, jumping up beside her; "and we have had such a run, Dermot and I; it has made me dreadfully hungry."

"Well, you'll soon get your dinners," said Jane, who was busy laying the cloth. "It would be a good thing if some of you would carry over a few plates and glasses for me."

"I will—I will," cried the children in a chorus, and away they flew to do her bidding.

"Mine win too," said Baba; and off she toddled to lend her aid.

"Many hands make light work," and in a wonderfully short time the dinner was laid, and the merry party sat down on the grass to enjoy the good things that had been provided for them.

"I wonder people ever eat their dinner in the house in summer," cried Dermot. "It's twice as jolly out in the air."

"Yes, indeed, it is," said Snowdrop, "only isn't it rather difficult to know what to do with your legs? If you put them out straight they go on the cloth, and kneeling is so tiresome."

"Sit on them," cried Dermot, his mouth full of chicken. "Look at me; I am awfully comfortable. This is the way the tailors sit."

"A very good way too, I think," and laughing merrily Snowdrop tucked her little black legs under her white skirts.

"Of course it is. It's well seen you are a London girl, Snowdrop, or you'd have known what to do at once."

"You shouldn't speak with your mouth full, Dermot," said Nora; "it's very rude. Isn't it, nurse?"

"Indeed it is, Miss Nora, but Master Dermot seems to think that because he's dining on the grass he may behave as he likes."

"Oh, but we're gipsies," said Dermot, laughing. "They always speak with their mouths full."

"Oh, Dermy, do they, really?" cried Topsy, with round eyes. "What very rude people!"

"That's not much harm, Topsy, old girl," he continued, recklessly. "But they do far worse than that They steal chickens and hens, and little boys and girls, and all sorts of things," and delighted at the child's look of horror, he chuckled maliciously, and made a dive at a gooseberry tart.

"Now, Master Dermot, we want none of your gipsy tricks here," said nurse, reprovingly; and removing the pie out of his reach she helped all the children largely, leaving him till the very last.

"Nurses are stupid things at picnics," he whispered in Snowdrop's ear; "they spoil all the fun. I would rather see a big gipsy woman sitting up there than nurse. She would let me do what I liked; eat with my fingers, and do all kinds of funny things."

"Oh, Dermot, you must not speak like that, it's naughty," cried Snowdrop, horrified at such a speech.

"I'll tell," said Nora, "and you'll get such a scolding when you go home."

To be Continued.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1884.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the introduction of Catholicity into Worcester, Mass., was celebrated on Sunday, July 27, with great pomp and ceremony at St. John's Church. Archbishop Williams pontificated, and Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly preached. In the evening vespers were held at 7.30 o'clock at which Rt. Rev. Bishop Bradley, of Manchester, N. H., officiated, and the sermon was by Rev. Robert Brady, S. J. Half a century ago there were only eighteen Catholics in Worcester. There are now five fine Churches and nearly thirty thousand Catholics. Too much credit cannot be bestowed upon the Rev. Thomas Griffin, the pastor, for his indefatigable endeavor to make the jubilee a success.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, Boston, was crowded in every part on Sunday, July 27, the occasion being the anniversary celebration of St. James, under whose patronage the Church is dedicated. Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, under whose auspices the Church was erected, preached on the occasion.

MR. MICHAEL MEEHAN, who has been lately appointed superintendent of streets in Boston, is forty-two years of age. He was eighteen years of age when he landed in America from Ireland. During the Rebellion, he served in the Union Army with credit to himself and the regiment o which he belonged. Mr. Meehan is a contractor by occupation. He has lived in Jamaica Plains for twenty-three years and for the past five years has been Superintendent of Streets, etc., of that district. We have no doubt but Mr. Meehan will serve the city of Boston as faithfully as he served his adopted country in the field.

NEW SHOE STORE.—We direct attention to the advertisement of Brennan & Co., in our advertising pages. We are assured by those who trade with this house that their prices are reasonable, and their goods of the very best. Give them a call.

PROMINENT GENTLEMEN in Philadelphia are organizing a Catholic Historical Society. There should be such a society in all our large cities.

DRAFTS ON IRELAND.—We refer to the statement of The National Bank for the half yearly exhibit of this flourishing bank. They give to their employés 10 per cent bonus on their yearly salaries. A good example for other banks to follow.

POST OFFICE INJUSTICE. — The last Congress failed to remedy the gross injustice in the postal laws, whereby newspapers "other than weekly" must pay one cent postage for each copy sent to subscribers in the city where the paper is issued. For years the publishers affected by this law have endeavored to remedy it. The House passed a bill to stop the wrong.

It did not reach the Senate. The House then passed it as a part of the general appropriation for the Post Office Department. It was stricken out by the Senate. For some reason unknown the Post Office Department is not favorable to this legislation. The absurdity of it is shown in the fact that we can send five journals to any one in Philadelphia for one cent, while one copy to a subscriber requires one cent. The journal is sent outside the city at pound rates, while in the city, twenty-four cents a year postage must be paid on a paper costing but fifty cents for subscription.

We copy the above from the *I. C.B. U. Journal.*—The injustice complained of applies also to Magazines. We are charged two cents a copy for delivery in Boston, while the Department will send to the most distant part of the country the same Magazine for a trifle more than a quarter of a cent; or two cents a pound. Four copies weigh three ounces more than a pound.

THE FIRST SISTERS OF CHARITY.—The reader will find an extremely interesting article on the first Sisters of Charity in this issue of our MAGAZINE. Let no one fail to read it.

COMING EVENTS.— The Irish News Agency, under date of London, July 18th, has this information as regards coming events: "The present political prospect is that we shall have the general election in December or January. The House of Lords will not, according to present appearances consent to the second reading of the Franchise Bill in the Autumn Session, upon which Mr. Gladstone has now resolved, and it is hard to see how the Government can postpone the appeal to the constituencies after that. Many of the Irish members will spend the greater part of the vacation in Ireland, and they will devote their efforts to organizing the country in preparation for the great and momentous struggle that is approaching. A recess of great activity by the ablest and most trusted members of the Irish party is deemed very desirable by all those who have been watching the signs of the times. The absence of all Irish members of weight from Ireland throughout the Parliamentary Session is one of the things that produce the disorganization which goes on for six months of the year. Probably after some weeks of meetings and speeches by Mr. Parnell, Mr. Sexton, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Harrington, and others, whatever little trouble has been created will be remedied, and the people will meet the great opportunity presented by the general election with closed and solid, and not divided and distracted ranks."

THE CHOLERA IN FRANCE.—Toulon, Marseilles, and other cities and towns have been visited with this terrible disease. The civil authorities at Marseilles forbade, this year, the annual solemn procession in thanksgiving for delivery from pestilence. It is a remarkable fact that on the very day on which the prohibited procession was to take place, the cholera broke out in the city. Was it simply a coincidence, asks the *Ave Maria*. Being the chief sea port on the south coast of France, Marseilles has at different times suffered much from Asiatic diseases brought there by vessels from the East. The finest square in the city is called the Cours Belzunce. In it there is a large statue of a bishop. This is Bishop Belzunce, of whom the poet Pope asks in his *Essay on Man*,—

> Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
> When Nature sicken'd and each gale was death?

He was bishop of Marseilles when the terrible plague of 1720 carried off from 40,000 to 50,000 of its inhabitants. Then, as now, the "upper ten," with few exceptions, fled at the approach of danger; but the bishop and his clergy risked their lives for the good of the people. Over two hundred and fifty priests and members of religious orders perished victims of the plague, which continued its ravages for nearly two years. Bishop Belzunce passed these two years in the streets of Marseilles consoling the afflicted, relieving the stricken, absolving the dying. No wonder his name is still revered even in a city now ruled by infidels. During the plague the Pope sent three cargoes of wheat to the stricken city. On their way from Rome two of the ships were attacked and taken by African privateers. But when the latter ascertained the use for which the wheat was intended, they brought the cargoes safely to Marseilles.

IT is said that the consternation produced in the French Chamber of Deputies on hearing of the breaking out of the

cholera at Toulon was so great as to interrupt for some time the proceedings. "Men," says the *Univers*, "hitherto so insolent in their impiety, were seized with fear, and tremblingly asked themselves if the justice of God was at length about to strike them in punishment for their wicked deeds."

PUBLIC PRAYERS REFUSED. — MARSEILLES, July 27, 1884. The Catholics of the city again petitioned the mayor to authorize a procession and public prayers for the abatement of the cholera, but their request was refused.

THE conduct of the clergy throughout the panic has been admirable. The priests and Sisters of Charity have been incessant in their exertions, often doing the work of the municipal authorities in disinfecting houses.

THREE Sisters of Charity have died in the discharge of their duties.

THE ABBÉ HOGAN, who was for a considerable time connected with the St. Sulpice Seminary in Paris left that city on the 12th of July *en route* for Boston. The purpose of his visit to the United States is to found there an establishment similar to the great seminary to which he has been attached for so many years, and in which his labors have borne so bountiful a harvest. [We presume this has reference to the new seminary now in course of erection in the Brighton district of Boston.]

A BUSINESS house has the following notice posted in conspicuous place. "The hours of attendance in this office are— To canvassers for church subscriptions, ten till two. Book and insurance agents, two till four. Commercial travellers, beggars, and advertising men, *all day*. We attend to our own business, *at night*."

ROBBING THE CHURCH.— During the month of March the Italian Government sold 363 pieces of property confiscated from various Church estates, which brought in a sum of 661,756 lire. Up to the 30th of that month, the entire sum pocketed by the State from the sale of the property of the religious orders, and other ecclesiastical goods, amounted to the colossal sum of 578,438,036 lire 53 cent. That is to say, in round numbers, about £23,000,000, or $115,000,000. What swallows up the greater part, not only of these illgotten goods, but also of the hard-won earnings of the heavily taxed people, is the enormous army and its expenditure. According to the *Esercito*, at the close of last year, the size of the entire military organization was as follows: Regular army, 750,765 men; mobilised forces, 341,250 ; total, 1,092,015 men. To these must be added 1,533 officers *en disponibilité*, 4,742 officers of the territorial army, 3,748 officers of the reserve, 1,017,212 men of the territorial army, forming a total of 2,119,250 men. Of these, 450,000 men have served from two to three years, 50,000 over three years, and 375,000 something less than two years.

Western Watchman : Who ever heard of a prohibition law in a Catholic country? When Catholics become drunkards the Church can reclaim them without the assistance of sumptuary laws. Only Protestant nations drink to excess— the more Protestant the more drunken.

IN A MONTREAL COURT a verdict for $5 and costs was given against one Leban, sexton of the Catholic Church at St. Laurent, who while taking up a collection at a Sunday service, intentionally and for the purpose of publicly insulting him, passed the pew of a Mr. Turcotte without presenting the contribution box.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES is called, and he is, the *Doctor of Devotion*. "Other Doctors," as Bourdaloue, says, "have excelled in their kind, but to form the moral character of the faithful, and to establish in souls a solid piety, none have had the same gift as the Bishop of Geneva."

ON the 15th of July, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, completed his seventy-sixth year. The Sunday following, his Eminence preached twice — in the morning at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, and in the evening at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brook Green, Hammersmith. On Monday morning his Eminence was again at Hammersmith to open the seminary chapel, and in the evening he presided at Archbishop's House over a meeting of the Rev. Presidents of the League of the Cross. On Tuesday afternoon his Eminence left London for Birmingham, where on Wednesday he took part in the opening of

St. Anne's Church. Before his departure, however, his Eminence had taken part in the bi-weekly meeting of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor. And all this in the first half of the week in which he enters upon his seventy-seventh year!

Two Boys, nine years of age, were charged at the Lambeth Police Court, London, with having placed a little boy three-and-a-half years old in a dust-bin, where the unfortunate child was detained upwards of twenty hours. It was alleged that the intention of the boys was to keep the child in the bin until he was dead, and then to obtain a reward for the recovery of the body. A remand was ordered.

The Skull of Cardinal Richelieu.—The inventory of the estate of the late M. Dentu contains, among other curiosities one of a rather grim interest. It is a skull contained in a velvet-lined case, which is said to be none other than that of the great Cardinal de Richelieu. The celebrated Minister of Louis XIII. was buried in the chapel of the Sorbonne, and during the Revolution of 1848 his tomb was violated and his remains dispersed. M. Armez, a member of the Constituent Assembly, obtained the head, and it subsequently came into the possession of a publisher in the Palais Royal.

The Macdonalds of Prince Edward Island.—Early in the present century a Highland Scotch gentleman of the Catholic clan Macdonald bought a tract of land in the centre of the island, and induced several of his countrymen to settle upon it. Since then they have so multiplied that it is necessary to classify them by such sobriquets as "Red Macdonalds," "Black Macdonalds," "Northpole Macdonalds." There are upwards of 20 Father Macdonalds in the Province, distinguished, to avoid confusion, as Father Angus, Father Dan, Father Gregory, and so on. We have a fine representative of the Macdonald family in Boston, the Rev. Roland B. Macdonald, S. J., attached to the fathers of the Missions.

The Carmelite Brothers, who are in charge of St. Joseph's Male Blind Asylum at Drumcondra Castle, have published a *Treatise on Geography* for the use of the blind. It is of a good size, well-bound, the letters raised upon thick paper; the price of the volume five shillings. The enterprising brothers are now willing to supply copies of the book to all who may need it, and will take orders for printing in the same style, catechisms, prayer-books, or other works. In England Protestant ladies and gentlemen show great zeal in helping the blind, visiting, teaching and supplying them with books.

The Rev. Dr. Healy, Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment at Maynooth College, has been appointed Coadjutor to the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, the venerable Bishop of Clonfert.

A Boatman of Lough Ennel has raised from the bottom of the lake near the island of Chro Inis one of the curious canoes of ancient Ireland, of which we have already several specimens in the Royal Irish Academy. In this island is buried the last great King of Ireland, Malachi Mar, who won and wore "The collar of gold which he took from the proud invader." It is to be hoped that the Royal Irish Academy will secure this ancient relic and add it to the fleet of antique boats of the kind which lies in the vaults of their beautiful old house in Dawson Street. These strange canoes are each hewn from a single beam, and the holes in the bottom would suggest that sail poles were used at the remote period in which the boats were made. It has been suggested that they belong to the bronze period, as these oaken skiffs are all scooped out and shaped in the most even manner; also that the new specimen should not be cut into sections like its fellows in the Academy, but preserved in its full length of thirty feet.

Future Population of Europe.—It has been reckoned that, at the present rate of increase, the population of the different European States will be as follows in 1932: Russia, 158 millions; the German Empire, 83 millions; Great Britain, 63 millions; Austria, 51 millions; Italy, 44 millions. But France will count only 43 millions. Much more than this, it has been proved that the slight increase of population by 760,000, which took place between 1876 and 1881, consists

about one-half in immigration from foreign countries. At this rate, in less than a century no less than 20 or 30 per cent of the entire population will consist of foreigners or their descendants. M. Pieyre also calls attention to the great mortality among infants and small children.

DEPOPULATION. — Very distressing statistics are those quoted by the French Deputy Pieyre, in support of his motion for a State Fund for the assistance of poor women at childbirth, which tend to show once more the rapid depopulation that is threatening France. The diminution in the number of births per marriage during this century is strikingly seen as follows:

1800—1810 . . .	4.2	children per marriage
1861—1870 . . .	3	" "
1871—1876 . . .	2.7	" "
1876—1881 . . .	2.6	" "

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP of Paris has issued a Pastoral, warning Catholics against joining or continuing in Masonic Lodges. His Eminence points out that the destruction of Christianity is the object of Masonry, citing in the proof the expunging of the "Theistic article" by French Lodges, and declares that Masons, while supporting any established Governments which enable them to oppress Christian consciences, prefer those which show themselves most fanatical in demolishing religious institutions.

THE BISHOP OF FREJUS AND TOULON, says a correspondent, has issued a pastoral prescribing special prayers on account of the cholera. His Lordship alludes to the cholera as one of the scourges reserved by Providence for bringing back straying or hesitating minds, and refers to the conviction of many that the chastisements of Heaven have been deserved, and to the inadequacy of hygenic measures unless prayer, penitence, and good works prevail to stay the Hand of God, which menaces the Diocese. The Bishop of Marseilles has cancelled all leaves of absence granted priests, in order that they may be at their posts during the visitation.

THE REV. JOHN JOSEPH RIORDAN, who was appointed by Cardinal McCloskey last fall to look after the welfare of Catholic immigrant women at Castle Garden, intends to establish a mission house near the Garden. A training school for the education of servants will be attached to it. To raise money for this purpose he has had blank certificates printed, which make the holder, on the payment of 25 cents a year, a member of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary. So far he has secured 6,000 members. He has gone to Ireland to describe his plans in the Catholic churches there, and try and arrange for the better protection of immigrants.

ALDERMAN O'CONNOR, a publican and strong supporter of Parnell's policy, has been elected Lord Mayor of Dublin.

NATIONALITY OF MORMONS.— Referring to the significant fact that the Mormons have at last got a Spanish apostle, the *Central Advocate* says: "The immorality of the concubinage never was practised by any Latin race, civilized or uncivilized, when even nature's laws alone prevailed among them. It has been found rampant among the Scandinavians as well as among the Malagasees, but the predominant instinct of the Spanish heart and the wearers of the nationality of the Spanish speech is that no penality is severe enough, torturing enough, for marital infidelity."

A NEW CUNARDER.— A new steamer, the Umbria of the Cunard Steamship Company, was launched from the yard of John Elder, Fairfield, Govan, June 25. She is called the Umbria, and is the largest steamer ever built in these yards. She is constructed of steel, and measures 520 feet in length, is 57 feet beam, 40 feet depth of hold, and is 8000 tons measurement. Her engines are of 12,500 horse-power. There are five decks in all, the promenade deck extending 300 feet in length and the whole width of the steamer. The saloons are unusually spacious and well ventilated. She will be placed upon the admiralty list as a transport of the highest class, and when completed will run on the "express line" between Liverpool and New York.

THE STEAMERS of the Greely Relief Expedition arrived at St. John's, N. F., on Thursday morning, with six survivors of the Lady Franklin Bay Colony. Of the 28 members of the colony, seven were rescued on June 22, near the mouth of

Smith's Sound, when at the point of death from starvation. One of these died on the way to St. John's. Lieutenant Greely's retreat begun on August 9, 1883, was entirely successful until Cape Sabine was reached, in September. Supplies of food gradually gave out during the Winter, but it was not until last April that starvation and exposure began to carry off the men.

TWENTY-FIVE young priests for the Foreign Mission have recently been ordained at the Foreign Missionary College of All Hallows, Drumcondra, Ireland. Though a young institution, this college has already sent out twelve hundred Missioners, scattered over almost every part of the world

---

THE last return, issued by the Board of Trade, shows a most satisfactory diminution in the emigration from Ireland, during the month of June, as compared with the same period last year. The number of emigrants who left Ireland in June, 1883, was 16,324; in June this year, it was but 7,312, showing a falling off of 8,012. The falling off is shown in a corresponding degree in the return for the first six months of this year. The number of emigrants from Ireland during that period was 46,000. During the same period last year the number was 73,997.

MR. THOMAS F. BRADY, Inspector of Irish Fisheries, has just received a letter from the United States Commission on Fish and Fisheries, announcing that at the annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society, held last May in Washington, he had been unanimously elected a corresponding member, in recognition of the deep interest which he had taken in the development of the Fishing resources of Ireland.

THE NEW CHURCH of St. Bridgett, near Sarsfield's Rock, Ballynetty county, Tipperary, Ireland, was solemnly dedicated by the Archbishop of Cashel in presence of a large number of the clergy and laity, on the 9th of July. After the ceremony the Archbishop preached a very eloquent sermon, and later in the day a great popular demonstration took place on the famous Rock. Many thousands of people attended this open air meeting, and His Grace was presented with an address from the priests and people of the united parishes of Pallas Green and Temple Aredin.

A GOOD PLEDGE.— The following pledge has been taken by nearly all the scholars attending the College of the Sacred Heart, under the charge of the Jesuit Fathers at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin:

PLEDGE OF THE SACRED HEART AGAINST BAD READING.

I pledge myself, in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and for the safety of my immortal soul to abstain from all immoral and dangerous reading, especially not to buy, read or keep dime novels, or any book, pamphlet, periodical or paper hostile to the Church and her teachings or containing obscene or otherwise immoral stories, descriptions or illustrations. I further pledge myself, according to my means and state, to patronize Catholic Literature and promote Catholic reading.

A SHOCKING OCCURRENCE took place on the occasion of the visitation of the Prince-Archbishop of Vienna to Gaunersdorf. Near the Church, at a spot where a triumphal arch had been erected, the Mayor, the clergy of the town, and a large number of the public had assembled to welcome the distinguished prelate. The Rev. Father Fichtacher, who was among the clergy, had no sooner approached the Archbishop to greet him than he fell down in a fit of apoplexy and died.

FREEMASONRY.— It is announced that, after the publication of the Pontifical Encylical against Freemasonry, the Congregation of the Holy Office, considering the great number of persons who have allowed themselves to become members of these secret societies, has suspended for one year, dating from the 20th of April last, the reserve of excommunication to the Sovereign Pontiff; and has authorized the Ordinaries of the whole world to absolve those members who, repenting sincerely of their conduct, will seek during the course of this year to become reconciled to the Church.

NEARLY every Catholic paper in the United States was opposed to Cleveland's nomination. How many of them will declare for "the man from Maine?" asks the *Western Watchman.*

Personal.

IT is remarkable that the Generals of the Capuchin, the Jesuit, and the Redemptorist Orders are of Swiss nationality.

REV. FATHER KIRNER has been sent out by the Propaganda, at the request of Archbishop Corrigan, to labor among the Italian Catholics of New York.

THE venerable Archbishop Most Rev. Dr. Kendrick, St. Louis, will be 79 years of age August 17, 1884.

REV. FATHER COSGROVE, vicar-general of Davenport, Iowa, has been appointed by Rome bishop of that see, made vacant by the decease of Rt. Rev. Bishop McMullen.

MR. J. V. HICKEY, of the *New York Catholic Review*, has been raised to the rank of Commander of the Order of St. Sylvester by our Holy Father the Pope.

SISTER ROSE MACHALE, who recently entered the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor, in Albany, N. Y., and has gone to the mother-house in France, is a cousin to the late Archbishop of Tuam.

THE 70th birthday of Benjamin P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) was appropriately observed at his residence in Chelsea, July 12. Patrick Donahoe's three score and ten passed over without note or comment. We suppose his friends are waiting for his four score. How kind and considerate!

PRINCE HENRY OF HESSE, whose conversion to the Catholic religion was announced a short time ago, is a lineal descendant of "the dear St. Elizabeth" of Hungary, as well as of that Philip of Hesse whom Protestants surnamed "the magnanimous."

HIS HOLINESS the Pope presented to Miss O'Callaghan the splendid Pectoral Cross, exquisitely wrought in gold and set with amethysts, which he designed for the Coadjutor-Bishop of Cork, requesting her to hand it to her brother. A handsome copy of the *Pontificale Romanum*, bearing the arms of Leo XIII., was also sent by his Holiness to the new bishop.

FATHERS O'REARDON AND KELLOR were recently received in audience by his Holiness on the 5th. These two priests are on their way to Australia to collect funds for the building of the Memorial Church to O'Connell in his native town of Cahirciveen — a project so enthusiastically taken up by Canon Brosnan, and which his Holiness has so warmly seconded and encouraged. These two fathers departed for Suez immediately after their audience

AMONG the names of those upon whom the French Government conferred the Order of the Legion of Honor on the occasion of the anniversary of the foundation of the Republic, is that of Sister Mary Ambroise, of the hospital at Tours. For more than fifty years this heroic nun has devoted her life to the care of incurables in the hospitals of her Order.

THE Helena (Montana) *Weekly Herald:* "At the dinner given at the Sisters' Hospital in this city in honor of the bishop and visiting clergymen on June 24th, the reverend gentlemen indulged in the pleasantry of addressing his lordship in toasts of welcome in twelve different languages: the Rev. Father Lindesmith in English, Father Dols in Flemish, Father Cataldo in Italian, Father Barcello in Spanish, Father Eberville in German, Father Trembley in French, Father Guidi in Latin, Father Imoda in Blackfoot, Father d'Aste in Flathead, Father Guidi in Nez Percés, Father Barcello in Crow, to which the bishop responded in Chinook.

BISHOP BRADLEY — The newly consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Manchester, N. H., the Right Rev. Denis M. Bradley, has received a beautiful church service, valued at $1000, and willed by the late Very Rev. John A. O'Donnell, formerly of Nashua, N. H., to the first bishop of the new diocese. During this month the Alumni of St. Joseph's Theological Seminary, of the Province of New York, at Troy, propose to present Bishop Bradley with a substantial testimonial, he being the first bishop among the students of that well-known institution. The gathering and presentation will most likely take place at the seminary. Bishop Bradley dedicated the Church of St. John Evangelist, in Concord, N. H., the Very Rev. John E. Barry, pastor, recently. This was his first official act.

Useful Knowledge.

OATMEAL water is the safest and best drink in hot weather.

HOW TO MAKE COFFEE POOR.— There are many ways to make poor coffee, but one of the most reliable is to boil it in a cupful of water, and then fill up the pot, treating it, except for the boiling as you would tea. This way may be relied upon if you wish it flat. Another sure method is to boil it in the morning and set it back to simmer while preparing the rest of the breakfast. To add fresh coffee to old grounds, or cold coffee to fresh, is another excellent plan if flatness is desired. As for "boil-over" of cold coffee, let those who like it drink it, or if they hate to waste it let them give it to a tramp, but never offer it to a friend. He may consider that you count his taste depraved, and it would be if he liked it.

HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH.— *London Lancet:* A person in good health, with fair play, easily resists cold. But when the health flags a little, and liberties are taken with the stomach or the nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and, according to the weak spot of the individual, assumes the form of a cold, or pneumonia, or, it may be, jaundice. Of all cases of "cold," probably fatigue is the most efficient. A jailed man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week, a young lady heavily "doing the season," and young children at this festive season overfed, and with a short allowance of sleep, are common instances of the victims of "cold." Luxury is favorable to chill taking. Very hot rooms, soft chairs, and feather beds create a sensitiveness that leads to catarrhs. It is not, after all, the "cold" that is so much to be feared as the antecedent conditions that give the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst colds happen to those who do not leave the house, or even their bed; and those who are most invulnerable are often those who are most exposed to changes of temperature, and who, by good sleep, cold bathing and regular habits, preserve the tone of their nervous system and circulation.

HOW TO AVOID SUNSTROKE.— The New York Board of Health has again issued circulars giving the following directions as to precautions against sunstroke, and the treatment of sufferers from that cause: Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, third, or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping-rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants, predispose to it. It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of eleven o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon. Have as cool sleeping-rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working indoors, and where there is artificial heat, laundries, etc., see that the room is well ventilated. If working in the sun, wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs the heat), straw, etc., and put inside of it on the head a wet cloth, or a large green leaf; frequently lift the hat from the head, and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have, whenever possible, an additional shade, as a thin umbrella, when walking; a canvas or board cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, but be excused, especially after one o'clock in the morning on very hot days, if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place; apply cold cloths to, and pour cold water over head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat, send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician give the person cool drinks of water, or cold black tea, or cold coffee if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with, or pour cold water over, the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand keep a cold cloth on the head and pour cold water on it, as well as on the body. If the person is pale, very faint, and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little sugar.

The Humorist.

A PERSON once remarked to Curran that no one ought to be admitted to the bar who did not possess a certain number of acres of land. "Pray," said Curran, "how many acres make a wise-acre?"

A FRENCH author has translated a passage from one of Cooper's novels, as follows: "He descended from his horse in front of the château, and tied him to a large grasshopper." The original reads, "large locust" (tree).

"DOCTOR," said the grateful patient, seizing the physician's hand, "I shall never forget that to you I owe my life." "You exaggerate," said the doctor, mildly; "you only owe me for fifteen visits; that is the point which I hope you will not fail to remember."

"THIS art craze is going too far," said Broughne, when a pot of paint fell from a second-story window and struck him on the head. "No more decorated tiles for me," he mournfully added, as he began to scrape the yellow paint off his silk hat with a jack-knife.

AN intoxicated husband on reaching home seized an umbrella from the rack, opened it, and proceeded to his wife's bedroom. "Are you crazy," exclaimed the grieved and indignant matron. "No," replied he in an unsteady voice; "but — hic — I supposed there'd be a storm, so I've — hic — come prepared for it."

A TESTY old man went into his cellar with a handsome mug to draw some beer. He stumbled and fell over a box. His wife called out, "My dear, have you broken the mug," Smarting with pain, he replied, "No; but I will," and immediately dashed it against the wall.

AN Englishman meeting an Irishman accosted him, saying: "Can you tell me the way to Wigan, Pat?" How do you know my name is Pat?" answered the Irishman. "I guessed it," replied John Bull. "Well, guess the way to Wigan then," coolly said the Irishman.

YOUNG LADY (just from boarding-school, at dinner-table): Please, papa, I'd like a leg of the roast chicken. Papa: You have had one, my dear, and your brother had the other. Young lady (in a sprightly manner): Oh, to be sure! a chicken has only two legs. It's a duck that has four.

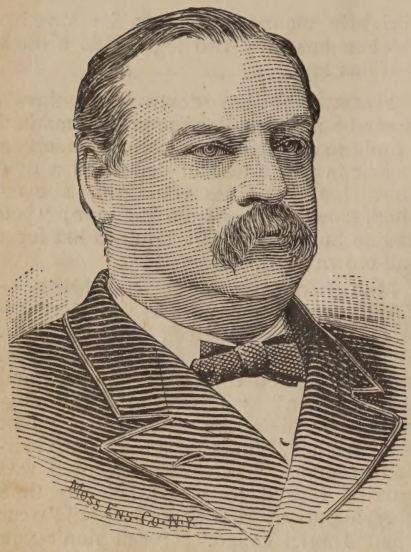
MADAME, you have destroyed a guinea's worth of merchandise," angrily remarked a dude to a lady, as she seated herself in a chair in which he had deposited a new Derby hat. "Serves you right," she replied, slowly rising from the ruin; "you had no business to buy a guinea hat for a half-crown head."

MATRIMONIAL PEACE OF MIND. — "Are you as happy now as you were before you were married?" asked Mrs. Yeast of young Mrs. Crimsonbeak. "Yes, indeed," replied the lady; "and a good deal happier." "That's strange," suggested the philanthropist's wife. "Not at all strange," came from the young married woman. "You see, before I was married I used to spend half my time worrying about what dress I should wear when Daniel called." "But don't you try just as hard now to look well when your husband returns home at night?" interrupted Mrs. Yeast. "Well, you see," went on the bride of two summers, "I don't worry any about it now, as I have only one dress to my name."

CALLING TIME.— They were sitting in the parlor, and she was getting sleepy: "What time is it?" she asked. He looked at his watch and replied that it lacked five minutes of eleven, and then being struck with an idea, he asked: "Why is my watch like you, my pet?" "I don't know." "Because it is very pretty," he replied. "And why is my watch like you?" she asked. "I don't know, I'm sure. Why is your watch like me, my dear?" "Because it won't go," she replied, with a yawn. Then the young man went home.

A BACKWOODSMAN promised to send the minister fifty pounds of maple sugar for marrying him. Time passed on and no maple sugar arrived to sweeten the minister's household. Some months later he saw the newly married husband in town and ventured to remind him. "My friend, you did not send the maple sugar you promised." With a saddened countenance the man looked up and replied: "To tell you the truth, governor, she ain't worth it!"

The Democratic Candidates.



FOR PRESIDENT: The Hon. Grover Cleveland, the Democratic candidate for President, was born in the town of Caldwell, Essex county, N. J., March 18th, 1837. His family was of New England origin, his father the Rev. Richard Cleveland having been a Presbyterian clergyman at Norwich, Conn., whence he removed to New Jersey some time before his son's birth. Having obtained what education the public schools of his native town afforded, young Cleveland attended an academy at Clinton, N. Y., for a time. At the age of seventeen he set out for the West to seek the wide opportunities offered in that section. His first intention was to go to Cleveland, but stopping with his uncle in Buffalo for a time, he concluded to make his home there. He studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1859. In 1862 he was appointed assistant district attorney of Erie county, and acquitted himself with marked ability in that position. Two years later he was the Democratic candidate for the office of District Attorney, but was defeated by a small majority by Lyman K. Bass. Mr. Cleveland pursued his professional practice with success until 1870, when he was chosen Sheriff of Erie county, holding the office three years. He then returned to active practice of his profession, and not long after became the head of the firm of Cleveland, Bissel & Sicord, which has won a leading position at the Buffalo bar. He bursted into the full blaze of prominence as reform Mayor of Buffalo in the fall of 1881.

His conduct of affairs as Mayor of Buffalo drew public attention to him so greatly that in 1882, he was nominated and elected Governor of the State by an immense majority, nearly 200,000, defeating Secretary Folger, and receiving many thousands of votes from the Independent Republicans of the State. He is known as a "Reform Governor." His personal appearance: His face, no less than his figure and action, indicates strenuous vital force and that admirable coördination of faculties which is best expressed in the phrase, "a cool head." Those traits which are in part the result of early and constant self-training have given him the air of conscious and quiet power which belongs only to the triumphant antagonists in the world's fight. His figure betokens herculean strength — massiveness is the best word for it — and there is in the smoothly shaven face the same token of equal solidity of character, with the suggestion of physical vigor in the soft brown mustache that strongly contrasts with the scantiness of hair on his head. There is a slight tendency to corpulency — as is usually the case in vital temperaments — and a double chin is beginining to hang down over the simple white necktie. There is nothing phlegmatic in the man's manner. His face lights up a sympathetic smile, and without becoming animated and brilliant, he

is at once interesting, unaffected and intensely real. His business habits are of the simplest, and the ease with which a caller can secure access to him is said to be in striking contrast to the usual barriers to the public set up in gubernatorial chambers. Gov. Cleveland is unmarried. He has several brothers and sisters, nearly all living in New York State. Although christened Stephen Grover Cleveland, when quite a young man he dropped the name Stephen and has since written his name Grover Cleveland.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT: Thomas A. Hendricks. It has become a tradition with the Democracy to give the second place on the national ticket to Indiana. Four years ago it was Wm. H. English; eight years ago as now, it was Thomas A. Hendricks. The Vice-President nominee is therefore no new man to the American people, being far better known than his principal, Stephen Grover Cleveland.

Thomas A. Hendricks will be 63 years old on the 7th September next. He is a native of Ohio, having been born in Zanesville in that State, but when he was only a few months old, his father removed to Indiana. He was educated at Hanover College, subsequently studied law and was admitted to the bar. In 1845, he married Miss Eliza C. Morgan, a woman of great talent, energy and ambition, to whose advice and encouragement much of his success in political life has been attributed. He entered political life in 1848 as a member of the Indiana State Legislature, and for nearly thirty years was almost constantly in office. In 1850 he helped to frame the present State Constitution of Indiana. A year later he was elected to Congress, to be re-elected in 1851. From 1855 to 1859 he was Commissioner of the General Land Office, a place which he resigned to run for Governor in 1860. Henry S. Lane defeated him by 9,757 votes. He was more fortunate in 1863, for he succeeded in securing his election as United States Senator. He ran once more for Governor of Indiana in 1868, to be defeated again, this time by Conrad Baker, who beat him by 1161 votes. Finally in 1871 he won the prize by the small majority of 1148 votes over General Thomas M. Brown, he being the only man elected on the Democratic ticket. This office he held until 1877, his candidacy on the national ticket with Samuel J. Tilden failing to provide for him after that. The Hendricks family is an old one in Indiana. Personally Hendricks is a plain-looking man, five feet nine inches in height, and weighing 185 pounds. His body is compact and strong, and his head large. His hair is gray, as are also his eyes. Except small whiskers near the ears, he wears no hair on his face. Altogether he looks well preserved — the result of good habits and a strong constitution.

BOSTON COLLEGE. — Rev. Jeremiah O'Connor, S. J., who has for three years been President of the college, has been succeeded by the Rev. Edward V. Boursaud, S. J., late *socius* to the Very Rev. Father Fulton, S. J., provincial of the New York-Maryland province. Father O'Connor goes to St. Francis Xavier Church, New York city, in September. The Rev. Father Heichemer, S. J., the present minister at the college, goes to Frederick, and will be succeeded by Father Leo Brand, S. J. The next term commences September 1.

Political Opinion.

THE TALK about the Madigan circular and the publicity given to it by the press, will serve Blaine more than it will injure him. Democratic bigots will vote for him, if you convince them that Blaine wrote the circular or connived at its circulation. *The Morning Star*, of New Orleans, hits the nail on the head when it says: "But taking it for granted that Blaine did write the letter, what will be the effect? Just as we publish it, perhaps every other paper in the country will publish it in the course of the coming campaign, and it will thus come to the eyes of all the anti-Catholic bigots in the land. This alone will produce a Blaine boom among that class of voters, and they are sufficiently numerous even in the Democratic party, to destroy every possibility of its success by their defection. This is shown by the result of the Madigan campaign, where he was defeated in a strong Democratic district through the outbreak of bigotry induced by this very letter."

North Western Chronicle: "Did you ever know the Irish to knife the Democratic party?" asked Carter Harrison, "Chicago's best mayor," in the late Chicago Democratic convention. All we have to say is that the Irishmen in Chicago deserve no special honor for not "knifing" again and again the tickets which the Democratic machine of their city manufacture for their approval. It is the old story— Democratic bosses believe they need only to nod, and Irishmen must obey.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal: None of that! No matter what may be alleged against one, or against the other, candidate for President,— there is *nothing*, — absolutely nothing, to be charged against one or against the other,— or in favor of one or the other,— regarding Catholic interests. Absolutely nothing. Whosoever, by the name of Catholic, attempts to favor, or to hurt, any one, on either ticket, on the score of Catholic interests, — is a *whelp*, — a *mangy cur*, — unworthy the name of any decent consideration. And please mark this for future reference.

The Catholic Herald, Boston. What is to become of the Boston *Herald* and *Globe* during the campaign? Both these papers are for the first and only time in their lives in line, both support the same presidential ticket and consequently there being no fire to be drawn both will descend to the same low, dead level of uninteresting political mediocrity without a bit of piquancy to tickle the palates of the readers. And this during the heated term. Boston will die of ennui.

New York Tablet: There is one point in Mr. Blaine's letter of acceptance to which we decidely object, and the accuracy of which we unhesitatingly question. We are *not* a "Saxon-American people" any more than we are a Teutonic-American people, or a Celtic-American people. We are an American people if you will. But, this Anglo-Saxon cousin twaddle must not be indulged in by any man who hopes to win the confidence and support of the whole people.

MY mother was a devoted Catholic. I would not for a thousand Presidencies speak a disrespectful word of my mother's religion, and no pressure will draw me into any avowal of hostility or unfriendliness to Catholics, though I have never received, and do not expect any political support from them.—*Jas. G. Blaine*, in 1876.

"THE Irish will vote for Blaine," many say. Yet Blaine slaps the Irish in the face rather rudely by declaring this a land of "Saxon-American" people. *I. C. B. U. Journal*, Philadelphia.

THE statement going the rounds of the Catholic press, that James G. Blaine "was confirmed in the Catholic Church in 1836 by Bishop Kendrick, at Philadelphia," is not true.— *I. C. B. U. Journal.*

JOHN KELLY is said to have done mason work in quite a number of solid structures that stand in New York. To-day he owns one of the finest residences in the city, is worth $500,000, and is Sachem of Tammany.

Catholic Telegraph: In the present presidential campaign there is one real good to be accomplished. Never, before, have we noticed such a diversity of opinion among Catholics how they shall vote.

IF Cleveland was preferred "because of the enemies he made," what is to be said of the friends he has made—such as *Harper's Weekly*.— *I. C. B. U. Journal*, Philadelphia.

Notices of Recent Publications.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

THE YOUNG CATHOLIC'S NORMAL READER. Illustrated.

THE lessons in this book embrace a number of selections from authors of current literature, and many of the extracts have been prepared for this work. They present an ample variety of sentiment and expression for the most exacting elocutionary exercises and class-room reading.

The book is well printed on good paper and substantially bound.

Benziger Bros. N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

THE SERAPHIC GUIDE, a manual for the Members of the Third Order of St. Francis, according to the recent decisions of the Holy See, by a Franciscan Father (Cust. S. Joan. Bapt.), with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati and of the Right Rev. Bishop of Covington. Cloth, 60 cts.; roan, red edges, 75 cts. The same is published in German, at the same prices.

THE numerous accessions to the Third Order of St. Francis, in answer to the earnest recommendations of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., are a consoling evidence of lively faith and of filial obedience to the Vicar of Christ. To further facilitate the membership, and to preserve the unity of the Order, the Holy Father has made some alterations in its Rules and Privileges; not, indeed, to such an extent as to obliterate any of the essential characteristics of the Order, but presenting its primitive Rule in a new form, defining the Indulgences and submitting the Ceremonial to a thorough revision. These changes made it desirable to have a New Manual for the use of the members of the Third Order, and it is to supply this want that this Seraphic Guide has been prepared. It contains an Explanation of the Order, the Constitution and New Rule, as published by His Holiness, Explanatory Comments on the Rule, Seraphic Counsels, Seraphic Examples from the Lives of the beautified and canonized Saints of the Order, the new Ceremonial according to the official recommendation, the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, and the usual Devotions. In arranging the Contents, the compiler has followed the direction of the *Acta Ordinis Minorum*, a monthly published under the supervision of the General of the Franciscan Order, and has embodied in the Manual the explanations and pious counsels contained in the approved editions of similar existing publications, adapting them to the present Rule; the Lives of the beautified and canonized Saints are from the *Seraphic Martyrology*, while the indulgenced prayers are all taken from the Raccolta, the official English edition of Indulgences. The compiler hopes to have made the Manual a true Guide to the Seraphic Pilgrim, and asks upon both the Blessing of our Seraphic Father, St. Francis.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Messrs. Benziger announce that an important work, the "History of the Catholic Church," by Dr. H. Brueck, with additions from the writings of his Eminence Cardinal Hergenroether, translated by Rev. E. Pruente, is about to be issued complete in two volumes.

"PILGRIMS AND SHRINES," Miss Eliza Allan Starr's (not Stall, as printed in our last) new volumes, are meeting with a steady sale. No more interesting and instructive book has issued from the press for many years.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Maina;" song by Dr. Geo. Howard.

Instrumental: New selections for Cabinet Organ, viz., "Romance," by Kuhlan; "Santa Claus March," by Arctic; "Andante," by Kuhlan; "Bridal Chorus," from "Lohengrin," by "Wagner; "Andante," from Symphony in C, Schubert; "Turkish Reveille," by Michaelis; "Star of Hope," by Bailey; "Woodland Belle Schottische," by Ryder; "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," by Thorne; "The Cows are in the Corn," by Leslie; "A Cheery Heart," by Pinsuti; "Andante," by Mendelsohn; "Prelude," by Bailey; "Lied Aus Oberon," by Von Weber; "Andante," by Hayden; "Andante," by Hatton; Prayer from Semiramide, arranged by E. H. Bailey; "Prince Imperial Galop," by Coote; "Hon. Grover Cleveland's March," by E. H. Bailey; "Hon. Grover Cleveland's March," by C. D. Blake; Lieut. A. H. Greely's Grand

Rescuing March," by E. H. Bailey. These last three pieces are deserving of special mention on account of their fine appearance and tuneful music.

Spear & Dehnhoff, New York.

"The Light-House Keeper." "The Old Willow Cradle that Rocked us to Sleep." "Baby Mine has Gone to Rest." "Sweet Face Waltz," "Only a Rose-bud." "The Apple Bloom so Fair and Sweet."

A BETTER CONDITION OF THINGS.—The returns already in show that the total reductions made in the rents of the Irish peasantry by the Land Commission will amount this year to nearly £3,000,000. It is, perhaps, nearly impossible for people on the American side of the Atlantic to fully appreciate the magnitude of this gain to the Irish people. It not only leaves for circulation among a people numbering less than five millions an increased sum of about $15,000,000, that otherwise would be drained out of the country and spent elsewhere, but it practically reduces Irish taxation $3 *per capita.* Throughout Ireland the beneficial result is palpable. Poor people who have for years past seldom had a shilling of money in their possession now occasionally may be seen in the small shops, happy in their ability to expend an occasional half sovereign. The general effect upon the temper of the people is very perceptible. The farmers and the shop keepers who depend upon them are decidedly better off than they have been for several years past. On the other hand, the upper class storekeepers, whose trade consists chiefly in supplying the nobility and landlords, complain bitterly of the dullness of trade. This accounts for the conflicting reports which now go out from Ireland. If you go into a first-class shop you hear that trade was never worse, and if you go into a second-class shop it is generally admitted that trade was never better.

THE English Benedictines are about to establish a House of Studies in Rome, in the vicinity of the German College.

OUT of a total number of twenty-two Generals of the Society of Jesus, eleven—just the half—have been Italians.

IT is stated that the Pope's imprisonment in the Vatican is telling upon his appearance. His face and hands are as pale as ivory, and his figure is spare in the extreme, and bent His mind is, however, as vigorous as ever; his intellect is as keen as the glance of an eagle. Notwithstanding his wasted appearance, the Pope enjoys excellent health.

MERRY ENGLAND MAGAZINE. — Of the series of essays contributed by his Eminence, Cardinal Manning, to *Merry England*, three have already appeared, namely: "Courage," "Consistency," and "Honor," and they will be followed by papers from the same pen on "Gossip," "Vanity," "Selfishness," "Popularity," "Pride," and "The Fourth Estate." It may be worth while to add that each issue of this popular Catholic magazine is complete in itself, and that intending subscribers can begin to take it at any date. The three first articles have already appeared in our MAGAZINE. The others will follow as they appear in *Merry England.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.—*Connecticut Catholic:* The articles that go to make up DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE are of such diversified character that few of its readers will have cause for complaint. It is indeed, as the title page indicates, "A Journal devoted to the Irish Race," but it does not confine itself exclusively to Irish news. By no means. The list of its contributors are made up from all classes and professions of life. While Rev. P. A. Treacy gives us his ideas of 'Strictures on Irreligious Writers," M. F. Grace shows us what "A Sunny Day in the South of France" is. If the Irish people in this country would read more and talk less about subjects of which they are entirely ignorant, the cause of Ireland would be wonderfully advanced. This magazine should be found on every Irishman's table. The price of the MAGAZINE, $2 a year, places it within reach of all.

FIVE of the Dublin jury that convicted Cornwall of infamous crimes were Protestants, and three of them Tory Freemasons of the most ultra type.

CONSUMPTION CURED. — An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human sufferings, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this MAGAZINE. W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

REV. FATHER GALLIGAN, pastor of St. John's Church at White Plains, N. Y., died at the pastoral residence in that village after a brief illness. He was born in county Cavan, Ireland, forty-six years ago, and studied for the priesthood at St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary, Troy, where he was ordained in 1868. He has been pastor of St. John's Church seven years.

THE funeral of the Rev. Thomas O'Rielly, of Cork, Catholic Chaplain to the troops at Aldershot, took place on June 27, in the camp cemetery, Aldershot, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The ceremony was of a military character, the band of the Royal Highlanders attending whilst the coffin, profusely covered with floral wreaths and crosses, was borne on a gun carriage. A High Requiem Mass was held in the Roman Catholic Church previous to the funeral, fifteen priests, including Canons Hall and Hone, of Portsmouth, taking part.

THE *Bombay Catholic Examiner* says: "We regret to announce the death of the Reverend Father Francis Pellico, S. J., brother to the well-known Silvio Pellico, the author of *Mes Prisons*. Father Pellico was born in the year 1802, entered the Society of Jesus in 1834, and made his solemn profession in 1845. He was Provincial of the province of Turin in 1848, during the course of which year the Jesuits were expelled from Piedmont. For some years he was one of the assistants of the Very Reverend Father Roothaan, General of the Society, by whom he was constantly held in the highest esteem.

THE Rev. Herman Wolfe, O. S. B., of St. Mary's Church, Richmond. Va., died on the 13th of July, in the 68th year of his age. He was a native of Schleswig-Holstein, and a son of a Lutheran minister. He came to this country in 1848. Some years after his arrival in this country he became a convert to the Catholic faith, and, feeling that he had a vocation for the sanctuary, he entered upon his studies at St. Benedict's Abbey, Westmoreland County, where he was in due time ordained as a priest of the Benedictine Order.— *Requiescat in pace.*

BROTHER.

Intelligence from Paris, announces the death at that place of Brother Irlide, Superior-General of the Christian Brothers throughout the world. Brother Irlide was in the 74th year of his age, and had been Superior-General of the Order since July 2, 1875.

SISTERS.

Sister Mary Columba of the Order of Mercy, Mt. St. Mary's, Manchester, N. H., died at Dover, N. H., of consumption, aged 30 years. The deceased had been an inmate of the convent in Manchester for 10 years, and for a long time was a teacher in the Catholic schools there. She went to Dover in the hope of benefitting her health.

EVEN the fear of cholera and the discouragement given by medical authorities to all public gatherings have not prevented a public demonstration at the funeral of Sister St. Benoit, Superior of the Convent of St. Maur, who died of cholera at Toulon after almost fifty years of religious profession. This venerable nun conquered the alarms of her disease inasmuch as she received the last Sacraments, and passed away in perfect tranquility and composure. Three hundred citizens and all the clergy followed her to the grave. It will be long before even Republican France loses all love for her nuns. Hands that were ready to tear down churches have still been raised to salute a Sister of Charity.

THE *London Evening Standard* pays this testimony, which is especially welcome from such a source: "Those admirable women, the Sisters of Mercy, who have been driven from the wards of

Paris hospitals, and who are continually attacked and insulted by the atheistical Press, are to be met with, now that an epidemic is raging, beside the sick beds of cholera patients in the Toulon and Marseilles hospitals, braving danger and forgetting injuries in their desire to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. Three or four of them have already succumbed to the disease, but others take their places, and if they in their turn are carried off, others will replace them. The calm courage of the Sisters forms a striking contrast to the almost childish panic which prevails throughout France in face of the cholera visitation, and which induces people to fly terror-stricken from their homes, instead of remaining to encourage and help those who cannot seek safety in flight. Medical men are warm in their praise of the Sisters as hospital nurses; and before the present epidemic broke out, had protested against the measures adopted for laicizing hospitals to the detriment of the patients. It is quite certain, in the event of cholera visiting Paris, that the Sisters would be applied to, and equally so that they would resume their former duties at the bed of sickness and death."

SISTER MARY FELICITAS, Superior and Sister Servant of All Saints' Academy, 130th Street and Madison Avenue, New York City, died on the 15th of July after a brief illness. She was one of the most distinguished members of the Sisters of Charity, and had accomplished great work during her thirty-four years of religious life.

LAY PEOPLE.

DEATH OF LORD PETRE.—We regret to record the death of Lord Petre, which occurred on Friday night, July 7, at his residence in Portland Place, London. The Right Honorable William Bernard Petre, 12th Lord Petre, of Writtle, Essex, in the Peerage of England, was the eldest son of William Henry, 11th Baron, by his first wife, Frances Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late Sir Richard Bedingfield, of Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk; he was born at Thorndon Hall, Essex, on the 20th December, 1817, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1850. His lordship, who was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Essex, had long held a foremost place among the laity of the Catholic Church in England, by whom he was highly respected. He was the most amiable, kindly-thinking, and scholarly of the Catholic peers. A student by nature, his religious convictions made it impossible for him to enter effectually into politics, and he seldom left the study for the Parlimentary arena. He would hardly be seen more than once in a Parliament. He lived at home and brought up a large family in piety. His eldest son became a priest, three of his daughters became nuns. His seat in Essex, Thorndon Hall, which stands amid one of the finest oak forests in the country, realized, with its chapel, its priests passing through the library, and its semi-ecclesiastical air, the ideal of the romancer who is fond of Jesuits. The new Lord Petre, being a priest, is not likely to change that style. He is engaged in education. His home at Weybridge is a school for wealthy Catholics. The better to carry out his plans, he has bought within the last few weeks the well-known hall called Northwood, near Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. There a peer of the realm will now rule as schoolmaster.

MR. ROBERT WHITE, publisher of the New York *Sunday Democrat*, died at his late residence, 87 Hooper Street, Brooklyn, at 7.30 A. M., Saturday, July 5. The deceased was born in Carrick-on-Suir, County Tipperary, Ireland, about fifty-three years ago He came to this country when a young man, and made the metropolis his home. Mr. White was for many years connected with the late Richard Walters, sheriff's auctioneer. In 1868, he established *The Sunday Democrat*, with his employer, Mr. Walters, and retained his connection with it up to the end of his life. He was a prominent member of the New York Press Club, a large delegation of which attended the funeral ceremony and interment. Mr. White has been ill for two months. His death will be heartily regretted by all who knew him.

MRS. CATHERINE LINNEHAN died after a lingering illness at her residence, 38 Lowell St., Boston, on the 23d of July. Deceased was a native of County Kerry, Ireland, and has been a resident of Boston 48 years. She was much esteemed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

WILLIAM HAMILTON died at Hartford, Conn., at the advanced age of 102. He was a farmer and quarry man, and born in the north of Ireland. He neither smoked nor "imbibed."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XII. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1884. No. 4.

Progress in Ireland.

THE state of Ireland during the greater portion of the last century was pitiable in the extreme. The great majority of her people were reduced to the veriest serfdom. British rulers looked upon the Protestant colonists alone as constituting the Irish nation, and laws were enacted solely for their benefit. The repeated violations of the treaty of Limerick, and the systematic introduction of the worst penal laws that ever disgraced a country, would have driven a less stiff-necked race in despair from the island. All civil existence for Catholics was extinguished; pulpit orators preached that no faith was to be kept with Papists; laws were made prohibiting the marriage of English with Irish; the same reward was offered for a priest's head as for a wolf's, and gifts and punishment were freely used in order to induce the people to relinquish the ancient faith. Had the Irish people abandoned the ancient faith, their sufferings would have been far less severe; had not need and greed, joined with religious rancor, filled the minds of the adventurers, the people of Ireland might have been happy. But, taking things as they have been during the greater part of the last century, it would have removed a disgraceful page from the world's history had one or other race, the Celt or the Saxon, been driven out of the country. In saying this, we by no means agree with Mr. Carlyle's principle of brute force — might against right. The great sage of Chelsea proposes as a remedy,—"Squelch her, by Heavens, squelch her." Englishmen of every shade of politics admit her grievances in a greater or less degree. Yet when we consider to what social poverty and degradation she had been reduced during the last century, we cannot be surprised that it has taken a considerable time to redress her wrongs, in so far as they have been redressed. We think, and many Englishmen think with us, that there never was a penal code so diabolically severe as that which Ireland had to endure during the last century. With this before our minds, we cannot be

surprised that after a lapse of four-score years some wrongs are yet to be righted. These penal enactments principally regarded property, education, what may be called personal disabilities, and religion. A Catholic could not dispose by will his landed property, nor settle a jointure on his wife or daughter. But in order to reduce Catholics to the lowest positions in the country, the laws divided the land equally amongst his sons after their father's death. The very foundations of domestic life were undermined. Should the wife of a Catholic choose to become a Protestant, she was entitled to a separate maintenance, and the guardianship of the children was transferred to her. The domestic rights of Catholics were still further violated by laws exacting that if the eldest son became Protestant he was entitled to absolute ownership over his father's estate, and if any other child declared itself a Protestant, at any age howsoever tender, that child was entitled to a separate maintenance out of its father's property. If a Catholic purchased *any estate in land*, or possessed it by marriage, gift, or will, any Protestant could deprive him of the same, and that without paying a single penny. Nor could they take leases for more than thirty-one years, through fear of the same invasion of their rights. A Catholic could take a lease for thirty-one years, but then if he improved the land so that it yielded a profit of more than one-third of the rent, his Protestant neighbor could evict him and enjoy the fruits of his industry. Everybody knows the penal enactments with regard to horses which were the property of Catholics. If a Protestant tendered five pounds for a horse to his Catholic neighbor, the latter was bound to accept it, though his horse was worth twenty times that sum. And if he concealed the animal, he was liable to imprisonment for three months, plus the forfeiture of three times the value of the horse. One object of these penal enactments was to make Ireland Protestant. But those who understand the Celtic character know that Irishmen are not to be whipped into compliance. These laws were not always enforced, partly because there were some honest Protestants in the country, partly because Protestants were sometimes afraid to avail themselves of the powers which the law gave them. Not many weeks ago we were told by a bishop of a case in point which occurred in Westmeath, and it was by no means a solitary one. A Protestant came and offered his Catholic neighbor five pounds for a beautiful horse. This refractory Catholic, instead of obeying the law, took the bridle off his horse and thrashed the gallant Protestant. He moreover added that he would wait two hours should this brave Protestant require further satisfaction. But the poor bridle-bruised victim of the law beat a retreat, we cannot say that it was a hasty one. We know well how the good Protestants

of the present day, save some rabid Orangemen, would condemn such bigotry and injustice.

Grievances equally galling had to be endured with regard to education. Any Catholic who taught science was liable to banishment, and if he returned his crime was a capital offence. The pupil who sought knowledge from a Catholic teacher was also a proscribed being. He was liable to lose all his property, whether present or prospective. Nor was access to foreign colleges free to that ill-fated race. But if there were no penalty attached thereto, education derived from foreign sources must have been necessarily very limited, because of the penal laws against property. A forfeiture of all property, present or future, was the penalty by which a Catholic child was punishable who was sent to a foreign college. The Irish people, morally speaking, then as now, belonged to the Catholic Church. And yet we hear people accusing them of being uneducated. It is not in a brief period that a nation can outgrow the effects of penal laws. Taking all difficulties into consideration, it cannot be denied that Ireland has made great progress in education. Her primary schools are giving ordinary satisfaction, and would be still more satisfactory if the compulsory system were introduced. Her intermediate schools, notwithstanding a few defects, the principal one being a want of sufficient funds, are still better, and it is to be hoped that the new university will supply a need so long felt.

During those days, regardless of penalties, many young Irishmen were educated abroad, and these brought home with them republican views by no means agreeable to the rulers of Ireland. France in a special manner opened her colleges to the youth of Ireland. This was the state of affairs which led to the establishment of Maynooth College.

Then there were what are called in the history of the time, personal disabilities. A Catholic could not be a common soldier or sailor, nor could he hold any office of honor, or emolument in the state, nor could he be even a game-keeper ; nor could he be a member of a corporation ; nor could he reside in a corporate town ; nor could he vote for a member of Parliament, and Catholic peers were deprived of the right to sit and vote in the house of lords. And even at the present day, strange as it may appear, there is one law for England and another for Ireland. We give a case in point. It is the difference between English and Irish franchise. In England all rated house-holders and nearly all in boroughs are entitled to vote. Now is this the case in the sister isle? In Ireland house-holders in boroughs whose houses are valued by government at over four pounds per annum, and occupiers of lodgings worth four shillings per week (unfurnished) or over, are

entitled to vote. In the county franchise similar disadvantages exist. If we take boroughs and counties, the proportion of voters to non-voters is as two to five in England. In Ireland it is as one to five. Like disabilities have to be endured with regard to municipal franchise. If we except the metropolis, the valuation of the municipal voter must be at least ten pounds, and in Dublin three years' residence in one house is necessary. "This prohibitory condition and the non-rating of quarterly tenants, and the wholesale rating of owners instead of occupiers, lead to the almost complete disfranchisement of the people of Dublin." The foregoing is an extract from a letter of Mr. Charles Dawson's, late Lord-Mayor of Dublin, and was published in *The Nation* of December 24th, 1881. He gives figures which bear out this apparently sweeping statement. He tells us that the population of Dublin in 1871 was 267,717; that with this population it had only 13,599 parliamentary voters and 5000 municipal voters. This he compares with the franchise of Leeds in the same year. In that year Leeds had a population of 259,212, and of these there were 49,000 parliamentary and 50,000 municipal electors. With this fact before our mind, we cannot deny that even in ordinary times there is one law for England and another for Ireland. The religious disabilities of the last century were correspondingly severe with the personal educational and proprietorial. It was a treasonable felony to teach the Catholic religion, and it was a capital offense to change one from Protestantism to Catholicity. Monks and Friars, for merely living in the country, were punishable by exile, and if they returned from banishment it was high treason. A Roman Catholic bishop, or any person exercising ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, was liable to be punished by exile and if such a person returned, with death. What wonder is it that there were "Peepo'day boys," "White boys," "Dark boys," "Hearts of steel," "Defenders," etc., in Ireland, during the last century? These penal enactments drove the flower of the intellect and energy out of the country, so that Irishmen were to be met with on every battle-field in Europe, and Catholics disappear from the political arena in Ireland until the time of the Volunteers. The Englishman of to-day, when such religious toleration obtains in every part of the British dominions, may well be surprised at the persecutions which the Irish had to endure for their religion. At present there is no nation on earth where more religious freedom exists than in Great Britain and her wide-spread possessions. In this respect, especially since the disestablishment of the Protestant Church, Ireland has not much reason to complain. Some maintain that it is a grievance, and a crying one, that Maynooth College should have been disestab-

lished, whilst Trinity College enjoys its munificent endowment. Others, with the Prime Minister, think that the college with its liberty and without the endowment, is in a better condition than to be shackled with questionable conditions attached to the endowment. William Molyneau first commenced a crusade against oppression in Ireland. His work entitled, "The law of Ireland being bound by acts of parliament in England stated," is remarkable rather for the great sensation which it caused in England, than for any literary merit. He was followed by Swift, Lucas, and Grattan. The last-named gentleman succeeded in developing the principles of Molyneau into the parliament of 1782. Grattan, though he made a fatal political blunder, was the greatest Irish patriot of the eighteenth century. With the power of Swift, the learning of Molyneau, the vigor of Lucas, he overcame difficulties apparently insurmountable. Berkely also contributed his mite towards the regeneration of his country. After the famine of 1741 he wrote a pamphlet entitled the "Queriest," which might be read even at the present day, with considerable advantage. He asks some very significant questions. The following are fair specimens: Whether a great quantity of sheepwalk be not ruinous to a country, rendering it waste and thinly inhabited? Whether if there were a wall of brass a thousand cubics high round this kingdom, our natives might not, nevertheless, live cleanly and comfortably, till the land, and reap the fruits thereof? A query, pregnant with meaning, especially when we bear in mind that the historian Froude holds, that British rule in Ireland has been a failure after a lapse of seven centuries. It is a remarkable fact that in the last, as well as in the present century, those men who strove to serve their country by means the most constitutional, were prosecuted or subjected to governmental annoyance of some kind.

This is true of the men whose names graced the history of Ireland during the last century. O'Connell and Mr. A. M. Sullivan may be taken as fair specimens of constitutional agitators, yet both were imprisoned. Occasionally O'Connell used braggadocio, but he must never have seriously meant to carry out his threats. In what is known as his "Mallow Defiance," he says the Irish people will keep inside the constitution; but if the government go outside it, then the people will be prepared to meet them. And from his point of view the government did go outside the constitution, and O'Connell and the people were not prepared to meet them. For this boasting, as well as for some political blunders, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy treats the Liberator with scant courtesy. Judging by the light of history the arrest of Mr. Parnell is no stain on that gentleman's political character. The arrest of Irish politicians is so uniform that it would seem to be

the result of a law of nature. "The same cause in the same circumstances produces the same effect."

The first step in the way of progress in Ireland during the last century was made by the raising of the volunteers. At first sight it seems strange that a people so persecuted should have been allowed to arm. But it was a choice of evils. England was at war with France, Spain, and Holland. Washington was for death or victory in America, and an invasion of England, by way of Ireland, was not improbable. Four thousand Irishmen were to have been sent to fight the Americans, and four thousand Hessians were to have been sent to guard Ireland. But the Irish Parliament would not have it, and said, "Keep your Hessians; if the country is in danger we can arm our Protestant people and keep the peace." And true enough, the Protestant people were armed, and though Catholics applied for admission to the ranks of the volunteers, they were at first refused. Notwithstanding this refusal, the Catholics contributed money towards the movement. Enrollment was not denied to them long, for as early as 1780 we find that there were 50,000 Catholics among the volunteers. "For once Ireland was united and waited an opportunity." What a lay sermon for all nationalities might be preached on this little extract from Dion Boucicault's "Fireside Story of Ireland." And, as I have quoted one text on which might be constructed a political sermon, I am tempted to give another. It is one of the witticisms of Sir Hercules Langwishe. He was once asked where the best history of Ireland was to be found; and he answered, "In the continuation of Rapin." We leave the lay sermon to be preached by more competent pulpit orators. The policy of the volunteers may be summed up in one or two short but significant passages. "Repeal or else ——" "Free trade or else ——" It ever has been remarkable that England has refused even an instalment of liberality to Ireland until a strong pressure has been brought to bear on her. The texts which I have just quoted are an illustration. Catholic emancipation was granted only when the country was on the brink of rebellion, when the Duke of Wellington advised his sovereign to select between it and civil war. Tithes were abolished, or rather called "rent charges," only after the murder of the police at Carrickshock and of the people at Newtownbarry. Finianism brought the disestablishment of the Protestant church in Ireland within the range of practical politics. The late agitation paved the way to the land bill. Had such an act been passed ten years ago, it would have been received with gratitude. Then indeed would the people join with Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and Archbishop Croke in sounding its praises. We are

not surprised at the indifference with which it was received. The eyes of the people were opened to their grievances by agitation. Some of the greatest talent of the country was employed in educating them into a knowledge of the wrongs which they had so long endured. Persons were converted to the popular cause who had held views by no means favorable to it. Redpath of America and Chinese Gordon are examples. The intellect, clerical and lay, of the country was on the side of the oppressed. Wendell Phillips, the American orator, and Wendell Holmes, the American poet, raised their voices in trumpet-tones for the down-trodden Irish peasant. The expectations of the people were great. The boon given to them was out of all proportion with their awakened hopes. Hence the social upheavings in Ireland to-day. The people were exasperated by the conduct of the lords in rejecting the "Disturbance Bill." They were still more exasperated by the "Coercion Bill." If it came from a Conservative government it would not have aroused such angry feelings. But they expected better treatment from the able statesman who disestablished the church in Ireland, and gave the land act of 1870 and the ballot act.

If the English people governed Ireland she would be happy: but they do not; the government of the country is in the hands of the landlords. Even when the letter of the law is the same for both countries, its administration is different. The history of the present century bears us out in this assertion. The English are a justice-loving people, and if the truth were brought home to them they would long since have done justice to Ireland. Their political wisdom should teach them not to make enemies of five millions of Irish in Ireland, of seven millions in America, of three millions in England, and of other millions in different quarters of the globe. The Englishman has too much faith in the morning paper. He would almost as soon reject a biblical text as a statement of his party paper. Nor does the English press always do justice to Ireland. The gross exaggeration of Irish outrages is a painful example of this. Mr. Herbert Gladstone went and saw, and he holds that many outrages have been manufactured by interested or prejudiced persons. Such people are enemies to England as well as to Ireland. The English people wish to know the truth, and this system of concocting outrages makes it the more difficult of attainment. Under the attractive heading, "The State of Ireland," we find little else than a catagory of outrages, varying from mutilation to murder. A contradiction may come, but it usually falls flat on the readers after the first report. Latterly, the Dublin papers have been publishing a list of outrages in England. And after having made due allowance for the difference of population, we feel bound to admit that

it is a very formidable one. These outrages, whether they occur in England or in Ireland, every honest man deplores, but he who wilfully manufactures them is a public enemy, and should be treated as such. From this study in Irish history we deduce some conclusions. The Irish people, before the establishment of a native Parliament, were reduced to the most abject slavery. During the brief existence of Home Rule, though their Parliament was a very venal one, yet some progress was made. It would be useless to dwell on the means by which the union was effected; but it is painfully evident that Ireland is bound to England not by any bond of friendship, but by the letter of the law. Hence we think that any measure of Home Rule, howsoever small, would be a relief to both countries. If Lord Derby's contention were correct, that Home Rule should not be granted unless the majority in England, Ireland, and Scotland were in favor of it, there would remain little hope even of an instalment of home rule. But the noble earl is not infallible, and we think he is as far from the truth in this matter as he was when he said the result of the land act would not be to reduce rents in Ireland. Should the land act work as well in the future as it has done in the past, the result will be a reduction of the rental of Ireland from seventeen millions sterling annually to twelve millions.

Looking at the disabilities under which she suffered during the last century, her progress has been slow but firm. Personal disabilities have disappeared, religious intolerance there is none worthy of notice, education is progressing favorably, and the land act and migration act bid fair to establish the people comfortably in the land of their birth.

The people have been taught to rely on their united strength. That servile spirit, the result of long ages of oppression, is fast disappearing from amongst them. Education and the national newspapers have done much; young Irishmen returning from America have helped on the good work. The Land League agitation, whose spirit still lives in the National League, worked wonders that will be rightly estimated in the future, when passions and prejudices will have been forgotten, and the good things that men have done will have remained.

Avoca, Minn. REV. JOHN CONWAY.

A SHIP has bows and a tree has boughs; therefore there's a resemblance between them. If you look at one of the fast liners on her course you perceive that she leaves rapidly. So does a tree when the warm days of spring are upon it.

The Monks of Erin.

By Rev. William P. Treacy, S. J.

THE Irish monks, the Irish monks, their names are treasured still
In many a foreign valley, on many a foreign hill,
Their preaching, prayers and fasting are still the peasants' themes
Around the coast of Cornwall, and along old Flanders' streams;
Their lives austere and holy, and the wonders of their hands,
Still nourish faith and sanctity through fair Italia's lands;
The cross they bore in triumph, oh, bright as e'er it shines
Above the domes of Austria, among the Tuscan vines.

Sedulius the poet, and Columbkille the dove,
At Rome and Hy are honored, and remembered still with love;
At Lucca, St. Frigidian, in a church ablaze with lights,
Is honored with pure worship, 'mid the poem of Roman rites.
Even still the British miners exult on Piran's feast,
And though they hate the Church of Rome, they venerate her priest;
The bells of sweet Tarentum, as they wake the matin air,
Still tell in tones of gladness that Cataldus' faith is there.

Quaint Mechlin's noblest temple to an Irish monk is raised,
In every home in Mechlin, St. Rumold's name is praised;
Virgilius, the gifted, in his glorious Saltzburg tomb,
Is honored by the silent prayer and by the cannon's boom;
Old hymns are sung to Fridolin in the islands of the Rhine,
And the relics of Besançon's saint sleep in a silver shrine;
The voice that roused Crusaders by the Tagus, Rhone and Po,
Seems ringing still o'er Malachy at the convent of Clairvaux.

The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their spirit still survives
In the stainless Church of Ireland, and in her priesthoods' lives.
Their spirit still doth linger round Holycross and Kells,—
Oh, Ireland's monks can know no death while gush our holy wells.
High Cashel's fame is standing, and though in the spoiler's hand
Like the captive ark of Judah, 'tis a blessing to our land,
For proudly it reminds us of the palmy days of yore
When Kings were monks and monks were Kings upon our Irish shore.

WHILE walking on Austin Avenue, Mrs. Duzenbery stopped in front of the show windows of a millinery store and exclaimed: "What a beautiful assortment of hats." "Come on, quick, Louisa, you will catch cold and die if you stand still on that grating after you have been walking fast. I can't let you take such risks," said the careful, affectionate husband.

Southern Sketches.

FROM PHILADELPHIA TO BALTIMORE.

II.

EARLY on the morning of our departure from Philadelphia, a fog lay over the city, but it was quickly dispelled by the sun that glided through the misty clouds, which gradually gave way to a clear, blue sky. The railroad cars hurried rapidly south through a rich and well cultivated country. After passing several towns on the route, I arrived at Baltimore in the afternoon. If it were possible, I would have embraced with veneration and delight this city of such holy, liberty-loving, Catholic memories. Here I was upon the soil of Maryland, where Catholic feet first trod, where Catholic lips first proclaimed civil and religious freedom, a toleration which was unknown to the Protestant settlers of the Northern States, who, in the name of the Gospel-loving Puritans, persecuted Papists, Baptists, Quakers and Episcopalians, thus shamefully prostituting that sacred boon of liberty, which they gained after their escape from the tyranny of the Church of England. As I entered the city through narrow and winding Baltimore Street, I perceived that its buildings, though generally small when compared with those of New York and Philadelphia, were still neat and well furnished with all kinds of merchandise. Everything seemed to me to be antique and comfortable, and gleams of temporal prosperity and social joy appeared to radiate in every direction. Occasionally a very large edifice arose over the majority of smaller ones like a gentle, loving sovereign enthroned above his happy, though less powerful, subjects. Being recommended to stay at Guy's Hotel on Monument Square, as it happened to be a neat one and on the European plan, I requested the conductor to drop me off a few blocks from it. I alighted near the City Hall, which looked an immense and splendid piece of architecture, and soon came out upon Monument Square, from which place I could see some fine hotels and business establishments.

After a rest I sauntered through the town, the afternoon being a pleasant one. Everything looked lively and business-like. The graceful and gentle declivities of the streets, with the fine prospects seen from the heights, formed interesting features in this high-toned and delightful Baltimore, which, though more than a hundred years younger than New York and Boston, yet looked much more ancient than either, since the shades of the priests of Baal seemed to envelope it with their

mystic and hoary charms. "What a curious old place this must have been," said I to myself, "in the olden times, when, as a writer in *Harper's Magazine* remarks, 'a duty of from five to twenty shillings per annum was laid upon old bachelors, and old maids were not to be met with, neither jealousy of husbands.'" The children were well favored and beautiful to see, and without the least blemish. A frank and generous hospitality prevailed, devoid of glare and show, but always good and abundant. Baltimore was then in the front when the Revolutionary War was raging. It fed the army of Lafayette, and helped it with clothing and arms to move southward. It furnished the best ships in the war of 1812, and her sailors were the first officers of the Continental navy. As I walked along the streets, I noticed more negroes than I did in any city further north. They appeared as much at home, if not more so, than the white men, and the warmest feelings of sympathy and good-will seemed to exist between both races. Many of those "darkies" were very respectably dressed, and sauntered along with a sturdy air of independence, apparently assured that they enjoyed more privileges here than they would further North.

Their ebony hue was fully represented in the several stores, hotels, depots, markets, parks, and docks of the town. After a few minutes, I found myself right in front of the Cathedral, a magnificent structure, with its large and handsome dome towering above the neighboring houses. Its position on a hill renders it very conspicuous. There is an air of splendor and finish about the interior of the church and the flagged walks and smooth, green lawns attached to it, together with the streets and residences in its neighborhood, that renders the entire scene strikingly charming and impressive. Upon entering I perceived that the interior was in every way in keeping with the exterior, and it was evident that the good and true Catholics of Baltimore spared no expense in helping their bishops to beautify and enrich this finest house of worship in the city. Two very large and handsome oil paintings, one representing the taking down from the cross, and the other St. Louis in the act of burying his soldiers slain in battle, were both gifts of King Louis XIV. of France, and are placed against the wall, behind ornamental railings at each side of the vestibule. After contemplating its many beauties, I quitted the church, hoping to see it again on the following day (Sunday), when I resolved to be present at High Mass and hear Archbishop Gibbons preach on his recent European experiences and his interview with the Holy Father. The proprietor of the hotel in which I slept that night was a Catholic; my waiter was one also. The room I occupied, and the bed in which I slept, all seemed to be inpregnated with the odor of orthodoxy. My

rest was only delightfully interrupted by the ghosts of Baltimores, Carrolls, and hundreds of other holy heroes that died years ago in this blessed land, and now spread their arms of affection and protection over their dearly-beloved children. After performing my spiritual functions on the following morning, I went to the colored church of St. Francis Xavier on Calvert Street, to hear the nine o'clock Mass which was to be celebrated for the children. The sacred edifice was much larger and neater than I expected to find it, and after taking my seat, I was really astonished to see the building in a short time almost entirely filled with well-dressed, orderly, and intelligent negro children. Mass was offered up by one of the Fathers of St. Joseph's Missionary Society, and the devotional conduct of the boys and girls during the celebration of the sacred mysteries was very edifying and praiseworthy. Father Walsh, one of the saintliest priests of the Order, delivered a very instructive and eloquent discourse, and was listened to by the congregation with great attention. The colored choir sung very feelingly and sweetly, and everything showed the great success of the mission. When Mass ended, the children, on leaving the church, genuflected reverentially, and then piously made the sign of the cross after sprinkling themselves with holy water. When they reached the street, I saw woolly heads, black faces, dark eyes, flat noses, thick lips, and pearly teeth, all halted in an ocean of pious and innocent humor. I presented my congratulations to the young and able pastor, Father Slattery, and he, with his zealous and pious assistants, felt justly proud of the grand results of their indefatigable labors. After promising to answer their invitation to tea that night, I quitted the church, passed by the fashionable neighborhood of Wellington Monument, and then proceeded to the Cathedral, to be present at the grand solemn High Mass. Vast crowds of people were approaching it as I came near, and in the course of a few minutes all the pews and aisles of the building were filled with an immensely respectable and devout congregation. The organ soon pealed forth its solemn music, and the celebrant, attended by deacon and sub-deacon, began the Mass. He sang very sweetly and powerfully, and Almighty God was highly worshipped by the glorious sacrifice and the humble, fervent adoration of his children, who quitted for a time the business cares and vanities of life, to devote all the faculties of their minds, hearts, and senses to His Sacred Majesty.

After the Gospel, the Archbishop ascended the pulpit, exhibiting before his audience a mild, intellectual, and dignified countenance. His features were sharply moulded; his complexion appeared ruddy; his mouth wore an expression of firmness, and his eye, naturally mild,

occasionally kindled with flashes of determination and energy. His voice was remarkably clear, and could readily be heard in any part of the Cathedral. He related in a pleasing and eloquent manner his journey through Europe; dwelt on the political and religious complexion of affairs, and assured his audience that he would much rather dwell under the flag of the Union than be subject to any old country form of government. He dwelt eloquently on the devotion of the rich and poor in the grand Catholic temples of France, Germany, and Italy, expatiated on the splendor of the Cathedral buildings of the Middle Ages, and spoke long and earnestly of the person and character of Leo XIII., who received him very cordially, and commissioned him to impart his blessing and best wishes to the American people. The entire congregation were fascinated with his charming descriptions of European life, and his eloquent appeals to them to be proud of their holy faith and to practice its sublime precepts. When the church services ended, the vast congregation quietly dispersed, thus enabling me to see that Baltimore in truth possessed a very large number of Papal adherents, remarkable for their dignity, wealth, and intelligence.

Having heard on the previous day that a grand Catholic procession would start from the City Hall to take part in laying the corner-stone of a new Italian church, I hastened immediately after dinner to the place of meeting. On further inquiry I found that the Knights of Benevolent and Temperance Societies were splendidly represented, and were allowed by courtesy of the mayor to have bands of music — an unusual thing on Sundays. Fortunately for the processionists the day was very fine, and great numbers of people flocked in all directions to the City Hall to see the societies assemble and move at the instance of the Grand Marshal, with banners waving and bright uniforms shining in the sunny breeze.

My heart swelled with delight at this fine prospect of Irishmen, Germans, Italians, Americans, and men of other nations, who, though divided in many respects, were yet one in religious faith, all eager to participate in aiding the erection of an elegant temple for the worship and praise of God. Such an exhibition of splendid manhood (most of the men being vigorous six-footers), genial good humor, elegant discipline and Catholic devotion, led me to think that such noble characters would make even better soldiers of the cross than of worldly armies if occasion called forth their powers. When all the societies assembled they formed into line. Each organization had its separate band, and the men, with their green scarfs, grand hats and plumes, and glittering belts and polished sabres, moved along in military style, inspired with the sacredness of their mission and the sweetness of

the music. As the societies, numbering about five thousand, moved on, I was borne along with the current of human beings that filled the sidewalks, and no sooner had the strains of one band ceased far away in front amid the winding streets than others played in the rear and centre, filling the air with solemn and joyous melodies. On arriving at the spot where the church was to be erected, the archbishop was seen arrayed in cope and mitre, attended by the clergy and altar-boys.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies his grace and the pastor in turn delivered stirring addresses, and the people responded to their appeals by a generous contribution to hasten the completion of the temple. When the ceremony ended I came out on Broadway near Banks Street, within sight of the elegant church and rectory of St. Patrick's parish. Father Gaitley, the pastor, being an old friend, was very glad to see me, and I was obliged to partake of his hospitality, and quit my hotel to stay at his house during the remainder of my time in Baltimore. His parish is in a flourishing condition; his schools are amongst the finest in the diocese, and he himself is universally admired for his prudence, zeal and piety. Having engaged to take tea with the Fathers of St. Joseph's, I bade the pastor of St. Patrick's good-evening, promising to be around on the following day.

The good priests of St. Francis Xavier's occupy a large, plain, and substantial dwelling, perched on a hill a little above the church. They live simply, but comfortably, and are constantly engaged in doing good, and are very happy in their social relations. The pastor is a young, active priest, and is ably aided by three apostolic assistants. I was informed that a second colored church was about to be erected in another quarter of the city in order to accommodate a large class of negroes. White persons are not permitted to attend the church, as they might disturb the harmony of the existing organization. The vespers that evening were very impressively sung; the church was crowded, and the devotion of the entire congregation was remarkably edifying and exemplary. The men appointed to take up the collections did their part cleverly, and the people made the boxes rattle with liberal offerings. The colored altar-boys were thoroughly drilled in their rubrics, the sexton proved to be a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and I noticed that the pastor smiled with satisfaction at the promptitude with which the ladies advanced to pay their pew rents. The mild and amiable dispositions of their priests made a very happy impression on those simple and courteous colored folks. All those scenes were quite new to me, and I was greatly interested in them. I left the good Fathers with regret, after spending a very pleasant evening among them, and prayed that Almighty God would continue

to bless their efforts to convert the ill-directed Baptist-Methodist-saturated negroes.

The next morning was clear and bracing, and Father Gaitley placed his fine, sleek horse and faithful, good-humored colored man, "Joe," at my disposal. We drove through some of the finest thoroughfares of the city. The streets, though in many places ill-paved, were lined here and there with very handsome residences. In the course of an hour we came to the main entrance of Druid Hill Park. Its picturesque lodge, handsome stone arch, and grand, wide avenue, lined with costly vases and other ornaments, looked like the approach to an emperor's palace. The roads were white and firm as marble, forming quite a contrast to the streets we left behind, and as the horse trotted briskly along by a magnificent sheet of water, our charming drives shaded with immense and venerable oaks, whilst the gentle breezes fanned our cheeks, the whole scene afforded me the highest enjoyment. The park was formerly a private domain, owned by a very rich Maryland gentleman, and was afterwards purchased by the city government. Nature supplied almost all its attractions of hill, dale, water, and fine sylvan scenery. The smooth, green lawns, picturesque terraces, and the fleet and gentle deer that roamed at will in every direction, were to me objects of untiring interest. From several points of the drives we could catch glimpses of the city, with its houses perched on hills and resting in hollows, bridges, and streams, lending delightful variety to the view. On our return from the park, we came to Wellington Monument, adjacent to which were some exquisite flower-plats, full of variety and bloom. Leaving bright-eyed, smiling Joe in charge of the horse, I entered the lower floor of the monument, and not being able to get a lamp, I resolved to ascend the stone staircase in the darkness. The first few dozen steps were dimly illumed by the light from the narrow windows, but as I ascended higher I was soon enveloped in impenetrable gloom. I had to grasp the upper steps with my hands, plant my feet firmly and cautiously on the lower ones, fearing I might slip and tumble backwards; but, being anxious to see the view from the top, I plucked up courage, and my fears entirely disappeared as I heard others from below ascending after me. I heard a young girl exclaim, "Oh, grandmother, how terrible and dark it is!" "Yes," cried I from above; "look out for that high hole there!" "Where, where?" shrieked the grandmother. "All around you," said I, "is nothing but a hole, save what's occupied by this spiral staircase. Beware of the snake!" Seeing that I was jesting, they laughed aloud, and the awful, dark walls of the monument echoed and re-echoed the merry sounds.

At last a welcome stream of light rushed in from the top, and I joyfully jumped over the last steps, though my legs were well nigh exhausted after creeping up such a hight. However, my time and trouble were well repaid by the glorious sight that met my view. The morning was very bright; not a mist could be seen in the distant horizon. The prospect seen from the top of this grand granite monument extended for miles and miles, embracing a wonderfully picturesque collection of undulating streets and houses, adorned with trees, parks, gardens, charming squares and fountains. The noise of the city reached my ears like the subdued roaring of the winds in a forest. The dome of its grand cathedral pointed peacefully to the sky, looking like the loving guardian of the place, its cross speaking of self-denial, divine faith, love and glory, and directing my aspirations heavenward. The towers and spires of numerous churches arose above grand hotels, public buildings, and stately monuments. Druid Hill Park showed from afar its noble green trees caressing the sunbeams; the bay, with its blue waves, sustained its extensive shipping, and luxuriant hills, bounding the city on several sides, all presented an enchanting picture.

Fearing to be late for dinner, I reluctantly left this post nearly 180 feet high, and slowly came down from the top of the monument. "Well, sir," said Joe," when I took my place in the buggy, "I should think you had no legs be this time, arter agoin' up and acomin' down dem ere big steps. I 'm sure I 'd lose my trotters 'fore I 'd get half up thar." "Oh, Joe," I replied, "you must know that I have got an elastic pair of Irish legs which are not going to give way as soon as your Baltimore spindleshanks." The jolly negro laughed at this retort till the tears came from his good-natured eyes, and a broad grin of satisfaction lit up his ebony face. By way of avenging himself, he proudly exclaimed, "But, anyhow, sir, we have ten times better Catholics here than you have in New York." As Joe was a good member of Father Gaitley's church, besides one of his converts, I made no reply, allowing him to gratify his fallible assurance on this point.

After seeing most of the handsome churches of Baltimore, with its beautiful convents, seminary, and schools, I bade good-bye early next morning to Father Gaitley, his sister and assistant, and took the train for Washington from the Union Station in Charles Street.

To be Continued.

HIDE your own troubles, but watch and help others in theirs.

Representative Catholics.

REPRESENTATIVE Catholics, whether politicians, or receiving the distinction on account of their position and worldly influence, may be more properly and truthfully classified as representative frauds — for they represent nothing but their own selfish interests, and pose in the character only that they may the more effectually subserve those interests — surely not that they may contribute to the furtherance of the cause they profess. They use it only as a means to an end; and no sooner is that end attained than they are totally oblivious of the submissive hobby that rode them safely to their ill-conditioned victory. We learned long since to put no confidence in such men; and, in fact, have reached that point of incredulity respecting them and their pretentious promises as to be almost a believer in their total depravity, or what would be a better qualification, their disgraceful venality. Whatever the Catholic Church in this country has gained in the way of just immunities and righteous freedom, has mostly come to her through extraneous sources — the agency of liberal-minded men outside of her pale who were neither obliged by vow or promise, nor influenced by hope of gain, to lend their aid to relieve her grievances and champion her cause when assailed. We have known Catholics who had been elected to office by their co-members to further a particular cause which had the advancement of the interests of religion as its object, but who, when the time came for them to speak out, never opened their mouths or made the least effort to plead for or promote it. The doors of preferment had been opened to them, and seeing probably better chances in the future for them, they subserviently sold out their pledges along with the hopes of the dupes that had put them into power, that these, too, might the more readily come within their rapacious grasp. Nor is our experience an isolated one. There are few localities that cannot afford similar instances of political perfidy on the part of its representative men. If the ends and aims involved were purely political ones there might be some excuse or justification for a change of sentiment, but where the broad question of right and principle alone enter into consideration, and to which men are pledged, not by promise or word of honor, but by faith and unchangeable conviction, there is no palliation for desertion — no excuse that would merit for the action another name than that of unsouled perfidy. Though this is a case presupposing pledge and promise, we do not see how even their absence would put a different phase upon the matter. Questions of right in religion cannot be questions of mere expediency with Catholics. To make them such would be to sacrifice principle — which no Catholic can do without the guilt and stigma of recreancy. Yet, we would venture to assert that the apathy of Catholics — representative Catholics — has done more to put obstacles in the way of the Church obtaining her just rights and immunities, than the direct opposition of her expressed enemies. If they, when the opportunities presented themselves, had taken a proper stand — opposed argumentative proof

to blind bigotry and persistently worked for its triumph, there would be at this day comparatively few grievances to complain of. We have heard men of this stamp say in defence of themselves that they thought that the cause would be better advanced by having some one outside of the fold assume its vindication — that their advocacy, everybody knowing them to be Catholics, would prejudice rather than benefit any measure distinctively religious that they might broach. Out on such reasoning — and a murrain upon the men that give this as a reason for their disloyalty! Has it come to that pass, that Catholics should have to depend upon a "liberal minded" somebody to champion the cause of the Church they themselves profess to love with an undying love, and to depend upon men, who cannot be expected to have a knowledge of the teachings and prerogatives of that Church, for a vindication or defence? For the remnant of faith in Catholic manhood that is in us, we hope not. The second part of the claimed defence needs no refutation. It is not true, and if it ever had a bearing it was solely with those that clutched upon it as an easy way of shirking what to them was a disagreeable office. The fact is it was never tested, and consequently cannot be justly accorded the power and efficacy that it was only presumed to possess. It is only another case in which the wish was father to the thought. A manly defender is nowhere better appreciated than in this country, and it is a libel upon a people who are noted the world over for their fair-mindedness, to prejudge them of injustice without the chance of a hearing. These excuses were and are simple pretexts, and have been employed to put a seemly covering on naked audaciousness and bald effrontery. The representatives were too weak-kneed, or too considerate of their private interests to do their duty — this is the whole truth. Hence it is that we put no faith in such men, and are disposed to regard them in the light of enemies rather than as friends. We have no use for them. They have been tried too often, and just as often have they failed to meet expectations. The Church will not miss their defection, and its interests will prosper as well without a painted figure-head as with one — for at best they never amount to anything more. Only let them cease sailing under false colors; let them fling any banner to the breeze they please but that of their religion, and then they will "represent" something, which, if it brings no credit, will at least do no harm.

Catholic Columbian.

EVERY devout client of the Mother of God will be glad to learn that the Bishops of the whole Catholic world have petitioned the Pope, asking that the month of October be consecrated to devotion to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, and that the festival of the Most Holy Rosary — which falls on the first Sunday in October — be raised to the rite of the first class throughout the world, and also that the proper office recited by the Dominican Fathers be extended to the whole Church.

God's Visitations.

THE cholera is now raging in a few cities of France, and almost certainly will spread into many more. Scientific precautions against the spread of the disease seem ineffectual. There are many still living among us who remember the dreadful features of that affliction. Every Catholic knows well that there is a grave purpose of God's providence in every scourge of this kind. Numerous facts and plain texts of the Old Testament and of the New tell us that afflictions are sent to punish and to purify. The innocent suffer material loss as well as the guilty. But to the former the fatal affliction is spiritual gain; to the latter brings repentance or final doom.

The whole Church is benefitted by a visitation of this kind. It is easy to understand, and history plainly shows, that on such an occasion people seeing the vanity of human aids have resource to God; fervor is awakened; careless ones approach the sacraments; frivolous and sinful amusements cease. The very consequences show plainly the purpose of God in sending the scourge.

It is easy to see the faults of our neighbors. Catholics can look to unfortunate France and see plainly the defects of that country. It has had many scourges of late, and nevertheless has not yet had that effective Catholic awakening which shall wrest control from the hands of the "Revolution." Pious and penetrating minds of France, seeing the failure of the efforts which were made with best intentions to change the course of the nation, have begun to almost lose confidence in the strength of the present conservative elements of the country. "Dark days are in store for France," has been on the lips of more than one of her ecclesiastical leaders. It still seems, humanly speaking, impossible to change the course of events. Yet there is nothing needed except an awakning of Catholic sentiment. The millions of France have been instructed in the Catholic faith, have made their first communion, and when death is approaching call for the sacraments, no matter how negligent their lives may have been. This is enough to show that in order to obtain the discontinuance of infidel, anti-Catholic sway, nothing is required, but Catholic piety be aroused. Dangers to religion will be appreciated. There will be no more apathy, no more delusion by demagogues and hypocrites, no more absorption of the mind in temporals.

While we look to France in this way and see the faults that call for visitation from God, we have no reason to think ourselves the better. God's chastisements of a people are often great mercies, as the afflictions of the saints were to them. In fact, the Scriptures plainly teach that "Whom God loves he chastises." The long temporal prosperity of a nation is not a sign of God's pleasure, just as the long temporal prosperity of a sinner is no sign of God's pleasure.

There is, of course, reason to fear that this terrible scourge will come upon us. There can be no doubt that the best possible means of averting it is the attaining at once of that Catholic fervor which the

visitation is intended to effect. It is well to make all possible use of scientific precautions and remedies, but even those who accept even but one book of the Sacred Scriptures must see in all afflictions the hand of God, and acknowledge that the best means of avoiding affliction is repentance for sins. We say "even one book" of the Sacred Writings, because there is scarcely one book that does not contain this lesson as to God's providence. Yet, singular as it may appear, there are many non-Catholics who, while professing to receive most of the books that are included in the Catholic Canon, nevertheless smile at such a thing as praying against temporal afflictions. Among Catholics it is a most ordinary thing in private as well as in public devotions to pray for these objects. There is a contrast in this which is one of the marks of the living Faith of Jesus Christ.

No doubt many pious souls are now praying in France for a cessation of the plague. It is the part of fraternal charity that we should join them. Our own danger will stimulate us.

T. F. MAHAR, D. D., in the *Catholic Universe*.

Shop Labor: A White Slavery.

ON Wednesday evening, 23d July, a meeting was held at the Vestry Hall, Kensington, in favor of the movement to shorten the hours of shop-labor, and among the speakers was the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. The announcement of such an event may come as a surprise to many of those who live at the very doors of the Vestry Hall. No placard was outside to announce that such a meeting would be held, and nobody among the passers-by could direct the inquiring stranger to the place where the protest against white slavery was appointed to be made. No caucus meeting could have been more jealously guarded from the intrusion of the alien; and if the organizers of the meeting had wished to keep their proceedings inconspicuous they certainly did so with success. Nevertheless, by nine o'clock the hall was filled by an eager and enthusiastic assembly; and it was evident that what had not been told in the streets had been widely proclaimed in the shops. The company who cheered the Cardinal when he rose to speak was evidently composed in great part of assistants in shops; and a very pleasant and responsive audience they made. But it might have been better to hear cheers from a body of shoppers — and such a body could easily have been brought together by the proper means when the result of late shopping and long hours was told by eloquent tongues. The shop-assistant had already a familiarity with the theme — the familiarity of bitter experience. But it may be doubted whether the great body of the public has ever concerned itself much about the daily life, perhaps the daily sufferings, of that enormous class of workers who are expected to look cheerful when they feel despair, and to dress neatly when they have little to spend with the butcher and less on the doc-

tor's bill. "I think twelve hours' work every day except Saturday is too much for most women. Lots of the girls are quite young, and some have been brought up in the country. They come to be apprenticed looking as fresh and healthy as possible; but after two or three years you would be surprised at the change in them. They have lost all their freshness, and have grown thin and pale; and I could tell you of more than one that has faded away and gone into a decline through being at business too long. Women must work for their living often enough; but I don't think they ought to be allowed to work so hard that they ruin their health in a very few years." Such is the testimony of a young woman employed in a milliner's establishment. From other shops the record is equally disheartening — and more so where, as is most common, Saturday, instead of being a half-holiday, involves the longest hours of all. Indeed, the twelve hours of every-day work is prolonged, in many cases, to fourteen. "My hours are from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.; Saturday, 11 P. M.," writes a man in a draper's shop, speaking for thousands of his fellows; while a boot-salesman exclaims: "If I had only twelve hours a day I should be able to do what I like!" That there are practical difficulties in the way of a reform everybody knows; but these difficulties will be largely removed by the spread of knowledge about the actual life of the shop population. At present, the shopkeeper who is willing to close early on every other ground, refrains from doing so because his neighboring rival declares he will keep open. But it is, or ought to be, quite possible to awake such an interest in the cause of the shop-assistants as will induce the public to boycott the tradesman who thus takes advantage of the humanity of his competitor. And if public interest is once aroused, the matter need not be left in the hands of individuals. The community as a whole might interpose, and the legislature apply, as Sir John Lubbock proposes, the provisions of the Factory Act to the salesroom. The political economist and the politician of the cotton-school will oppose such legislation, and will assure England in the same breath that it is "a great and free people"; but fortunately the counsels of the cotton-school have not been triumphant hitherto. Every relationship in life cannot be measured by a yard-rule. "There was a time" — to quote the Cardinal-Archbishop — "when the master and the man lived differently from what they do now. There was a time when patriarchal care, feeling of human sympathy, of human happiness, and of human service prevailed. But, nowadays, there has grown up a new world — a world of money, of commerce, of manufacture, and a relationship between master and man that, unlike that of the time past, is not one of sympathy or benevolence, or patriarchal care, but a relationship of so many shillings per week, paid on the Friday or Saturday. It will be well, indeed, if the relationship of confidence, affection, benevolence, and service can be restored." And one of the first steps taken to restore that fellowship of feeling must undoubtedly be the re-adjustment of those hours of labor, which make the lot of the modern shop-assistant in great cities, little better than an Egyptian bondage.

The Weekly Register.

Sensational Journalism.

What Archbishop Elder Thinks of Immoral Daily Papers and Kindred Publications.

A *Cincinnati Post* reporter called on Archbishop Elder, to secure from him an expression on the subject of early marriages, to be used in connection with the recent developments in the Cleveland scandal. With some asperity the Archbishop answered that he had not read the account of the scandal. He had seen the heading of the account in a paper, and had passed it over. He would be very sorry to contribute to the keeping of such topics before the minds of the people by discussing questions connected with it. He would do this, however, if acceptable — he would express his condemnation of the practices of daily papers in regard to such publications generally.

"One of the most fruitful sources of immorality and lawlessness in our community," he said, "is the practice of the daily papers to occupy so much of their space with detailed accounts of crimes and scandals, set out with graphic descriptions and embellishments—to attract the notice and impress the imagination, particularly of young boys and girls. We know very well that habitual intercourse with vicious and degraded people necessarily tends to vitiate the tastes and habits of any one. So that even a man who is compelled to come in contact with such persons finds it not easy to preserve himself entirely from their debasing influence. What is it, then, to put all our boys and girls every morning into the company of such characters, until they get familiar with all that is low and vulgar and shameful in the city, and to serve up this pestilential food fresh every morning— with a larger supply on Sunday—to furnish matter all day long for their thoughts and their talks in the streets, in the shops, in the factories, and in their families? Why, the most malicious enemy could scarcely invent a surer way to corrupt a people and spread rottenness in our republic.

"I cannot understand how an editor, or any one connected with a paper, if he pretends to be a citizen, still more if he is a father and has sons and daughters of his own, if he has any respect for his wife and for himself, can be a party to the spreading of this corruption. I suppose they have been led into it by degrees, through their desire to furnish news, and that they have not had their attention drawn to the direful consequences. If some scoundrel were to find in some old house piles of rags infected with the small-pox, and were to scatter them some fine morning through all our streets, and slip them under our doorways, it would all be NEWS. But what would be the wretch's treatment at the hands of justice? For the love of all that makes a family or a country worth living for—you newspaper men ought to reflect on what you are doing, and desist from this shameful practice. And there is no reason for its continuance. In other cities that I have visited I have not found that papers ranking as respectable, had anything approaching the excesses that we find in Cincinnati. But in

any case we have too much of it. If others have as much or more we have still more reason to denounce the makers of the pestilence.

"Since our riots have set people to studying the causes why crime and lawlessness have prevailed among us, I hope our editors will look into their own works. Or, if they do not choose to correct the evil of themselves, surely our fathers of families, and our citizens generally ought to have enough regard for their children and for society to cut off this stream of corruption. They could surely find ways to make newspapers understand they will not be allowed to fatten on the corruption of minds and hearts."

A Brave Fellow.

A HERO of whom Irishmen, Englishmen, and especially those connected with the Service, may be well proud, has just died at Kinsale. We refer to Mr. John Sullivan, V. C., who for nearly ten years occupied the position of Chief Boatswain of the Royal Dockyard at Portsmouth. Of a quiet, retiring disposition, he possessed great energy and capability, while a greatly-prized guerdon attested to his bravery. So high an opinion of his heroism did the *Illustrated London News* entertain that in a special supplement devoted to the "Heroes of the Victoria Cross," he was assigned the first place. When serving in the Crimea the deceased officer was present at the Battle of Inkerman and the Siege of Sebastopol. On the morning of the 10th of April, 1855, a concealed Russian battery suddenly opened fire on the works of the allied forces. A guide being wanted to direct the answering fire, a volunteer was called for, to plant a flagstaff on a small mound between the opposing batteries. There was a momentary pause, for death stared the men in the face; but young Sullivan, seizing the flag, leaped the breastwork and ran steadily towards the mound, exposed the while, to a galling fire from the Muscovite sharpshooters.

On reaching the perilous position, Sullivan was collected enough to make observations right and left to satisfy himself that he was in the exact line between the Russian and British guns. Then kneeling down he scraped with his hands a hole for the flagstaff, and made it secure with stones and clods of earth he collected there, having sufficient time and presence of mind to watch one of the sharpshooters firing at him and to notice that he was too excited to do his work well. Miraculously unhurt, he returned to the battery to receive the applause and congratulations his heroism deserved. The flagstaff served its end, and the Russian battery was silenced. For thus gallantly running into the "jaws of death" he was awarded the Victoria Cross. In 1858, Mr. Sullivan jumped overboard from the "Gorgon" in Halifax Bay, when a strong tide was running and it was pitch dark, and rescued a man who had fallen overboard. For this brave act he received the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society. During his residence in Portsmouth Mr. Sullivan was a member of the congregation of St. John's Cathedral, and on Sunday week prayers were asked at both the Masses for the repose of his soul.

The Blind.

On Sunday, 20th of July, Cardinal McCabe laid the foundation-stone of the New Catholic National Asylum for the Male Blind at Duncondra, Dublin, where the Carmelite Brotherhood have long carried on their noble work of softening the affliction of those who sit in darkness. For some two years the good Brothers have been in possession of the fine residence surrounded by grounds, formerly the dwelling of Lord James Butler, but the increasing numbers of the helpless ones assisted by them requires the erection of a new building. A large assemblage of clergy and laity were present at the ceremonial of Sunday. The Cardinal-Archbishop was presented with a silver trowel engraved with an inscription, and an address was read, to which his Eminence replied in eloquent and encouraging terms.—"You remember," he said, "a very beautiful fact recorded in our Lord's life; and nothing has happened the Church, and ever will happen the Church, that has not had its type in our Lord's life. The Church is only another name for our Lord, therefore we need not be in the least surprised to find our Lord's life reproduced in the history of the Church. We are told that on one occasion He came in contact with a poor blind man, and one of the apostles asked Him the question, 'By whose sin was this man born blind?' He wanted to know was it on account of the sins of his parents, and our Lord answered, 'It is neither on account of this man's sins nor on account of the sins of his parents, but he was born blind for the glory of God.' And the glory of God was going to be exhibited in a very wonderful way in the cure of this blind man by our Lord. Now these poor people who are assembled together in this house were born blind, or became blind by some visitation of Providence. For I need not tell you there is no such thing as chance in God's Kingdom. Everything has its meaning, and everything comes at all events from His permissive will. Things that He will not send directly, He permits to come, and He will permit nothing to occur that is not intended to advance His own glory, and secure the salvation of the person on whom these things fall. These poor people who are assembled here in this very fine establishment, we may ask why were they born blind, or became blind in the course of years? For God's glory. And how will they contribute to God's glory? Well, now, the power of working miracles has always existed in the Church, and always will exist, for every Christian has the power of working miracles directly. These poor men who are all living here are blind—for what purpose? That we may have the opportunity of doing God's work on them. You know what is said of our Lord. When St. John sent his messengers to know 'Who art thou? Art thou the Messias?' the answer that was told to the disciples of John was, 'Go and tell John what you have heard and seen; the blind see.' Now, my dear friends, we would consider it a glorious privilege if we had the power of restoring the material sight to these poor men who are assembled here to-day. That we cannot do it would be neither for their good nor ours—but what we cannot do in a material sense we can do to a large extent to the eyes of the soul."

Madagascar.

MADAGASCAR, a place to which our attention has lately been so much directed, is the largest and most fruitful of the African islands, situated on its eastern coast, and separated from it by the channel of Mozambique. In geological construction it is chiefly remarkable for the high granite plateau of the interior, of an elevation of from four to five hundred feet. Above this rise yet higher mountain peaks of volcanic origin, with cones and craters of frequent occurrence. Nearly the whole of the centre of the island is occupied by the aforesaid plateau. Towards the south and west there are vast plains, while the regions of the coast, particularly on the east, form a low, marshy, pestilential girdle from which the land rises towards the centre in richly wooded terraces till you come to Tananariva, the capital, surrounded by its grassy plains, upon which countless herds of cattle find pasture. In general the island may be called fertile, though it affords striking contrasts. The western side lying towards Africa is, as a rule, with exception of the valleys, through which run the rivers, dry and barren. The other side, on the contrary, thanks to the direction of the prevailing trade winds, has refreshing rains, is thickly peopled, and clothed with luxurious vegetation.

Madagascar is distinguished by its deficiences as well as by its riches. Lying so near as it does to Africa, and with a broad girdle of wood, which surrounds the island in an almost uninterrupted line, it yet has neither lions, leopards, elephants, monkeys, zebras, nor giraffes, nor are remains of any of these animals to be found ; the only native animal with a hoof is a kind of river horse. The chief dwellers in the tropical woods are of the lemur tribe, which are certainly wanting on the mainland, and several kinds of insectivorous mammalia and large bats, whose flesh is very good to eat. The island abounds in birds of beautiful plumage, parrots, doves of different sizes and colors, pheasants, guinea fowl, several kinds of duck, herons, flamingoes, pelicans, and other species of waterfowl. With two or three exceptions, the snakes are harmless ; some attain the length of ten feet, and are as thick as a man's leg ; others live entirely in the trees, and are hardly to be caught ; it is only when storms rage through these forests, and the giant trees break like reeds, that the naturalist has an opportunity for the study of these reptiles. Large crocodiles, too, swarm in some of those lakes which are most remarkable for their romantic beauty. There are butterflies of all colors, bees, and also, on the coast, a large plague of mosquitoes. Of domestic animals there are large herds of hump-backed cattle, buffaloes, goats, sheep with long hair and fat tails, pigs and dogs ; these last are wild and very troublesome.

The tropical vegetation of Madagascar is very luxuriant, less so on the hill plains of the interior, which are for the most part overgrown by grass, than in the woody region of the coast. These woods contain giant trees of different kinds, which, as is the case in all

tropical woods, are beautifully decked with climbing plants of the most lovely description. One of the most remarkable of these trees is the traveller's tree (*Urania Speciosa*), which holds enough water in the hollow of its leaves to appease the thirst of the traveller, who in dry weather is so often glad to meet with this refreshment. These splendid forests also offer valuable trees for the purposes of building and for furniture, and supply many kinds of medicinal drugs for exportation. Other articles for export supplied by Madagascar are rice, sugar, silk, cotton, indigo, pepper, cocoa-nuts, and different kinds of handiwork, such as straw hats, neck-ties, and so forth, most of which are sent to the English colony, the Mauritius, and the French colony, Bourbon.

As no census has been taken of the population of Madagascar, its numbers cannot be exactly ascertained; it may amount to about three millions; the capital alone containing sixty thousand inhabitants. The natives of the island, or Malgaches, as they are called, on the east coast and in the interior, belong for the most part to the Malay race, but in some districts of the interior, particularly towards the west, they are greatly mixed with the negro race, and even with the Arabs who formerly possessed settlements on the island. The ruling race, the Hovas, is, at least, mixed with negro blood, though their features and hair belong to the Malay type, and their language is evidently of Malay origin.

Their language has some strange deficiencies, for example it has no plural; yet it cannot on the whole be called poor, as it possesses a system of calculation up to a million. A difficulty arises when learning it from the circumstances that words which are in common use in one generation are entirely thrown aside by the next. Thus the crocodile was called "Mamba," and it is so still in some parts of Madagascar, till a great man whose name was Andriamamba, and then the word "Mamba" was no longer to be used in his territory. Should the king of the Hovas, who reigns over the largest part of the island, take any common name, the case would become still worse. When the late queen took the name of Rasoperina, as the four last syllables of her name signified silkworm, a new name must be given to this insect throughout the country.

The Malgaches are greatly afraid of death; they often leave the house and even the village when any one is dead. Everything belonging to him is thrown away, and his name is mentioned no more. The fact that not only the name of the deceased, but even words of the same termination can no longer be used has a great influence upon the language; the old name must be replaced by another. Any Malgache who should utter the name of the deceased prince would be looked upon as his murderer, and be exposed to the greatest danger. This makes it easy to understand how the unity of the language must be gradually destroyed, and why there is at the present time so much difference in the same dialect.

Till late years Madagascar was divided into more than twenty independent states, ruled over by as many great nobles. Most of these, however, were brought into subjection by the Hovas king,

Radama, a kind of Peter the Great, who wished suddenly to introduce European civilization among his savages, and with this object was very favorable to the English missionaries. In the year 1828, when he was twenty-seven years of age, he was poisoned by his wife, who now began a systematic persecution of the Christians, and caused some of them to be put to death. Her successors were more favorably inclined towards the Europeans, and Queen Ranavalana, who succeeded in 1868, in the following year, was baptized with many of her nobles, and their false gods destroyed. As yet, a more centralized form of government, after the European pattern, has not been established ; the people are still divided into tribes under different nobles, who all acknowledge the queen as their chief, and pay her tribute. The noble — at least, by right — is still the lord and possessor of all belonging to his tribe, and they owe him duty and are bound to do him personal service. The hump of every ox that is killed belongs to the noble; besides which he must be supplied with rice, firewood, sugar cane, cattle, and so forth, in lieu of other taxes.

The Malgaches honor one supreme being, the Almighty Creator of the world, to whom they neither erect temples nor make images. They believe that the dead continually interfere with earthly things and they have a great fear of them. No Malgache would venture to break an oath which he had taken upon the souls of his ancestors. Their magicians possess great influence over them, and give them talismans, consisting of such strange things as fingernails, pieces of horn or wood, and such like, which they wear about their necks. They sometimes direct prayers to these talismans and offer them in sacrifice an axe or some rum, in order to propitiate them, so that their possessors may be invulnerable, or obtain other good things of this life, such as health, riches and so forth. The Malgaches erect temples and statues to the inferior gods both good and bad, and they accompany their prayers and thanksgivings with the sacrifice of an ox, with the blood of which they sprinkle the tree of the law which is never wanting. Among their religious rites are some which remind us of those of the Jews, as for instance, circumcision.

The birth of a child is celebrated by the firing of guns, always provided that it does not take place on one of the unlucky days, which, in every family are set apart. In this case the child is destroyed, by the head being plunged in warm water.

The life of the Malgaches is free and unconstrained. Few of them possess great wealth, nor is there any great poverty among them, and in general they are well off. An English missionary, Mr. Sibtree (a Protestant), who published a work upon Madagascar, in the year 1880, says that were the island well settled and cultivated, it would support ten or twelve times as many inhabitants as at present; but we may doubt whether the people would be made happier by such an increase of population. Liberal landlords always consider it a great good to a country when it possesses a large population, and consequently is rich in produce, but they do not trouble themselves much about the distribution of this benefit. We, on the contrary, can see no blessing to a country in a closely-pressed population, and have always found that in

new countries, where there is still much uncultivated but fruitful soil, and plenty of "elbow-room," as in the western parts of North America, the mass of the people are in the best circumstances.

There is one remark made by this Englishman, which is very significant. He says in one place: "It cannot be too often observed that every missionary in Madagascar represents the value of from two to three thousand pounds in articles which he imports. The fabrics of Manchester are very well received, and this has moved the London Missionary Society, to give great help in this way. But in spite of this, or rather as a consequence, it will be well for us to recollect that the Protestant missionaries, who, since the accession of the present king, have attained a good deal of power, have lately found a strong counterbalance in the arrival of a number of Catholic missionaries, from whose example they must learn to occupy themselves less with matters of trade than with the spiritual welfare of their neophytes." We cannot, however, deny that they have effected much good in Madagascar. Thanks to them child-murder has become less frequent; war is carried on in a less cruel manner than formerly, and many odious superstitious customs are less openly practised.

It is well for the Malgaches that their government gives no encouragement to the numerous adventurers who come here from Europe and North America; for the natives of a country are always undone when they come into frequent communications with the scum of European civilization. The Jesuits acted wisely, when, in their missions in Paraquay and Peru, they would have no intercourse with Spanish adventurers.

We will add another remark made by Mr. Sibtree. After he has observed upon the great spread of Christianity which has taken place within the last sixteen years, and particularly since the accession of Queen Ravavalona, he says: "A great part of the new converts are, in fact, Roman Catholics, or have become Mahometans, their ruler being equally favorable to every form of religion." Mr. Sibtree shows that more Catholic conversions are made than Protestant, in spite of the government showing them no favor, and in spite of the fact that the poor Catholic missionaries have not the same means as the English of influencing them by worldly advantages.

Notwithstanding the many races with their many nobles at their head, the sovereign is the planet around which they all move. If, for example, a wall of the royal palace requires repair, all classes of people, from the highest to the lowest, consider it an honor to help in the work with their own hands, and the queen is seated in some place where she can see what goes on. The queen is lord of the life and death of all her subjects, the nobles not excepted; it is a matter of death to shut out any of the royal cattle. And yet, for all this, she is the slave of ceremonies. She does not leave her house without a long train of followers, often twenty or thirty thousand; she can never go out on foot.

The life of the sovereign thus prescribed in its smallest details, is more or less intimated by all classes. The Malgaches are robbed of the best part of the year by lucky and unlucky days. Of the eight and twenty days of their month only twelve are lucky, some months

are entirely unlucky. On this account, as we have said, before the arrival of the missionaries all children born on an unlucky day were destroyed, although the Malgaches have an extraordinary love for their children. The superstitious customs observed at burials are burdensome to high rank. A Hova who pays ten dollars for his house pays two hundred for a grave. All kinds of fantastic forms are resorted to when a really solemn burial takes place, but it is rather fear than love that inspires them, for they believe that the spirits of the departed exercise great power over the living. They believe that the spirits of their kings dwell upon the high mountain, Ambondrambe; and those who live in that neighborhood maintain that they hear the shots fired as a salute when a royal spirit enters there.

October Thoughts.

ERE another issue we will have entered upon the month of October. A month that contains many dates which recall the memory of events well calculated to stir the Catholic heart to its depths. So numerous are they that space cannot be given to refer to them all, and to those few we write we can only give a glance.

The battle of Lepanto, which was fought on the 7th of October, 1571, had the effect of checking the progress of the Turks, in their efforts to become masters of the South of Europe. The Ottoman armies had gained many victories, and there was every reason to fear that the infidel would overthrow Christian States, and rule the entire coast of the Mediterranean. Pope Pius V. (Saint Pius) sent forth a warning voice throughout Christendom, and, after much difficulty, effected a league between himself, King Phillip of Spain, and the Venetians. Don John, of Austria, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies, and Colonna Admiral of the Allied navy. The Pope appointed a solemn Triduo of Supplication at Rome, and took part in the processions. He passed the night before the battle in fasting and prayer; and while the battle still raged, he was inspired with the knowledge that the Christians were gaining the victory. It was in honor of this memorable triumph of the Christian arms that the line "Auxilium Christianorum" was added to the Litany of Our Lady. All historians admit that it was the sea fight at Lepanto that (by the destruction of the Ottoman fleet and the overthrow of the Turkish forces with immense loss) saved the South of Europe from Mahometan power, and this victory was won by the energetic measures for which the world is indebted to Pope Pius V.

We advance a few days into the calendar, and we meet with an event which brought about momentous changes in England. The battle of Hastings, October 14th, 1066, which gave the crown to Norman William, deprived the nation of those liberties in which it was progressing. The Norman kings were actuated by a domineering spirit, which

for ages, made slaves of the old Saxon people. They seemed to have none of those feelings likely to lead to the elevation of those over whom they ruled. The conduct pursued by Henry II. toward St. Thomas of Canterbury, was but an illustration of the ruthless spirit which marked the Norman line. But it was ordained by Providence that the conquered race should rise again. After the lapse of many centuries the Saxon language was restored, and many laws were passed which were but the revival of enactments which Catholic Bishops and others had originally given to England in Saxon times, and yet there are people to be found who tell us that it is to the modern spirit (as opposed to what they call "dark ages") we owe this first development of freedom. The Norman conquest produced effects especially injurious to Ireland; but to enter into the proper consideration of them would demand more space than we have at our disposal.

The discovery of America by Columbus, October 14th, 1492, was an event, the contemplation of which lifts the mind from a kingdom to a world. There is not, perhaps, any character in all history which presents more points of interests than that of Columbus. His clear intellect, his perseverance under every discouragement, the persecutions which he suffered at the hands of those who gained most by his labors and his triumphs, the calm dignity with which he bore the ungrateful treatment he received—all conspire to give him a high and honorable place. His great discovery opened up a new world to the industry of man, and though there are passages in the history of the Western Continent which all would wish blotted out from history, there is much in which there is no cause for congratulation. Who can read the lives of the Dominicans, the Jesuits, and other toiling missionaries, especially in South America, without thanking God for giving his servants such opportunities of showing forth the glories of Christian heroism. The growth of the Catholic Church in North America seems as of yesterday, and yet it is a strong and vigorous tree, under whose shelter millions find consolation. As for Ireland, she has so many children in the New World, that she must always cherish an affectionate regard for that land to which they went forth, and where they received a kindly welcome when all was dark and dreary in the country of their birth.

Among the distinguished political characters born in October we find Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This distinguished man had his frailties and his faults, but he possessed glorious gifts, and he devoted them to the cause of liberty. His speeches in denunciation of the misgovernment of India hold the highest place among the triumphs of Parliamentary eloquence: his resistance to the Irish Union in the English Senate showed how fearlessly and with what power of language he could advocate the rights of Ireland.

Were it our province to venture upon ecclesiastical ground there would be much in the calendar of October to afford for contemplation. In this month the Church commemorates, among many others, St. Francis of Assisum, the founder of the illustrious Order which bears his honored name; Saint Bruno, the founder of the Carthusians; Saint Teresa, one of the great glories of the Church in Spain; and Saint

Bede, the learned Benedictine, who in England's Saxon day studied and taught in the famed monastery of Jarrow, nearly 1,200 years ago. On the 10th of October, the birthday of that great Apostle of temperance, Father Mathew, is celebrated. Each of these great names awakens many reflections; but they are the names of those to illustrate whose career belongs properly, not to journalists, but to the ministers of the Church which has enrolled them in the calendar of Saints.

Portland (Oregon) *Sentinel.*

Woes of Ireland.

FULL soft blow your gales, green isle of the sea,
But not with the sweet breath of liberty.
Ah, who hath not tears to weep for the woes
Of the beautiful land, in liberty's throes —
For the woes of Ireland?

The heroes who sleep in your trampled dust
Bear the precious seed that shall break the crust,
And blossom and bloom with the shamrock and rose,
And we'll weep no more, for your manifold woes,
For the woes of Ireland.

Your poets who sang sweet songs for all time
Are not silent now, in your grief sublime,
But they plead, to-day, for their mother's woes,
For her fair hands, bound by relentless foes —
For the woes of Ireland.

And the strain of blood, whence your heroes sprang,
Is the same, to-day, and the cry that rang
For Freedom in chains, still rings in our ears;
And who hath not tears, and who hath not tears
For the woes of Ireland?

If some of your children, blinded with pain
And maddened with seeing their mother's chain,
Have strengthened your bonds, in striving to break,
Forgive them, 'twas done for their mother's sake,
For the woes of Ireland.

God giveth you strength to rise from the ground
And break the green wyths, wherewith you are bound,
In giving you sons, who in counsel are wise;
For greater is he who lives than who dies
For the woes of Ireland.

Then lift up your head, fair daughter of the sea,
The day draweth nigh, when your hands shall be free,
When, captive no more, you'll bloom as the rose,
And we'll weep no more for your manifold woes,
For the woes of Ireland.

Maria L. Eve.

A Woman's Bonds.

For three years Mrs. B. had been a sad, nervous invalid, when by the death of an uncle she came into possession of bonds yielding an income of $3,000. At once her health began to improve, she walked erect, and the lines of her face were curiously changed.

Since her marriage she had become a beggar, and beggars are not strong in health, or bearing. Her husband was rich, but "careful" about his money. He never parted with a dollar if he could possibly keep it.

Their house was handsome and their table good, but while Dora, the servant, who dressed quite as well as her mistress, was never obliged to beg for money, Mrs. B. could not get a dollar for personal expenses without explaining, urging — begging.

Visiting her mother in another State, she related, with many tears, the following story: "I needed a warm dress, but so great was my repugnance to asking John for the means, that I put it off till after New Year's. One evening we had company, and John was gratified with their praise of my singing. After we had retired and he had spoken very warmly of my success in entertaining our friends, I thought the moment auspicious, and mentioned the needed dress. He was silent for some minutes, and then said: "'Why, my dear, I thought you were the best dressed woman among them. Don't you think, dearest, it's a foolish thing to go on adding dress after dress, when your closet is so full that you can hardly get into it? If you will take my advice, I should say, wear out some of the dresses you already have before getting more.'

"Not another word was spoken by either of us. I did not choose to tell him that the dress I had worn that evening was my only handsome one, and that my only warm wollen dress was worn out. I could not sleep, and before morning, resolved, come what might, I would never beg again. That vow I have kept. During two years I have had no additions to my wardrobe, except the woolen dress you sent to me. Not one word has passed between my husband and self on the subject.

"When I left my music-teaching, with its large income and sweet independence, and gave myself to John, it was easy to make me happy. I asked but little, and you know, mother, that I never shrink from care and labor. Now that dear Uncle Eben's bonds afford me the means to clothe myself and assist my nieces as I used to, I shall forgive, forget, and be happy. John is urging me to transfer the bonds to him, and let him take care of them for me."

"My daughter, will you do it?"

"Why, mother, I have kissed those yellow, dirty old bonds again and again, because they have made it possible for me to become a happy and loving wife. I tremble when I think how near I came to hating my husband. *I shall keep the bonds in my own hands!* They are really and truly the only bonds that bind me to life."

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CAPTURE OF CALLAN.

March on Callan — Fanning of Ballingarry — "A Country worth fighting for" — Defence of Callen — The Assault — Geoghegan of Frevanagh — Skerry's Castle — Butler's Castle — Return to Cashel — Ardfinan — Cost of the War in Ireland — Thanks of the House — The Cockpit.

FROM Fethard, where some of the sick were left behind, the army took the road towards Callan. Fanning, who had a strong castle near the village of Ballingarry, visited Cromwell on his way. He represented himself as the constant friend of the Parliamentary party, and in consequence hated by the peasantry. He invited the General to his house. On their way a blaze appeared in the distance. Fanning declared that his enemies had set fire to his castle. A huge heap of furze had been gathered together by his order, and fired at their approach. The trick succeeded for a while; Fanning was assured that he should be left in full possession of his property. But it was soon found out, and he was put to death.

Somewhere here Cromwell is said to have stood on a hill, and gazing on the country that lay at his feet, to have exclaimed, "This, indeed, is a country well worth fighting for."[1] Perhaps it was the sight that made him "set apart a good and great part of Tipperary for himself as a demesne, as he called it, for the State, in which no adventurer or soldier should demand his lot to be assigned, and no doubt intended both the State and it for the making great his own family."

Tradition says that Cromwell came to Callen by way of Kells, and that as he was passing Castle Eve, then belonging to the Sweetman family,[2] a shot was fired at him from one of the windows. He continued his march, merely remarking that it was not worth while losing precious time to look after the person who was silly enough to fire the shot. The family had abandoned the place, leaving behind a simpleton; he had fired the shot. When Cromwell was passing by soon after, he plundered the castle, and compelled the simpleton, a man of prodigious strength, to take to the highroad a curiously wrought gate with brass fittings. His life was spared, and he lived for many years after.

---

[1] William of Orange is said to have uttered the same exclamation when, on his march to Carrick, he gained the summit of a hill overlooking Tipperary, and beheld the Golden Vale for the first time.

[2] The Sweetman arms are still to be seen at Newtown on the tomb of Walter Sweetman, Baron of Erly, which bears the date of 1553. In the neighoring church-yard of Kells is buried Milo Sweetman, who was archbishop of Armagh from 1361 to 1380.

Callan had been appointed the rendezvous for Reynolds, Ireton and Sankey. This was then a place of considerable strength; it was surrounded by a strong wall and defended by three castles.[1] Cromwell, in order to batter down the gate and wall, planted his cannon on a hill at the southern end of the fair green, afterwards called Cromwell's Moat, which stood about two hundred yards south of the gate or fosse. In this place soon after he erected a gallows to hang his prisoners. Here probably suffered "my Lord of Ossory's captain-lieutenant of horse." Some years ago the remains of weapons, and the bones of horses and men were found in this fosse. The mound was removed about thirty-five years since by order of the Sovereign of Callan, when the fair-green was levelled.

The author of the *Aphorismal Discovery* gives the following account of the capture of this town:

"In this time Ormonde did appoint a garrison in Callan, 1,500 men in the great castle, an impregnant piece of work, under the command of Sir Robert Talbot. Among the rest was one Captain Geoghegan, of Frevanagh, in the barony of Moycashel, with his company, in a petty castle, a kind of gate-house, thatched with straw. The enemy marching home, Captain Geoghegan advising with Sir Robert Talbot, that they were best to demolish the said petty castle, as not defensible, and he and his company to come to the great castle, and did undertake to defend the same. Though this motion was so reasonable that no true-hearted martialist in such an extremity could ever deny it; notwithstanding, Talbot would not admit it, as not suiting to his former treachery. The Captain's motion rejected, must now stick to his gate-house for proper security or perish; whereupon (he) did resolve either to die or make good the place. The enemy now approaching thought all to be safe; but, contrary to his expectation, was opposed at the said gate-house with a bloody volley of shot, laying down dead at least a dozen. The enemy observing that fatal beginning, did march in a full body towards the said gate. The assault was mighty fierce and bloody, the defence extraordinary; the enemy was three several times repulsed and beaten back, with mighty great loss, and the defendants lost many of their men; quarter they would not accept, though several times offered; the Governor never yet relieved them with one man. The enemy now marched with main force, the defendants (though the best they could be), now by the multitude overswayed, were all to the last man put to the sword; never a man escaped the fury, and none killed but in action and who well deserved death. Three hundred at least of the enemy was killed in the same place, and many deadly wounded. Captain Geoghegan was killed, and was truly reported by the very enemy that he never saw such feats done by one man as was acted by the Captain. Twenty at least he killed with his proper sword; nay, his wife and the rest that survived him, and the rest during the assault, did kill eight men with stones and other weapons that fell from the perishing soldiers, as was given out; who was tyrannically butchered, and left for dead among her comrades, though now living. My Lord Cromwell's party, since he came to Ireland, never received such a fire and by so weak an instrument.

"The Governor observing all the former passages, capable to relieve the one and highly annoy the other, did neither of both, his castle being impregnable against any running army. The enemy . . . having now gone so far as to possess themselves of the gate, marched towards the great castle, who without one shot in opposition, presently embraced a parly for surrender which out of hand they did, upon quarter only of their lives which granted, the Governor did yield this brave castle to the enemy."[2]

---

[1] Callan received a charter, with very extensive privileges, from William, Earl Marshal, in 1217.

[2] *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 64. Talbot was a partisan of Ormonde's. After the loss of Callan he got the command of Kilkea castle, in the county of Kildare, and later of Tecroghan, both of which he surrendered in an equally cowardly way.

In the West Street there is an old building still standing, called in ancient documents Skerry's Castle. It is said that after the surrender of the town this castle still held out, and that it was reduced by scalding to death the soldiers who defended it. Some of the towns-people who took refuge in the lower rooms perished in the same way. This tradition seems to be confirmed by the fact that in 1830, when the castle was undergoing some alterations, the workmen engaged in levelling the garden at the rear came on an immense quantity of bones a little below the surface, which were estimated to be the remains of over one hundred and fifty human beings.[1] A woman named Kate Haherney threw herself from one of the windows, to escape punishment for refusing to give some secret information. The garrison of Butler's castle, a short distance from the town, were so terrified at the fate that had befallen those who had offered any resistance, that they surrendered at the first summons, and asked permission to go to Kilkenny, which was given them by Cromwell.

Cromwell's account of the capture of Callan is as follows:

"From thence (Fethard) I marched to Callan, hearing that Colonel Reynolds was there with the party before mentioned. When I came hither, I found he had fallen on the enemy's horse, and routed them, being about a hundred, with his forlorn; he took my Lord of Ossory's captain-lieutenant and another lieutenant of horse prisoners; and one of those who betrayed our garrison of Enniscorthy, whom we hanged. The enemy had possessed three castles in the town, one of them, belonging to one Butler, very considerable; the other two had about a hundred or a hundred and twenty men in them, which he attempted; and they refusing conditions, reasonably offered, were put all to the sword. Indeed, some of your soldiers did attempt very notably in this service. I do not hear there was six men of ours lost. Butler's castle was delivered upon conditions for all to march away, leaving their arms behind them, wherein I have placed a company of foot and a troop of horse, under the command of my Lord Colvill, the place being six miles from Kilkenny. From thence Colonel Reynolds was sent with his regiment to remove a garrison of the enemy's from Knocktopher,[2] being the way of our communication with Ross, which accordingly he did. We marched back with the rest of the body to Fethard and Cashel, where we are now quartered, having good plenty both of horse meat and men's meat for a time, and being indeed, as we may say, even almost in the heart and bowels of the enemy, ready to attempt what God shall next direct. And blessed be His name only for this good success; and for this that we do not find our men are at all considerably sick upon this expedition, though indeed it hath been very blustering weather."

At Cashel he established his head-quarters, and from thence sent detachments to reduce the chief garrisons in the surrounding country. While here, he levied monthly contributions on the counties of Tipperary and Limerick.

"I had almost forgot one business. The Major-General (Ireton) was very desirous to gain a pass over the Suir, where indeed we had none but by boat, or when the weather served. Wherefore, on Saturday, in the evening, he marched with

[1] Callan held out but one day, and paid dear for that short resistance, all persons there being put to the sword except Butler's troops, which surrendered before the town was fired. Echard's *History of England*, p. 667. Bruodin says Cromwell ordered all the citizens to be put to death: *Cives omnes ad unum . . . trucidari jussit.*

[2] Mention has been made already of the capture of this castle.

a party of horse and foot to Arsinom,[1] where was a bridge, and at the foot of it a strong castle, which he about four o'clock the next morning attempted, killed about thirteen of the enemy's outguard, lost but two men, and eight or ten wounded. The enemy yielded the place to him, and we are possessed of it, being a very considerable pass, and nearest to our pass at Cappoquin over the Blackwater, whither we can bring guns, ammunition, or other things from Youghal by water, and then over this pass to the army. The county of Tipperary have submitted to £1,500 a month contribution, although they have six or seven of the enemy's garrisons still upon them.

"Sir, I desire the charge of England as to this war may be abated as much as may be, and as we know you do desire, out of your care to the Commonwealth. But if you expect your work to be done, if the marching army be not constantly paid, and the course taken that hath been constantly represented, indeed it will not be for the thrift of England, as far as England is concerned, in the speedy reduction of Ireland. The money we raise upon the counties maintains the garrison forces, and hardly that. If the active force be not maintained, and all contingencies defrayed, how can you expect but to have a lingering business of it? Surely we desire not to spend a shilling of your treasury wherein our consciences do not prompt us to serve you. We are willing to be out of our trade of war, and shall hasten (by God's assistance and grace) to the end of our work, as the laborer doth to be at his rest. This makes us bold to be in earnest with you for the necessary supplies; that of money is one.[2] And there be some other things which indeed I do not think for your service to speak of publicly, which I shall humbly represent to the Council of State, wherewith I desire we may be accommodated.

"Sir, the Lord, who doth all these things, gives hopes of a speedy issue to this business, and, I am persuaded, will graciously appear in it. And truly there is no fear of the strength and combination of enemies round about, nor of slanderous tongues at home. God hath hitherto fenced you against all those, to wonder and amazement; they are tokens of your prosperity and success; only it will be good for you and us that serve you to fear the Lord; to fear unbelief, self-seeking, confidence in an arm of flesh, and opinion of any instruments that they are other than as dry bones.

"That God be merciful in these things, and bless you, is the humble prayer of,

"Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"O. CROMWELL."

The Commons' Journals, under the date of February 25th, state that "A letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from Castletown, dated February 15th, was this day read, and ordered to be forthwith printed and published. Ordered, that a letter of thanks be sent to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and that the speaker do sign the

[1] The strong castle of Ardfinan was taken, well victualled and manned; it yielded after about eight or nine shots had been fired, upon condition to march to Limerick. *Perfect Diurnal*, February 5th. This castle is on the Suir, seven miles south-west of Clonmel. A round tower at the north-west angle, a gateway, and a square tower at the south-west angle, and the remains of the connecting walls, constitute all that is left of this celebrated fortress. Hemphill's *Illustrations of Clonmel*, p. 52; Dublin, 1860.

[2] It appears from an entry in "*A Booke conteyning the Chardge of the Commonwealth of England for the Warre of Ireland, and other Disbursements depending thereupon*," that from the 1st of March, 1649, to the 16th of February, 1650, the sum of £535,590 7*s.* 8*d.* was paid out. Of this sum £100,128 1*s.* 5½*d.* was for arrears due, besides meal, beeves, wheat, winter-quarters, King's customs, and enemies' estates.

same. Resolved, that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland should have the use of the lodgings named the Cockpit,[1] of the Spring Garden, and St. James's House, and the command of St. James's Park."

[1] Henry VIII. added the Cockpit to Whitehall Palace. Hatton describes it as "between the gate into King's Street, Westminster, and the gate by the Banqueting House"; the former was known as Cockpit Gate. James I. went there twice a week to see the sport of cockfighting. At this time, and long after, it was a sumptuous royal dwelling. Monk, duke of Albemarle, died there in 1670. After the fire of 1697 it was altered into the Privy Council Office. It retained its original name long after the change in its uses. The Treasury minutes, so late as 1780, were headed "The Cockpit." Its site is occupied by the present Privy Council Office. Even in 1830 the place where the Court of Appeal of the Privy Council sat was commonly spoken of as the Cockpit, because it set on the site of the old cockpit at Whitehall.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CAPTURE OF CAHIR CASTLE.

Cahir Summoned — Its Defences — Articles of Surrender — Kiltenan — Dundrum — Goldenbridge and Ballinakill Taken — The Commissioners of Trust Adjourn to Ennis — Ormonde goes to Limerick — Proposals of the Bishops — His Reply — Distrust of the Citizens — Dismissal of the English Protestant Forces — Declaration of the Bishops — State of Cromwell's Army.

On the 24th of February the army appeared before Cahir. Hugh O'Neill had been ordered by Ormonde to proceed to Clonmel with 1,500 Ulster men, and to act as governor of the town and the surrounding country. He took care to strengthen not only Clonmel but the neighboring towns of Cahir and Fethard, as he knew the enemy purposed marching on Kilkenny as soon as he could take the field in spring. Cahir Castle[1] was secured with strong gates and a drawbridge; and the court-yard was surrounded by a high wall. It was well supplied with provisions and ammunition of every kind. Mr. Mathews, a uterine brother of Lord Ormonde, was the governor; he welcomed the reinforcement, 80 in number, and set about the preparations necessary for a vigorous defence. He ordered the Ulster troops to defend the court-yard, promising at the same time to admit them within the castle walls in case they were overpowered by superior numbers, or the works could be held no longer. Cromwell, as was his custom, sent forward a messenger calling on the Governor to surrender:

For the Governor of Cahir Castle. These:

SIR, *Before Cahir, 24th February*, 1650.

Having brought the army and my cannon near this place, according to my usual manner in summoning places, I thought fit to offer you terms honorable for soldiers: That you may march away with your baggage, arms, and colors, free from injury or violence. But if I be, notwithstanding, necessitated to bend my cannon upon you, you must expect the extremity usual in such cases. To avoid blood, this is offered to you by

Your servant

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Very soon Cromwell's army came up and strove to scale the outer wall; they were gallantly repulsed by the Ulstermen, who bravely held their ground until they saw the heavy ordnance planted against the walls. Knowing that certain death awaited them if they

[1] The Earl of Essex, at his being with the army in Ireland (1599), made a journey into Munster, in the hope to compose the troubles; all that he performed at the time was the taking of Cahir castle. It was retaken almost immediately after by James Butler, brother of the Earl of Cahir; but he gave it up within a short time to the President of Munster.

remained any longer in the courtyard, their officer went to Mathews and asked him to admit the men within the castle, as he had promised. Mathews refused. On his return to his men the officer found a trumpeter from Cromwell demanding a parley; this was granted. A capitulation followed, Mathews stipulating for the security of his wife's jointure and of his own private property. The garrison was allowed to march out with banners displayed in body and posture of fight, with all their arms, bag and baggage. A pass was given to the Ulstermen to continue in the English quarters for a month, if they pleased; this they accepted, and they marched towards Clonmel. Cromwell made much of them, and told the captain that if he would continue with them in his army, he would use him well and give him a month's pay before hand. The captain gallantly answered, to Cromwell's admiration, that for a world he would not change places, but he would rather undergo any penalty, nay, the basest death that could be invented, rather than give a stroke against his religion or swerve from his principles. He and his party went to join their countrymen who were garrisoned at Clonmel.

Articles made and agreed on the 24th day of February, 1650, between his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on the one part, and Captain George Mathews, Governor of Cahir Castle of the other part, concerning the surrender of the same Castle, viz.:

Imprimis, that the Governor and all the officers, soldiers, and clergymen, and servants may march out with their horses, and arms, and bag and baggage. The English soldiers willing to serve his Excellency may be entertained. Those that will not, either English or Irish, to have liberty to live quietly in the country, laying down their arms, or passes to go elsewhere.

That the Governor may enjoy his estate which he hath, as his wife's jointure or wardship of the heiress of Cahir.

That he may have his goods and chattels, and liberty for a week to carry them away; and have the possession of the castle of Roghill for his habitation, and his corn yet remaining there, his Excellency keeping two files of musketeers there.

That the goods he hath in the castle belonging to others may be delivered to the several proprietors.

That in consideration hereof, the Governor is to deliver up the same castle to his Excellency upon signing these Articles.

O. CROMWELL.

February 24th, 1650.

Kiltenan,[1] "a very large and strong castle of Lord Dunboyne's," was next captured "with the cannon without the loss of one man." Dundrum was taken by a detachment sent to seize it under the command of Colonel Sankey, though it was well provisioned for a siege and manned by two troops of horse and some foot. Sankey's horse attacked the outer wall, while his foot stormed the town; the defenders were soon driven into the castle. Seeing that resistance was hopeless, they made terms with the assailants and delivered up the town and castle, leaving their arms and horses behind. During the

[1] Six miles north of Clonmel. Three of the four round towers at the angles of the bawn are standing; the breaches made in them by Cromwell's cannon are still visible. Hemphill's *Clonmel*. &c., p. 116.

assault, Sankey received a wound in the right hand. Goldenbridge[1] and Ballynakill[2] were also taken; in the latter a strong garrison was left. "We have also divers garrisons in the locality of Limerick," wrote Cromwell, "and by these we take away the enemy's subsistence and diminish their contributions, by which in time I hope they will sink."

The Commissioners of Trust, with Ormonde's consent, issued circular letters asking deputies from all parts of the kingdom to come in and represent the grievances of which the people complained, "that by their joint advice and assistance, life might be conserved in this gasping kingdom, the only means to attain to that end being for them to remove such causeless distrust, which, being maliciously infused into the people's minds, did slacken, if not wholly withdraw, their obedience from his Majesty's authority, rendering it impossible with honor or hope of success to contend against a powerful, absolutely obeyed, and plentifully supplied enemy." About the end of January they assembled at Kilkenny; but being alarmed at Cromwell's approach, they adjourned to Ennis, the capital of Clare. The sole result of their conference was, that they seemed to be only more confirmed in their distrust of Ormonde and of his policy.

Ormonde left to Castlehaven the government of Kilkenny, and went to Limerick, in the hope of obtaining contributions towards the raising and support of an army. On the 27th of February, he issued letters of invitation to the archbishops, bishops, and other persons of quality of the kingdom, to repair to Limerick, and meet him there on the 8th of March, "that by their advice and assistance, the best and speediest way of advancement of his Majesty's service and preservation of his people may be resolved upon." They came at the appointed time. Ormonde told them that "unless the people were brought to have full confidence in him, and yield him perfect obedience; and unless the city of Limerick, in particular, would receive a garrison and obey orders, there was no hope of making any considerable opposition to the enemy; and desired them to deal freely, if they had any mistrust of him or dislike of his government, since he was ready to do anything for the people's preservation that was consistent with his honor and his duty to the King. And since it was manifest that the name without the power of Lord Lieutenant could bring nothing but ruin upon the nation and dishonor upon him, they should either procure entire obedience to his authority or propose how the kingdom might be preserved by quitting it." To all which they answered with many expressions of respect and affection. They presented the following considerations to his Excellency:

1. That a privy council should be appointed of the peers spiritual and temporal and other natives of the country, to sit with his Excellency daily, and determine all weighty affairs of the country by their counsel, the Commissioners of Trust being only charged with the care of the due observation of the Articles of Peace. 2. That an exact establishment of the forces forthwith be agreed on, directing what should

[1] Five miles west of Cashel. This castle is still standing.

[2] In the Queen's County, five miles south-east of Abbeyleix. A part of this castle is still standing.

be the number of horse and foot; no payments to be made except for the forces ready for service; all care to be taken to avoid the burdening of the people with free quarters. 3. That care be taken in the enrolling of the army and in the garrisoning of the places, that none who could not be confided in should be in the number of the forces or continue in garrison. 4. That the forces be withdrawn from the several places already garrisoned without the concurrence of the Commissioners of Trust, and these not again garrisoned without the consent of the Commissioners. 5. That great mistrust and jealousy having arisen on account of Catholics having been removed from some of the greatest employments of trust in the army, those so removed to be forthwith restored. 6. That for the satisfaction of the people, who, in the many disorders of the times, saw no face of justice among them, judges be appointed to go circuit twice a year, and justices of the peace in quarter sessions, to whom the people might apply for redress against oppression and extortion. 7. That an account be taken of all the moneys received since the signing of the peace, that due satisfaction may be given to the people in the knowledge of the right disposal thereof; in future all payments of public moneys to be made only with the consent of the Commissioners of Trust. 8. That any oppressions or extortions of any of the officers or others of the army hitherto, or the surrender of castles or towns to the enemy, be strictly examined and punished by the lord lieutenant, the Privy Council, and a council of war. 9. That all acts and orders be recalled whereby any public revenue was in any way diminished; and those profiting thereby to account in full for the profits that accrued to them. 10. That no charge be imposed on the people by applotment, free quarters, or otherwise, but by the Commissioners of Trust.

To these demands Ormonde replied that the appointment of Privy Councillors was reserved exclusively to the King; but if those formerly in power had abused their trust, he would appoint in their place others free from all just exception. The second point he would immediately put in execution, reserving, however, to himself the right of nominating such officers as he should think suited to the posts. The other recommendations he promised to carry out to the best of his power, pleading as an excuse for the violations of the terms of the peace, the straits to which he had been reduced in his efforts to keep the army on foot. To many his answers seemed unsatisfactory, leaving him means of escape when it suited his purposes. But the chief reason of their suspicion was owing to the particular favor and friendship which he showed to his partisans. The bishops seemed satisfied with his answer, and soon after presented him with the following Declaration, in which they vindicated their conduct in the past, and set before him their plans for the welfare of the country in the future:

The Declaration of the undernamed Bishops, in the name of themselves aud the rest of the Bishops convoked at Limerick, as deputed by them, presented to the Lord Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Lieutenant for his Majesty, etc.

May it please your Excellency to be informed that we are very sensible of the jealousies and suspicions conceived of us (as was intimated unto us), that we believe arising from some disaffected and misunderstanding persons that spare not to give ill characters of us; as if in these deplorable times, wherein our religion, king, and country are come to the vertical point of their total ruin and destruction, it should be imagined by any that we behave ourselves like sleeping pastors, in no ways contributing our best endeavors for the preservation of the people, which ought to be more dear unto us than any worldly thing that may be thought of. Wherefore as well for the just vindication of our own reputation against such undeserved aspersions, as for future testimony of our sincerity and integrity to endeavor always the safety of the people and to manifest to your Excellency, as the King's Majesty's lieutenant and chief governor of this kingdom, that no labor or care of ours hath

been, or shall be wanting to proceed effectually to any proposals you will please to make known unto us that may conduce to those ends; we thought it therefore fit to present this Declaration of our real intentions, in the name of ourselves and the rest of our Brethren, the Archbishops and Bishops of this kingdom, whereby we avow, testify, declare and protest before God and the world, that since our annual meeting at Clonmacnoise or here, we have omitted nothing that did occur unto us, tending to the advancement of his Majesty's interest and the good of the kingdom generally; but have there and then ordered and decreed all unto us appertaining, or which was in our power, necessarily conducting to the public conservation of his Majesty and his subjects' interests. And also do, and have endeavored to root out of men's hearts all jealousies and sinister opinions, conceived either against your Excellency or the present Government, as by our acts then conceived may appear; and after our parting from thence, in pursuance of our unanimous resolution taken in that place, we have accordingly declared to our respective flocks our happy agreement amongst ourselves, and our earnest desire to labor with them to those ends, and made use of our best persuasions for the purchasing of their alacrity and cheerful concurrence to the advantage of that service; so that if anything was wanting of due correspondence sought by your Excellency, we conceive it cannot be attributed to any want of care or diligence in us.

And for further intimation of our hearty desires on all occasions to serve our king and country, we declare that we are not yet deterred for want of good success in the affairs of the kingdom, but rather animated to give further onsets and try all other possible ways. Wherefore we most humbly entreat your Excellency to give us some particular instructions, and to prescribe some remedies for and touching the grievances presented by us to your Excellency for pacifying of discontented minds, and put us in a way how to labor further in so good a cause. And we do faithfully promise that no industry or care shall be wanting in us to receive and execute your conditions.

And in conclusion, we leave to all impartial, judicious persons sad and serious considerations to think how incredible it is, that we should fail to oppose, to the uttermost of our power, the fearful and increasing potency of a rebellious and malignant murderer of our late Sovereign King Charles; to which enemy also nothing seemeth more odious than the names of Kings and Bishops, and who aims at nothing so much as the dethroning our now gracious King Charles the Second, and the final extirpation of our natives, in case (as God forbid) events and successes would fall suitable to his most wicked designs. So far we thought necessary to declare to your Excellency from ourselves, as the sense likewise and true meaning of the rest of our brethren, other Bishops of this kingdom.

Dated at Loughrea the 28th of March, Anno Domini, 1650.

Jo. Archiepiscopus Tuamensis.
Wal. Episcopus Clonfert.
Franc. Allad.
Rob. Corcag. et Cluanensis.
Fr. Hugo Episcopus Duacensis.

"Some of the principal persons among the confederates," says Cox, "and with them some of the bishops, under show of great confidence and trust, repaired to the Lord Lieutenant at Limerick, and declared unto him, that all the waywardness and indisposition of the people proceeded from the prejudice they had against Lord Inchiquin, who had always, they said, prosecuted the war against them with the utmost rigor and animosity; and the places and persons which had been most at his devotion having treacherously revolted to the Parliament, the people were not too confident of him, and jealous that the Marquis had too great confidence in him; so that, if he would dismiss that Lord and discharge the troops that yet remained under his command, of which some frequently ran away to the Parliament, not only that city (Limerick) but the whole nation, as one man would be at his

disposal."[1] Other leading men of the city came to Inchiquin and assured him that they expected no success under Ormonde, because he was not of their nation, and was so indulgent to English interests and Englishmen, that he regarded little them or theirs. But if his Lordship, who was of the most ancient and noble extraction of Ireland, had the supreme command, then all would be well.

From this time forward Ormonde had so small hopes of the Irish, that he employed Bramhall, bishop of Derry, to treat with some foreign prince about transporting five or six thousand men and employing them in his service. The Commissioners of Trust, about the end of March, issued a manifesto, declaring that their fellow-countrymen, the Irish, had been very jealous of the English regiments associated with them under Ormonde's command, since the betrayal by their comrades of the garrisons of Cork, Youghal, Kinsale, and Bandon to Cromwell. They now found those that remained praising Cromwell; and they reminded Ormonde that Inchiquin had admitted in his presence, that the men under his command were not to be trusted. Accordingly they requested his Excellency to dismiss his English forces. The earnest wish of these was to obtain liberty, if possible, to lay down their arms and retire to their homes. They sent commissioners to Cromwell, then at Fethard; and by articles signed there, April 26th, 1650, by Sir Robert Sterling, Michael Boyle, and Colonel John Daniel, as agents for Ormonde's Protestant forces, to such of these officers and soldiers, and gentlemen and clergymen, being English or Scotch and Protestants, as desired to come off from the Irish Popish party, protection would be given for six months, to dispose of their goods; and on giving in such engagement of fidelity as should be required, and submitting to such fine and composition as parliament might impose on them, they should be allowed their estates as other people not obnoxious to any delinquency, until the pleasure of the parliament should be known; all others willing to give such engagements should have passes given them to transport themselves and their families beyond the seas: the benefit of these conditions extending, however, to such only as should come in within thirty days. Vice-Admiral Penn, who had command of the Irish Sea, was ordered to allow them a passage over the Shannon, where his ships then rode, and to offer them what countenance and assistance they needed for the furthering of their purpose. Those of Colonel Daniel's party were to present themselves at Doneraile, Lord Montgomery of Ardes at Enniskillen, and Sir Thomas Armstrong at Trim. Inchiquin's forces too disbanded, except Colonel Butler's regiment, which went towards Galway.[2]

[1] I confess the Lord Lieutenant had his faction at Limerick, though the major and honester part were against him.

[2] Cromwell's Articles for the Protestant party of Ireland are given in full in *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 393, appendix clxxxv. Dean Boyle obtained a pass from Cromwell for Ormonde; this Ormonde indignantly rejected. In a letter to Cromwell he says: "I had no intention to treat with you for a pass or any other thing. I have by this trumpeter returned you your paper; and for your unsought courtesy do assure you, when you shall desire a pass from me, I shall not make use of it to corrupt any that commands under you."

The conduct of the people of Limerick would seem to have irri tated Ormonde very much. They did not show him any of that outward respect which was due to his exalted position. No one had access to him without the special permission of the mayor, and this was given very unwillingly. Lord Kilmallock, who had quartered a troop of horse within the liberties by his Excellency's order, was cast into prison. Unwilling to bear such affronts any longer, he went to Loughrea, in the county of Galway, and there issued his reply to the demands of the Commissioners already mentioned.

Of the Parliamentary army, on the other hand, a letter from Cork reported, "Our foot are in gallant posture, well armed, well clothed; and for bread, corn, and other things, by the State plentifully provided for. The army's diligence, courage, thankfulness, and behavior is such, through the strict care and providence of our General and chief officers, that never did men obey orders more cheerfully, nor go upon all duty more courageously; never did greater harmony appear, or resolution to prosecute this cause of God than in this army, such a consent of hearts and hands, such a sympathy of affection not only in a carnal but spiritual bond, which lies faster than chains of adamant. I have often observed, especially in that time and those actions, a wonderful consent of the officers and soldiers, and indeed of all the parliamentary forces, upon the ground of doing service for God, and how miraculously they were in all their actions successful. The mind of man being satisfied and fixed upon God, and that his undertaking is for God's glory, it gives the greatest courage to these men and prosperity to their actions. Our musters are strict; here is no free quarter allowed or practised; either they pay or give ticket, which being demanded by the poorest Irish is not, durst not be denied by any officer. Our horse have in many places wanted hay, but by the supply of oats from England have made good shift with straw. We have 7,000 horse, and our foot trebles that number, yet are English recruits of moneys and necessaries to be continued."

CHAPTER XXIV.

HEWSON JOINS CROMWELL.

Hewson advances from Dublin — Takes castles in Co. Kildare — Siege and Surrender of Ballysonan — Harristown, Lea, and Dunamaise taken — Massacre at Timahoe — Capture of Castledermot — Surrender of Leighlin — Castlehaven takes Athy — Rendezvous at Gowran.

EVERY place of importance was now subdued except Waterford, Limerick, Clonmel, Galway, and Kilkenny, all towns of considerable strength and needing much time to take. Cromwell, who had just captured Cahir, determined to make a more formidable demonstration against Kilkenny. But fearing that he had not a sufficient force to carry out his purpose, he despatched orders to Colonel Hewson, Governor of Dublin, to join him at Gowran with all the troops he could draw off out of that and the other lesser garrisons on the way. Hewson had not been idle during the winter. He had made frequent incursions into the county of Kildare, and reduced several of the strong places there; by this means he had kept the line of communication with the capital open, and rendered his advance to Kilkenny a comparatively easy matter. The following letter gives an account of these excursions; it is dated Dublin, January 10th.

"I sent a party three weeks ago to quarter at the Naas, and from thence to take in Ballysonan or the Black Ditch [1] by surprise, which by storm was unfeasible. The latter was effected upon a stormy night, a place that twenty men might easily keep against twenty thousand. I have placed twenty-four of my men there under Lieutenant Moore; and the same party took Castlemartin,[2] a considerable place. Also last week I marched into the Island of Allen [3] with one hundred horse and six hundred foot, summoned the castle of Kilmore,[4] but found it unseasonable to take by storm without artillery; marched over at Black Ditch, and took Rathdred [5] and Panser's Grange,[6] two garrisons beyond the Liffey, in the Co. Kildare. I have placed one hundred foot and twenty horse there; and as soon as the weather will permit artillery to march, I shall be ready to prosecute what is begun in order to the reducement of the Bog of Allen and the county of Kildare.

---

[1] Probably Nurney, near Black Ditch, 4 miles south of the town of Kildare.

[2] Castlemartin, on the southern bank of the Liffey, belonged to the Fitz-Eustaces. Different branches of this family were ennobled, having the titles of Portlester, Harristown, and Baltinglass. Five of the name were chancellors. A great part of the family estates was confiscated in consequence of James, third Viscount Baltinglass, having taken a leading part in the rebellion of Gerald, Earl of Desmond. D'Alton's *Army List*, vol. ii. p. 444.

[3] The district about the Hill of Allen, being then entirely surrounded by bogs and marshes, was called the Island.

[4] Kilmeague, six miles north of Kildare.

[5] Rathbride, three miles north-east of Kildare. It belonged to a junior branch of the Fitzgeralds.

[6] i. e., Punch's Grange, five miles north of the town of Kildare.

On the 24th of February Hewson marched out of Dublin with 2,000 foot and 1,000 horse, and two small field-pieces. Among his men were some whom Cromwell had left behind when going to Wexford. The next day he reached Naas, which had been fortified a year before by the party of Owen Roe O'Neill. The day following he came before the strong fort of Ballysonan.[1] We have Hewson's own despatch, giving full details of the siege and capture of this important place: —

"To the Honorable William Lenthal, Esq., Speaker of the Parliament of England.

SIR,

When his Excellency marched from Dublin towards Munster, he left me entrusted with the garrison, myself and those left with me at that time being sick. The first party that recovered were sent after the army, to wit, about 800 foot and 200 horse, which fought and beat the enemy upon their march. Some more of those sick men that were left recovering, and some recruits coming over, after I had surprised the strong fort upon the Bog of Allen and taken Castlemartin, in the county of Kildare, and placed a garrison therein, about the latter end of December, marched with a party of 1,000 horse and foot into the Island of Allen, and summoned Kilmagog therein; but finding it not feasible to storm without guns, I marched to Rathbride and Ponser's Grange, and took them, and placed two strong garrisons there, which did give me good footing in the county of Kildare. Then sent a party and took Kildare, Hertwell,[2] and Cotlingstowne,[3] three useful garrisons in the said county; and provisions being spent, returned back to Dublin, there endeavoring to get guns, mortar-pieces, and other necessaries, ready to draw forth again with all possible speed. In the interim I received propositions from the governor and officers in the strong garrison and fort of Ballysonan, the original whereof I here enclosed present you withal under their own hands.

"Which being by me utterly rejected, I marched upon Tuesday, the 26th of February, with a party of 2,000 foot and 1,000 horse, towards the county of Kildare, and took with me one culverin, and one demi-culverin, and one mortar-piece. The enemy fired their garrison of Lease,[4] Blackreath,[5] and the forementioned Kilmagog, in the Island of Allen; but I shall easily make it tenable again, it being very useful for your service. They did also blow up the castle of Athy, where they had a strong garrison, and broke up the bridge.

"Upon the 28th February I marched from the Naas, and about four o'clock with the van of the party, I came to Bellisonan, a strong garrison, double works, and double-moated, full of water, one within another, and a mount with a fort upon it. Most of the officers with me esteeming the taking of it to be unfeasible, it being late, and I unwilling to lose time, did send in a summons, a copy whereof is here enclosed, and the enclosed answer under the Governor's hand, was presently returned, and the town, which was without his works, by him burned that night. I

---

[1] Now Ballyshannon, four miles south-west of Kilcullenbridge. It belonged at this time to Pierce Fitzgerald, descended from the Kildare family. He took a leading part in the Catholic Confederation. He was Colonel of a regiment, and later sergeant-major of the Leinster horse. See *The Earls of Kildare*, by the Marquis of Kildare, p. 257; Dublin, 1864. In 1642 he was declared a rebel and an outlaw by the Lords Justices; any one bringing in his head would receive a reward of £400. Borlase's *Rebellion*, Appendix, p. 31. Ballysonan castle was pulled down a few years ago by the Annesly family, to build a castellated mansion close by.

[2] Rev. J. Graves says Hertwell still exhibits the remains of a strong fortress; but he does not give its site.

[3] Now Cotlandstown, in the barony of Naas, between Kilcullenbridge and Ballymore Eustace.

[4] Maryborough, in the Queen's County, where the castle is still standing.

[5] Blackrath, on the old coach-road between old Kilcullen and Castledermot, five miles south of Kilcullen.

caused a battery to be made, and planted the artillery, and made a fort for the security thereof, having intelligence that the Lord of Castlehaven, with 4,000 horse and foot, would come to raise me within two days, in which fort I could secure the guns and batter their works, whilst I drew off to fight the enemy, if need were. We played our guns and mortar-piece at the fort upon the mount, intending before night to storm it, having ladders and all the necessaries ready. But before any breach was made, the Governor did send me a paper, which is here enclosed, whereunto the enclosed answer was returned, and he treated with me about the surrender, which was concluded accordingly. The Articles signed with both our hands herewith is represented unto you.

"And now, sir, you have without the loss of one man this strong place, and thereby most of the county of Kildare. Those garrisons in this county yet remaining, as Castle Dormount [1] and Kilkenny, with others, I hope you shall have a good account thereof speedily from

"Your humble servant,

"JOH. HEWSON.

"*Ballysonan, March 3rd*, 1650."

[ENCLOSURES.]

SIR,

I am now marching the army to reduce the place you possess unto the obedience of the Parliament of England, and it being apparent to the world that God is making inquisition in Ireland for innocent blood, how far you and those with you may be concerned therein, I shall observe by your answer hereunto.

These are to require you to deliver the place that you now possess unto me for the end aforesaid; whatsoever your return hereunto may be, and the effect thereof, my summons will justify the future proceedings of

Your servant,

28th Feb., 1650. J. HEWSON.

For the Governor of Bellisonan.

SIR,

I am now in possession in this place by authority from my King; how you may demand it by authority from the Parliament of England I know not. England denying their King, therefore your power I disobey. And for God, my King, and country, will defend this place to the uttermost of my power.

Sir, your servant,

28th Feb., 1650. DONNO KELLY.

For Colonel Hewson, Commander-in-Chief of the Parliamentary Party now in the field of Ballysonan.

Propositions made by the Garrison, which were rejected.

We do hereby employ Governor Donno O'Kelly for the delivery of the hereunder propositions to the General of the Parliament's forces in Ireland: —

Imprimis. That the party commanding this garrison and fort of Ballysonan, and all other that will adhere to them, are really and willingly to join to the Parliament forces, upon such terms as are hereunder written.

2d. That a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and a major, besides captains and under-officers, be employed of the said party constantly in the standing army of the Parliament's forces in this kingdom.

---

[1] Castledermot, called in ancient times Diseart Dhiarmuda and Tristle Dermot, a walled town, seven miles south-east of Athy. It was the chief residence of the O'Tooles. After the English invasion it was held by de Riddlesford, who erected the castle and a monastary for Crouched Friars, the tower of which is still standing close to the town. In 1302 a Franciscan monastery was founded here by Thomas Lord Offaly. Parliaments were held here at different times.

3d. That in case any such officers do come in, that they may have free liberty of their religion, and two priests admitted and employed for to serve the said regiment now intended.

4th. That neither Taaffe nor Dillon shall be accepted of in the parliament's party.

5th. That their estates, wrongfully detained and enjoyed by the said Dillon, Browne, and Taaffe, may be allowed unto them by the State of Parliament.

6th. That their arrears since May last may be allowed to them. This and aforesaid propositions may be granted by the General, Lieutenant-General, Major General, and Commissioners-General of the Parliament forces of this kingdom, that what those countries assigned to them for their pay are in arrear since their coming to Ballysonan, may be forthwith caused to be paid.

7th. That this granted, they shall obey any deriving power from the State of Parliament.

J. GORDON, CONNOR KELLY,
CH. KELLY, M. DONNOGH.

Colonel Hewson's last summons.

SIR,

Blood I do not thirst after; yet so far a soldier as not to neglect present opportunity, I shall, for the end in your letter mentioned, send Captain Hewson, according to your desire, provided you send one or two fully authorized to treat and conclude, and all to be concluded within half an hour, provided also you do not work at all to repair what my guns and mortar-pieces have demolished; and to that end that Captain Hewson may remain in the Mount during that half-hour. Sir, I shall be glad if your wisdom prevent what otherwise unavoidably will fall out, though not desired by

Your servant,

March 1st, 1650. J. HEWSON.

SIR,

To avoid the confusion of Christian blood, we sent out a drum to demand a parley. My desire, for the reasons aforesaid, is that you send in a captain of yours to treat with us, and we will send forth a captain of ours, who shall demand no more but what is honorable and just; and so, sir, I conclude,

Your servant,

DONNO KELLY.

March 1st, 1650.

Articles agreed upon between the Hon. Colonel John Hewson of the one part, and Captain Donnogh Kelly, Governor of Ballysonan, in the county of Kildare, on the other part, 1st March, 1650.

Imprimis. That the said garrison and fort of Ballysonan shall be immediately delivered, with all the ammunition and provisions therein, except as in the ensuing article is agreed upon.

2d. That the said Governor, officers, and soldiers shall continue in the castle until to-morrow morning at ten of the clock, if they please; and then they are to march out of the said castle and fort with a trumpeter for convoy ten miles, if they desire it, and to any of the next Irish garrisons within ten miles, as aforesaid, the trumpeter returning without any prejudice. And the said officers are to march with their horses and pistols, and with their colors flying and drums beating, and the soldiers with their arms and matches lighted, and each musketeer one pound of powder with bullet and match proportionable.

3d. Whatsoever oats and pease shall appear in the castle belonging to Mis[tress] Fitzgerald shall be restored to her.

And lastly, for the due performance of the aforesaid articles, we do hereunto set our hands the day and year first above written.

JOHN HEWSON,
DONNO KELLY.

The taking of Ballysonan had a most important effect on the campaign. "In Leinster," says Carte, "there was scarce a castle or strong house which the husband or wife were not for giving up and receiving conditions from the enemy. Thus Ballysonan and other castles were delivered up to Hewson, who was thereby enabled to march with a party from Dublin into the county of Kilkenny. . . . These successes encouraged Cromwell to lay seige to Kilkenny."

From Ballysonan Hewson took the road to Castledermot. Diverging somewhat from the straight road, he took Harristown, lying between Naas and Kilcullenbridge. Then Lea, near Portarlington, was dismantled. The confused masses of towers and broken arches show the merciless havoc then made. Dunamaise [1] was next taken and blown up. Tradition points out the site of the old corn-mill, at the corner of the mill-field, as the spot where the battery was erected. The monastery of Timahoe was seized, and the friars found there massacred. The place where they were put to death is still called "the road of murder." [2] When he reached Castledermot he found his provisions exhausted, and was obliged to return to Dublin.

After three days' rest, he set out again for Castledermot and Kilkea,[3] taking with him provisions for fourteen days. When he came before the former place, he found that the enemy had burnt down a great part of the town, pulled down the walls, and betaken themselves to a strong tower. He caused a great quantity of straw and other combustible materials to be put to the door and set on fire, which forced those within to cry out for mercy. In the tower were taken Captain Shirlock, "a bloody Tory," [4] three friars, and divers others. Shirlock had received a shot through the breast with a brace of bullets before he yielded. Shirlock and the friars were taken prisoners; the others were saved or executed as was thought fit.

Lord Castlehaven, who a short time before had been appointed to the chief command in the province of Leinster, was ordered by Ormonde to take the field. After providing as best he could for the safety of Kilkenny, he set out for Carlow, hoping to meet there the troops he had ordered to assemble from all parts of the province.

---

[1] Dunamaise was the residence of the chief of the O'Mores before the English invasion. In 1325 it was retaken by Lysagh O'More. For the next two centuries it changed hands frequently. Some parts of the castle and walls are still standing. See *The Irish Penny Magazine*, p. 18.

[2] *Notes on Irish Architecture*, by the Earl of Dunraven, vol. ii. p. 33; London, 1875. From the Ordnance Survey letters, Queen's County. Timahoe, i. e., Teach Mochoe, St. Mochua's house. A round tower and an ancient door-way of singular beauty are still remaining. It is four miles south-west of Stradbally.

[3] Kilkea castle is two miles north-west of Athy. It was built in 1180 by Walter De Lacy; the greater part of the present building dates from 1426. It passed into the hands of the Fitzgerald family by the marriage of Maurice, third Baron of Offaly, with Emelina, daughter of Sir Stephen de Longespée by his marriage with the only daughter and heiress of Walter de Riddlesford, Baron of Bray, to whom O'Murthy, in which Kilkea and Castledermot are situated, was granted by King John. See *The Earls of Kildare*, by the Marquis of Kildare, p. 17. In 1634 Elizabeth, daughter of the second Lord Delvin and widow of Gerald, fourteenth Earl of Kildare, bequeathed Kilkea to her cousin, Father Nugent, S. J., for a novitiate of the order. Rinuccini and his suit were entertained there for twenty days, when he was on his way to besiege Dublin.

[4] Borlase says Captain Shirlock was the head of the Waterford rebels in 1642.

Lord Dillon's division of 3,000 men did not come. Castlehaven put himself at the head of a force of 3,000 men, 800 from Leinster, an Ulster regiment, and Sir Thomas Armstrong's and Ormonde's horse. But not finding his numbers at all equal to those of the enemy, he could do no more than watch their movements.

"Upon my march," says Hewson, "I received a letter from my Lord President of Munster to haste up and join unto Colonel Reynolds near Leighlinbridge, and either to take in some passage over the Barrow or prosecute Castlehaven. The latter was prevented by the enemy's withdrawal. The former (to wit, Leighlinbridge) I attempted, and I obtained it without the loss of one man. The Articles on surrender thereof is herewith presented to you. This garrison gave a pass over the Barrow, and indeed the benefit you have thereby is very great, and the time about the taking of it was one day. When I came hither, my Lord President was gone back to my Lord-Lieutenant about Thomastown, whither I despatched a letter to his Excellency, intimating the taking of Leighlinbridge and my purpose to march towards him next morning and to stay at Gowran, except I received other command from his Excellency, after I had settled the garrison of Leighlinbridge, where I found 800 bushels of corn and 200 arms."

Articles agreed on, between the Honorable John Hewson, Governor of Dublin, of the one party, and Lieut. Laurence Dempsey and Lieut. William Brereton, Commissioners appointed and authorized by Captain Piercy Brereton, Commander of the Castle and Garrison of Leighlinbridge, for the surrendering of the said Castle and Garrison of Leighlinbridge,[1] *of the other party, this 19th of March*, 1650.

1. The said Captain Brereton is to deliver the castle and garrison of Leighlinbridge unto the Honorable Colonel John Hewson for the use of the Parliament of England by three of the clock this afternoon, and all ammunition and provisions therein, without any embezzlement, except what is hereafter excepted.

2. The said Captain Brereton, with all the officers and soldiers within the said garrison, are to march away with their arms, muskets laden, bandoleers filled, drums beating, and matches lighted, and bag and baggage which is to them belonging, which they can carry away on their backs.

3. The said Captain Brereton, with all the officers and soldiers within the said garrison, shall have free liberty to march to Kilkenny, and shall have a safe-conduct to that effect.

4. The full benefit of the aforesaid articles is to extend to all and every the officers and soldiers in the said garrison without exception.

Lastly, for the full performance of all and singular the premises, the parties hereunto have to these presents interchangeably put their hands the day and year first above written.

J. HEWSON, LAURENCE DEMPSEY,
WILL. BRERETON.

Confirmed by PIERCE BRERETON.

[1] This bridge was built by Maurice Jakes, canon of Kildare, in 1320. See Ware's *Annals*, ad ann. It was for a long time the only passage over the Barrow to the south. In "A Note for the Winning of Leinster," A. D. 1536, the O'Tooles, Byrnes, and Kavanaghs are said to have exiled the King's law from Munster by preventing the judges from riding circuit past Leighlinbridge. See *State Papers*, Henry VIII. (Ireland), vol. i. p. 411; London, 1825. Hence the by-word used by the Irish, "they dwelt by west the law, which dwelt beyond the river Barrow." *True Causes Why Ireland Was Never Subdued*, by Sir John Davis, p. 50; Dublin, 1704. About 1250 a Carmelite monastery was founded here by one of the Carews; it stood near the Black Castle, on the eastern bank of the river. Archdall's *Monasticon*, p. 38. In consideration of the great labor, burthen, and expense which the friars of Leighlin did sustain in supporting their house and the bridge contiguous thereunto against the King's enemies, Richard II. gave them an annual pension of 80 marks. Ryan's *History of Carlow*, p. 84; Dublin, 1833.

Castlehaven succeeded in taking Athy by storm, where Hewson had a magazine. The garrison, 700 in number, were taken prisoners at discretion. "Not knowing what to do with my prisoners," says Castlehaven, "I made a present of them to Cromwell, desiring him by letter to do the like to me, if any of mine should fall into his power. But he little valued my civility, for he caused Hammond, with some English officers, to be shot to death."

Cromwell and Ireton met at Thomastown.

"Our men," says Cromwell, "attempting to take the town, the enemy made no great resistance; but by the advantage of the bridge quitted the town, and fled to a castle about half a mile distant off,[1] which they had formerly possessed. That night the President of Munster and myself came up to the party. We summoned the castle, and after two days it was surrendered to us, the enemy leaving their arms, drums, colors, and ammunition behind them, and engaging never to bear arms more against the Parliament of England."

Cromwell remained at Thomastown for three days. He sent Ireton back to Fethard to bring up some large guns, which were wanted for the attack on Granny and some other castles thereabouts, for the better blocking up of Waterford. The general rendezvous was Gowran,[2] seven miles south-east of Kilkenny.

"We met," continues Cromwell, "near by Gowran, a populous town, where the enemy had a very strong castle,[3] under the command of Colonel Hammond, a Kentish man, who was a principal actor in the Kentish insurrection and did manage the Lord Capel's business at his trial.[4] I sent him a civil invitation to deliver up the castle unto me, to which he returned to me a very resolute answer and full of height. We planted our artillery, and before we had made a breach considerable, the enemy beat a parley for a treaty, which I, having offered so fairly to him, refused; but sent him in positive conditions that the soldiers should have their lives, and the commissioned officers to be disposed of as should be thought fit, which in the end was submitted to.

"The next day the colonel, the major, and the rest of commissioned officers, were shot to death, all but one, who being a very earnest instrument to have the castle delivered, was pardoned. In the same castle also we took a Popish priest, who was chaplain to the Catholics in this regiment, who was caused to be hanged.[5] I trouble you with this the rather because the regiment was the Lord of Ormonde's own regiment. In this castle was a good store of provisions for the army."

---

[1] Probably Grenan castle; this is still standing.

[2] In 1414 a grant of tolls was made to Ballygaveran for 40 years, to enable the burgesses to pave and wall the town, which had been lately burned and the lieges there destroyed by the Irish enemy, by whom it was surrounded, and who threatened to do it again.

[3] Gowran castle was built by James, third Earl of Ormonde, in 1392. It was his chief residence after he was driven from Nenagh by the O'Kennedys, who rooted out all the English Gentlemen and freeholders that dwelt in Ormonde, and razed the town of Nenagh, except the castle. MSS. in Kilkenny castle, quoted in *Kilk. Arch. Journal*, vol. i. p. 392. Gowran castle was rebuilt by Margaret, the great Countess of Ormonde, about 1500. Archdall's *Peerage*, vol. iv. p. 21. No trace remains of it now; it was razed to the ground within the present century by the Viscount Clifden of the day. It was outside the town-wall, near where Clifden House now stands.

[4] Lord Capel was executed in March, 1649. An account of his trial is given in Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, vol. iii. p. 272.

[5] The common soldiers delivered up their officers that they might have quarter themselves, viz., Colonel Hammond, Major Townley, two captains, Lieutenant Donnella, a quartermaster, and a Popish priest; all which officers were shot to death the next day, save only the lieutenant, who was spared because he complied with the soldiers for delivering up their officers; and the priest was hanged.

Last Relics of Father Thomas Burke, O.P.

SEVERAL years ago I invested a very small piece of silver in the purchase of a large, lithographed sheet, purporting to give likenesses of "Ireland's Illustrious Sons," and evidently intended to adorn the walls of humble Irish homes. I counted them — exactly a score, beginning with Brian Boru, then Hugh O'Neill, Sarsfield, Goldsmith, and Edmund Burke, Curran and Grattan, Wolf Tone and Robert Emmet, Sheil, O'Connell, Father Mathew, Moore Gerald Griffin, Thomas Davis, Smith O'Brien, John Mitchel, John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, and Father Thomas Burke. This was the selection of twenty illustrious Irishmen, made with a view to please the Irish heart. Not a bad choice at the time, but already there are some changes to be made. "It is not death alone, but time and death that canonize the patriot." Father Burke forestalled the canonization of time and death; for, long before his death, his graceful Dominican habit appears among the heroic figures of his country's story between O'Connell and King Brian.

More than once since his death, this periodical has contributed its tiny pebble towards the cairn that must be raised to the memory of the great Dominican; and it has vowed, that, as far as its modest influence goes, the good that he did shall *not* be "interred with his bones." This devotion to his fame procured for us the privilege of being entrusted with some relics of Father Burke — relics of so sacred and domestic a kind, that we feel ourselves justified in making only a very sparing use of them here. They are chiefly private letters to his nearest kindred.

It is not a little curious how many of the greatest canonized saints have excelled in letterwriting. You might expect them to be austere, self-contained, self-sufficing, not needing the friendly gossip of correspondence themselves, and averse to indulging others therewith. Xavier, for instance, during his marvellous career in the East — so far away from Rome and Lisbon, immensely farther, as regards our present point of view, that the most adventurous explorer can nowadays penetrate. One might have imagined that such a saint, with his few years for such a mission in those distant regions, would have cut himself off from all communication with Europe. Yet he is an ardent letter-writer and ardent letter-reader, begging again and again for more letters and for longer letters, and for all the news, down to the names of the youngest novices of the Society, whom he knew he would never see on earth. So, also, the great Teresa, and many other saints. "Ah! your saints have cruel hearts." No, it is your sinners that have selfish, hard, cruel hearts. The saints have the kindest and tenderest of hearts — kinder and more tender in proportion as they become more like to Him, who is "meek and humble of heart."

That Father Thomas Burke possessed the kind, affectionate heart, that inspired the letters of those saints, might be abundantly proved from even the fragments of his correspondence in our possession. We

may begin our scanty extracts by remarking that his handwriting might be referred to by the graphiologists, in confirmation of their idea that character is indicated by handwriting. His is bold, clear, free, unaffected, each letter plainly and fully formed, and each word perfectly legible, with nothing of the unreadable eccentricity of genius about it.

The light-hearted boy, so innocent in his gaiety, had in his seventeenth year made his choice of his lot for life, and had offered himself to the Order of Friars Preachers. His superiors sent him to Italy where he was placed in the novtiate at Perugia, over which a youthful Archbishop had just been placed by Gregory XVI., Joachim Pecci, who is now our Holy Father Leo XIII. The young Irish exile, of course, strove as often as he could to assuage the pangs of home-sickness by writing long letters home, as lively, as affectionate as those written by Thomas Babington Macaulay to Hannah and Margaret. With one of his sisters he kept up a correspondence in Italian, and later on in French, in which language he was much less expert. Nearly all of these have been preserved by the jealous fidelity of affection. But since the opening paragraphs of this paper were written a different arrangement has been made about the publication of these relics of Father Burke, which relieves us of the responsibility of deciding how much might be confided to the general reader. Before transferring the deposit, however, we have ventured to transcribe textually a little note of consolation to a beloved young relative, dated "Tallaght, June 22, 1882."

"My darling, I am praying constantly for you, and all here are praying. Try to offer these sufferings to God with resignation, so as to draw from them all the rich treasure of merit. I have asked Him to give me your pains, as I could bear them better. I send you my own beads, and I will go down as soon as ever I can. May God strengthen and relieve my darling."

To one who was not a relative he wrote thus when she was in trouble: "My dearest child, my heart is with you in your sorrow, though I cannot move, for I have been very ill for the last week and able to get up only for an hour or two each day. May God strengthen and comfort you all. You need not remind me to pray for your mother, although I believe that her sweet, innocent soul, sanctified by so much suffering and sorrow, is already with God. As you say, the loss is yours. I beg of you to take care of yourself now, and not to indulge in grieving after your mother."

In one of the pages which have been devoted in this Magazine to the memory of Father Burke, we deemed it our duty to preserve the eloquent tribute paid to his gifts and his goodness in a speech by Judge O'Hagan. We have kept carefully at hand ever since, a copy of the *Cork Herald* of October 8th, 1883, for the purpose of making similar use of a speech delivered in Cork by Mr. Denny Lane. That is a name which will be new to some of our readers, but there are many who know off by heart the two exquisite ballads that Mr. Lane contributed to the *Spirit of The Nation*, and wonder why he has not been heard from since '48. Have his townsmen often heard from him such language as this:

"There is one point in his character with which shallow formalists found fault. I allude to the joyous spirit of Irish mirth which he showed in his hours of relaxation. I quite agree with what Monsignor Sheehan has said, that instead of taking away from his character as an ornament to the pulpit, it only showed the genuineness of his Irish nature. I recollect hearing that two gentlemen were walking one day in the neighborhood of London, and as they passed the gate of a park, they looked in and saw a boy astride upon a stick, performing that expedition which is known as 'riding a cock horse to Banbury Cross.' He was followed by three elderly men also mounted on sticks and led into action by this young general. One of the spectators asked, 'Who are these three old fools?' 'Don't you know them,' said the other. 'These are Fox, Sheriden, and Burke.' Fox, one of the greatest statesmen that England ever knew; Sheriden, the greatest of our modern dramatists, and standing in the first rank of orators, and Burke, the statesman, orator, and philosopher, who was judged by Mackintosh, along with Socrates and Cicero, to have been one of the three greatest minds the world ever produced. If these three men could follow that young boy, Burke's son, as he rode on his stick across the lawn, surely Father Burke may be allowed now and again to indulge his outrageous spirits, and to let them burst forth like boisterous boys let loose from school. Unfortunately, I had but few opportunities of meeting him in private, but when we spoke together it was often on serious topics, and nothing struck me more than the breadth of his intellect. On one occasion our conversation turned upon some of the general theories of modern science—theories in which some persons feared to find danger to faith. The same dread was at one time entertained regarding the theories of Kepler and Copernicus. Yet what is the result? The laws which they discovered have raised greatly our reverent wonder at the structure of the universe, and of the unerring hand that guides the planets in their path. When we know that a ray of light may, in a second, travel eight times around our globe, with a speed a hundred-fold outstripping the lightning, and that some of the stars are so distant that it may take centuries for their light to reach us, this knowledge, by pushing back the boundaries of visible space, enlarges our idea of the grandeur of creation, and of the insignificance of the material man, so that it has now become a proverb 'the undevout astronomer is mad.' So the modern theories of the indestructability of matter and of force teach a new analogy of religion, and point to the necessary immortality of the soul. And again, the generalizations regarding matter and motion and life, if they be true, only raise within us a higher appreciation of the grandeur, simplicity, and the harmony of those laws which the Creator has enacted for the government of the universe From such a point did Father Burke regard the process of scientific truth, feeling assured that every new discovery that was really true would be but another evidence of the power and goodness of the Creator.

"Next, he was essentially an Irishman — Irish as intensely, as purely, as the native music he loved so much. The same variety, the same plasticity marked his character. At one time joyous, wild, and

buoyant as a planxty, at another grave and measured as the tread of men marching to battle; at another time instinct with that tender melancholy which has sprung from the sad history of our fatherland, which is so typical of our finest music, and often is interwoven as a sombre thread into the sparkling texture of our brilliant strains. And I even think he felt this analogy himself, for I never heard anything from his lips more beautiful than his recitation of that poem, in which Moore has married to immortal verse, one of our most touching airs, in praise of native music. I had often read the poem with admiration, and often heard it sung by not unworthy voices, but never did I feel the full proportions of its beauty until I heard it read by Father Burke, with a rhythm that was beyond all poetry, and a cadence that was more than musical.

"I have said that Father Burke was, of all things, an Irishman; and in nothing was he more so than his voice and accent. Some one said that an Irishman should carry his honor and his brouge unsullied to the grave. Father Burke did both. I believe it is the fashion to deride our brouge. I have heard two natives who had it meted out to them in full measure—Daniel O'Connell and Thomas Burke. In no other form of the language could I find a medium more perfectly adapted to sustain and reflect the full freight of thought than it bore upon its brimming tide. It seemed capable of all forms of expression, and for my part, if I could, I would not change it for the dialect of Lancashire, or Yorkshire, or even Somersetshire. No, I would not barter it for the most accomplished drawl of a west-end drawing-room, or the cold, pedantic primness of Oxford or Cambridge. The metal may be vulgar, but it is genuine, and I would not gild it with an English tone—I would not electro-plate it with a foreign accent. In the hands of O'Connell and of Burke it was a weapon brilliant, strong, and flexible as a Toledo blade; brilliant enough to glitter in a pagant, strong enough to smite an enemy to the death, but withal so flexible that it might be wound like a girdle round the zone of some proud beauty. There are some men, and you have heard many of them, who, from their mode of action, seem to think that language is the master of thought and not its minister. They recite their tedious litanies of words, to which, I confess, I can rarely attach a meaning. I suppose they trust to the genius of their audience to attach some sense to what is, in itself, bereft of meaning. Far otherwise it was with Father Burke. He seemed to care little for the form his words took. As you listened, you felt that a stream of thought, beautiful and pure, came welling up from perennial sources within, from the deep reservoirs of his large heart and his bright intellect. As the thought rose unbidden to his lips, it formed itself to language not cast into any mould of art, but of itself spontaneously crystallized into forms of beauty, luminous as a crystal, many-hued as the light of a prism, pure and chaste as the 'icicle that hangs on Dian's temple.' It is almost a pity that he was so careless of literary reputation. Posterity would have gained much if he had more carefully elaborated his sentences, and spent more of the labor of the file on the forms he created. But he was so earnest in his work that if our successors may complain that he was a spenthrift of his genius, we,

at least, have gained by his unmeasured prodigality. The tone of reverence with which he spoke of sacred things, the compassion with which he yearned to help the needy, the fond entreaty with which he strove to win back the erring, the authority with which he pronounced the doctrines of the Church, were as various as the stops of a grand organ whose keys quivered beneath the touch of a master-hand.

"'His voice was like all instruments,
Now like a lovely flute,
And now 'twas like an angel's song,
Which makes the heavens be mute.'

And then to this diapason of music was added a dignified and expressive action, every gesture dramatic — dramatic I mean in the higher sense. I mean when not alone the tongue and lips speak, but the eyes, the limbs, the frame itself, became so many translators of thought and ministers of language. So wonderful was his power in this way that I believe those that did not understand the language he spoke, could almost follow the color of his thoughts as we can trace out the tint of the sea-weed beneath the wave of the ocean.

"I have already spoken of the way in which he read a song of Moore's on native music, and there now comes back to my ear the reality which he gave the lines. When he spoke of the gale that sighs along the banks of oriental flowers, I could almost hear its whisper in my ear, and feel its perfumed breath upon my cheek; and I thought of the poet of poets, whose mind had condensed into shape and form the viewless air, and who saw that "chartered libertine, the wind," as it rushed through the petals of the violets, stealing and giving odor, like some generous freebooter of old, who robbed and rieved, but yet gave largesse of his booty.

"One image of Father Burke constantly recurs to me. It was when he was pleading the cause of those noble women who have devoted their lives to the reclamation of the erring — by the alchemy of holiness converting gross impurity into perfect purity. He described the prayer of the holy, for the unholy, ascending to heaven for the sinner, and as he lifted up his hands and eyes aloft you knew that he saw the white-winged prayer soaring upward to the sapphire footstool of the throne of God, and saw it returning again, bearing a double freight beneath its dove-like wings — the double message of peace for the penitent, and for the merciful, mercy. But that voice is now silent; the lips on whose accents we hung are cold clay; the hand that warned from danger and pointed to the right path lies folded and lifeless over a heart that has ceased to beat. The silver chain of his eloquence is broken, but yet he is not dead. Once did he proclaim in ringing accents the charter of immortality — *non omnes moriar* — I will not altogether die. And he has not altogether died. Into many a crushed and wounded heart did he pour the balm of consolation, and that balm has exhaled like a fragrant cloud on high, returning to the comforter a hundred-fold the precious essence with which he salved the wounds of his suffering brethren. To the blind he gave vision, and they now have their eyes turned towards heaven, with the fervent prayer that he

who opened their eyes to the light, may himself enjoy life eternal. He will not die so long as the Order he illustrated, and the Church he served so faithfully, remain. He will not die so long as Irishmen can remember the champion who defended their faith and fatherland against the libeller of their country and their creed. He will not altogether die, but he will live that life of lives which has been promised by One who is ever faithful to his word, for he was a man who loved God above all things, and his neighbor as himself."

Mr. Denny Lane, in one of these eloquent periods, refers to Father Burke's disregard for the tricks of rhectoric, for everything but the apostolic effectiveness of his discourses. He was far more like to O'Connell than to Sheil. One is surprised to hear how effective Sheil was, even at that moment, with his shrill voice and his *literary* eloquence, more fitted to be read than heard. You could not imagine O'Connell doing what Sheil is known to have done for his oratorical fame. Mr. Maurice Lenihan, in some interesting reminiscences, which he published several years ago in his *Limerick Reporter*, states that at the outset of his journalistic career it was his fortune to report one, at least, of Shiel's speechs in this fashion: He and the orator spent the night *after* a great Catholic meeting, Shiel walking up and down, and dictating from memory the speech he had delivered or ought to have delivered. Without this care to secure adequate written record of his spoken words, Shiel's fame would be much more of a mere tradition than it has yet become. O'Connell never took such pains, nor Father Burke, whose sermons were not made to be read, but to be heard, and from his own lips. The Dublin correspondent of the *Weekly Register*, Dec. 16th, 1882, giving an account of Father Burke's appeal in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Gardiner street, Dublin, on behalf of the Sisters of Mercy, of Perth, in Australia, says: "It is very difficult to give an idea of any sermon of his on paper, for it is not alone what he says, but his manner of saying it, that casts a spell upon his audience, and excites an enthusiasm that spreads through the multitude like a flame."

In this sermon he half-unconsciously quoted Tennyson: "Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand." We have heard that in an ecclesiastical retreat he recommended the habitual study of poetry as a help to vividness and elevation of language. In giving this council he assured his reverend preachers that he practised what he preached. "Pray that I may have unction in my preaching," he said one day to a young friend. This availed more than the qualifications truly ascribed to him: "A dignified presence, graceful and vigorous action, and a fine baritone voice, rich in musical intonations."

We may add here a few remarks of Father Lilly, Provincial of the Dominican Order in the United States:

"He saw everything by intuition, and never lost sight of a single salient point in his discourse. Give him a few leading thoughts and all else was clear. In his younger days he used to write out his sermons, though I, for one, could never imagine him sitting down at a table and patiently setting down his firy thoughts on paper. He did so once here, when he was invited to deliver an eulogy on St. Patrick. But in the pulpit he found his own imagination more potent than the penned

panegyric, which had cost him so many hours of labor, and trusting in his own ready rhectoric, he electrified the congregation by a spontaneous outburst of eloquence. He was a born orator; he had a grand, sonorous, baritone voice, a fluent delivery, and a splendid action; he possessed a large fund of information, a store of wonderful rescources, and an inimitable readiness in applying them; his dramatic power was marvellous, and as a word-painter I have never seen his equal. One series of his sermons, entitled 'Groupings of Calvary,' delivered in Holy Week, were the most perfect specimens of unpremeditated oratorical art that I have ever heard. He was a sound theological student, and was thoroughly grounded in the doctrines of St. Thomas. The thousands who came to hear him preach were enthralled by a sort of magnetic power; they surrendered themselves, for the time, to the sway of his resistless oratory, and kept so quiet that I assure you you could hear a pin drop in the midst of the crowded church. He appealed entirely to the heart, enforcing his doctrines by a clear delivery and a use of gestures that were as little studied, and yet as effective, as his language. His memory was remarkably retentive; he knew every hymn in the Breviary by heart, and could repeat the 'Office of the Dead' from beginning to end. I am sure, also, that he knew Moore's 'Melodies' by heart. He did a vast amount of work during his life. At a retreat given by him in St. Joseph's Convent, Ohio, I have heard him preach three times a day for nine days, and the sermons were as finished as the best of his productions. There was nothing remarkable in his personal appearance. He was above the medium height; his forehead was low, and his complexion dark; in his clear, piercing eyes were the only indications of the great genius that was in him."

In a former volume of our Magazine we went out of our way to quote a sample of Father Burke's verse, "The Irish Dominican." A slight specimen of his written, as distinct from his spoken prose, may be found at page 260 of the fifth volume of Duffy's *Hibernian Magazine* (April, 1864). It was evidently dictated by friendship. It is a warm review of the poems of a young Cork man, who did not long survive the happiness of publishing his poems in a volume, brother to Father Condon, O. P., so well known and so much beloved in Limerick. This article, which we assign to the illustrious Dominican on his own confession — not volunteered — begins with these words: "The book before us calls back the remembrance of the dear child of genius just dead — God rest her soul! — Adelaide Proctor."

Our last relic of the great Dominican must be an account of his last moments: —

"Our dear Father Prior, as you have heard, is gone to his rest. As morning dawned on the Feast of the Visitation, his pure soul passed to the embraces of Jesus and Mary. The preceeding morning, about seven o'clock, he received for the last time the Sacraments of the Holy Church. It was most touching to hear the aspirations of love and faith which he uttered as the ciborium was uncovered and our Divine Lord exposed. In accents that betokened his lively, active faith, he would every moment say: 'O my Lord and my God!' 'O my dear Lord!' And then, turning to the Father Sub-prior and his devoted children, who sadly knelt around the bed-side of their dying Father, he asked, in words of deep humility, their pardon, as well as that of all the members of the Order, and of all whom he had offended. During the Sunday he lingered on. A faint hope comforted us — it might pass away; but as the shades of evening began to dim the brightness of the day, we were told that the end of our dear Father was fast drawing near.

"About nine o'clock we retired to bed: our eyelids would fain rest, but the thought that death was about to close those joyful eyes and seal the lips that only lisped for God, disturbed our repose. About three in the morning rapid knocks sounded on the doors of our cells and a brother entering exclaimed: 'To the Prior's cell.' All was over — the end had come; our Father had gone to join the angelic choirs. The consciousness of his eternal happiness calmed our sorrow. Neverthe-

less the scene was penetratingly sad. There lay the remains of one whom we loved as a father.

"The recollection of the pleasant hours he devoted to recreation with his poor children came to our minds; his wit, the laugh and fun his genuine humor evoked, the effort he would make that we might be happy; but, above all, the spiritual influence he exercised, made him so dear to us and now rendered his loss so sad. Never shall we forgot the instructions he delivered to us in the chapter-room. I have not a good memory, but somehow his every word has found a nest in the recesses of my soul, and I hope shall never depart. His instructions on regular discipline, on silence, and charity, are still green in my memory, and with God's blessing shall never decay. His life as a religious might be told in a few sentences. He loved with an ardent love holy obedience, and prayed all day long. It was a common saying among us, as he passed us in the garden: 'There goes Father Burke with his stick and his rosary.' He was truly Mary's child. He was born on the Feast of the Nativity of our blessed Lady, and died on the Feast of the Visitation. His last aspiration at the moment of death was 'Help of Christians, pray for us.' Tallaght was his paradise and the novices his pet children. Here amongst us one would have thought him inferior to the simplest lay brother.

"Nothing about him either in manner or dress bespoke the great Father Burke, whom every Irishman had learned to honor and revere. No! simplicity and humility marked his every action. He lived as if he believed himself the lowest of all. But the virtue that shone in him conspicuously, and which, I am sure, is the highest gem in his heavenly crown, was the extraordinary patience with which he bore the terrible inward pains with which it pleased God to visit him.

"Sometimes, while telling some funny story, he would get into an agony of suffering, and from the expression his face would wear one would imagine a sword was piercing his body; yet, no word of remonstance would escape his lips, and when he would recover his speech he used to say, 'Oh, thanks to thee, O my God!' And then immediately he would crack a joke and have us in roars. With such good humor used he to bear his sufferings, that sometimes we could with difficulty keep from laughing. No longer shall we enjoy with him on earth the sweet pleasure of association; but the day will come, please God, when we shall once again and forever join our dear Father, and with him and our dear saints sing the everlasting song."

Nicholas Thomas Burke was born on the 8th of September, 1830; professed in the Order of Preachers 5th January, 1849; ordained priest 26th March, 1853; died 2d July, 1883. May he rest in peace!

M. R., in *Irish Monthly*.

THE LABORING CLASSES. — An imporant improvement in the condition of the laboring classes in Ireland will soon be effected. Officials of the local government board have given evidence confirming the report circulated by the Irish party that a measure is to be proposed giving local authorities power to take or lease lands, whether attached to laborers' cottages or not, for the purpose of letting it to the laborers at moderate prices. The measure will also empower the authorities to make repairs on the cottages. A return has just been made to Parliament in regard to the operation of the Irish arrears of rent-act. According to this, the sum of £2,570,000, which was owing to the landlords by the farmers, has been wiped out under the act since 1882. Of this large amount Ulster gained £820,000 in remissions of rent, Leinster £250,000, Connaught £1,000,000, and Munster £500,000. The Nationalist papers, commenting upon this return, state that the land-act has already secured to the farmers a permanent reduction of rent exceeding £500,000 yearly.

A Dashing Dragoon:

The Murat of the American Army.

THERE is a name among the military heroes of America not so often spoken as it should be; but which, when spoken, never fails to strike upon the ear with an interest almost romantic. In it, the soldier recognizes the ring of the true metal; and its mention calls up the image of as fine a dragoon officer, as ever drew sabre or set foot in a stirrup.

This officer was Philip Kearney.

Was! How sad an old comrade feels in penning the past tense! Would I could say, *is!*

Alas! it cannot be. His life-blood, of which he was so daringly regardless, has fertilized the sod of Chantilly; his ashes rest in the tomb of his ancestors; and his heroic soul has passed to a more peaceful world. But for that fatal shot that made him a corpse in the saddle,* his name would now have been louder upon the lips of his countrymen. For the man who cried "cowardice or treason!" when Malvern Hill was so basely abandoned to the foe, would have led to victory had he lived; and this man was General Philip Kearney.

To say this is no disparagement to the successful leaders who survived him. I don't think there is one among them will deny, that, had Phil Kearney not met premature death, he would have achieved rank second to none, as second to none has he won reputation. And it is a reputation that will, year after year, and day after day, grow brighter; as, under the calm retrospect of peace, his deeds of warlike daring — of high chivalric heroism — become better known.

It is not my purpose to write the biography of General Philip Kearney. There are other pens better fitted for the task; and some one of them will no doubt perform this national duty. It should be a labor of love for any patriot to write the story of such a life; and there is no patriot who should not read it. I am incapable; for while Kearney was engaged in that grand struggle, that gave the latest proofs, alike of his gallantry as devotion to his country's cause, I was far away in a distant quarter of the globe.

In the lesser strife, that by something more than a decade preceded it — the Second Conquest of Mexico — I was by his side, and saw him do a deed that fixed him in my mind, forever after, as a "dashing dragoon."

It is of this deed, too little known, I desire to make record; so that it may assist the future biographer of the gallant Kearney, as also the historian of that spirited Mexican expedition — still but feebly chronicled. Partly for these reasons and partly that the eye-witnesses

* The singular manner of Phil Kearney's death is not generally known; but to describe it is a task too painful for a friend.

of those far-distant events — in their day thought stirring, and still picturesque — are gradually growing less in number.

Alas, that from among us Phil Kearney is missing! But his memory is with us; and now, for a chapter that will only recall him to the thoughts of his old comrades, but his countrymen, in all the dash, the daring, the unparalleled picturesqueness of his character.

It was the battle-field, known in history as *Churubusco;* so-called from a stream of the name, with a village upon its banks — a cluster of huts and churches, with a grand convent rising massively in their midst. It is on the famed National Road leading south toward Acapulco from the city of Mexico, and about five miles from the suburb of the latter city — the *garita* of San Antonio de Abad.

The crossing of the stream was defended by a battery on the *tête de pont*; by flanking works along the banks on both sides; and by a strong body of troops that occupied the convent of Churubusco, for the time transformed into a fortress.

It cost the American army a deadly struggle to take these works; all the deadlier that they were defended by two hundred brave Irishmen, who, as is too often the case, were fighting on the wrong side. They were deserters, and fought in despair — with the prospect of a halter if taken.*

The *tête de pont*, although desperately defended, was, at length, carried; the sooner that a brigade of gallant volunteers, sent round by the left flank, pressed the enemy at the hacienda of Los Portales. But for this it is a question, whether Churubusco would have been carried so soon.

This brigade, on its own side, had enough work to do. It consisted of the New York and South Carolina regiments.

As we stood side by side that day, our flags swayed by the same breeze, our muzzles pointed in the same direction, who could have thought that those standards should ever be seen in opposing ranks, or those bayonets ever clash in the conflict of internecine strife? Surely not one of *us*.

No; we had enough to think of without that, as our men fell, side by side, or one upon the other, mingling their life-blood together — the best of the North, as of the South.

And both flowed equally, as freely! In those days men used to talk of Waterloo and its terrible carnage. Man for man there was more blood spilled at Churubusco. The writer of this sketch was in command of sixty volunteer soldiers. When the action was over, he counted thirty-two of them lying on the grass, nearly a dozen of them dead! After this it is not necessary to say they were brave.

And it needed all their courage to carry the defences of Los Portales. There was a time when they wavered. What troops would not have done so under a shower of leaden hail, that, in addition to

* They *were* taken, and fifty of them hanged in one morning — the morning on which Chapultepec was stormed. Twenty-eight were hanged at one place. Simultaneously, and by tap of drum, were they launched into eternity. It was a terrible retribution, but could not well be avoided. On that day the fate of the American army hung suspended as on a thread, and the example was one of stern necessity.

half their numbers, laid low nearly every field-officer in the brigade? It would have been no cowardice, had they at that time retreated.

But they did not. A young officer, belonging to the New York regiment, sprang forth, and called upon them to follow him to the charge. The Irish drummer, Murphy, dashed out after; gave a soul-stirring tap to his drum; and, as if keeping time to its quick rolling, Empires and Palmettos rushed forward at bayonet charge.

The coming of the cold steel was a warning to the Mexican troops. A squadron of their cavalry, threatening a charge on our left, wheeled their horses quick about, and went off at a hand-gallop for the city; while the foot-defenders of Los Portales and the causeway of the Acapulco road, flung down their discharged *escopettes*, and scattered off through swamp and chaparal.

Still led by the New York officer, the remnants of the half-slaughtered brigade plunged breast-deep into the slimy *zanca*, clambered up the causeway, and continued the pursuit along the level road.

Exhausted by the long-continued struggle, saturated with water from sole to waist, laden with sink mud, they made but slow progress.

But at that moment there appeared coming along the causeway, a troop going quicker, that promised to take the pursuit off their hands. It was a troop of horsemen, with horses all of light gray color.*

Emerging from the smoke cloud of Churubusco, they looked like a band of angels with Gabriel at their head! It was Kearney with his squadron of cavalry.

Before the fatigued foot had time to congratulate themselves on the relief, the dragoons came sweeping past. They were going at full gallop in half of twos, the men with sloped sabres, the horses with snorting nostrils, each buried in the spread tail of that preceding him; the hoofs of all striking simultaneously on the firm crown of the causeway, as if they were galloping to set music!

At their head rode a man of slight stature, with light-colored hair, and a complexion to correspond. A long, tawny moustache, became the classical type of face, and somewhat aquiline nose that surmounted it. They were features belonging to a natural-born commander, and looked in their place at the head of a charging troop. They were the features of Phil Kearney.

The young New York officer, recognizing them as those of his gallant friend, cried out to his tired comrades: "Now, boys; three cheers for Phil Kearney! You've still breath enough for that?"

The shout that responded showed he had not mistaken their strength. Most of them were New Yorkers, and knew that Kearney was of their kind.

The dragoons had scarce passed when an *aid-de-camp* rode up, bearing a message from the commander-in-chief. It was an order *to stay the pursuit!*

* Kearney took great pride in his dragoons, and had their horses *in uniform* — a beautiful dapple gray. This had been effected, at considerable expense to himself, by exchanging the "regulation horse" for a handsomer and better.

It was given to a lieutenant-colonel — the only field-officer upon the ground. The order came upon the men like a bombshell, projected from the rear.

Stop the pursuit! What did it mean? They had put the enemy to flight; and they knew he would not again make stand to oppose them that side the city. Nor even in the city: for the scare upon his scattered troops would be sure to carry them clear through it, especially when chased by Kearney. Stop the pursuit! What could it mean? The lieutenant-colonel could not tell. He could only beg of them to obey.

They laughed at him, for he had not led them; and only looked to the lieutenant who had.

The latter listened to the order from the *aid-de-camp*: for it was at length directed to him, as the only one who had the power to enforce obedience to it.

"'Tis a fatal mistake," said he, "and General Scott will find it out in time. We have the city in our power; and it will cost more blood to get it so again."

"The orders are for you to halt!" shouted the *aid-de-camp*, who, accompanied by a cavalry bugler, galloped on after the dragoons.

"Halt!" cried the New York lieutenant, flinging himself in front of the pursuers, and raising his sword with an air of determination. It was a command that came only from a sense of military duty, and the word faltered upon his lips, as he pronounced it.

"Halt did yez say, liftinant?"

"Halt!" repeated the officer in a firmer tone.

"If *you* say halt, be gorrah, we'll do it; but not fur any other officer in the Amirikyan army."

With sword held at point, the lieutenant stood determinedly fronting them; and the men came reluctantly to a stand. They had scarce done so, when a spectacle commenced passing before their eyes, that made every man of them sad — almost mad. Back along the road came riding the squadron of Kearney; not as they had passed before, at full galop, and in the flush of a vigorous charge; but slow and dejected, as if returning from a reverse!

And in the rear rode their leader, his left arm no longer grasping the reins, but hanging by his side, like the sling-jacket of a hussar!

The tale was soon told. Some half-mile beyond the spot where the *aid-de-camp* halted us, the enemy had cut the Acapulco road, and thrown a parapet across it, with the usual fosse outside. Here a few of their bravest men had determined on making a last stand.

But Kearney, braver than they, riding at wild gallop, had leaped his horse into the work — with one spring, clearing both ditch and parapet! His faithful sergeant had followed him; both, as soon as they alighted, plying their sabres upon the enemy inside!

At that moment sounded the recall bugle of the orderly accompanying Scott's *aid-de-camp*; and the American dragoons, trained to the signal, pulled short up outside.

It was a terrible predicament. Alone within the intrenchment, surrounded by a score of assailants, Kearney and his sergeant had no

other alternative but retreat; and, wheeling right about, both headed their horses to re-leap the ditch.

Their gallant grays carried them across, the sergeant safe; but the best cavalry officer in the American army received a shot in his left arm, that caused him instantaneously to let go his bridle-rein.

It pained me to see it hanging loose, as he and his squadron filed past, going back along the Acapulco road. But the cheer that saluted his return was far more sympathetic, and not less enthusiastic, than that sent after him in his impetuous charge.

In the battle of Churubusco, as on other Mexican fields, the writer of this sketch commanded a corps of men — who were a strange conglomeration of veterans and *vieux sabreurs*. They had seen service on almost every European field, as also in Asia and Africa. They had been organized in New York city, under the *agis* of an old Napoleonic officer — the Count de Bongars. By the incidence of campaign-life they came under my command, shortly after the battle of Cerro Gordo; and so continued, till peace was sealed by the treaty of Gaudalupe Hidalgo. Among them were many cavalry men, who had been trained in the first schools, and taken part in celebrated charges. One and all confessed to me, they had never witnessed a charge so perfect, so compact, so *dashing*, as that led by Phil Kearney along the causeway of San Antonio de Abad.

To convince me of this, I did not need their testimony: for I, too, had seen something of cavalry service — enough to know that, if there be any dispute as to who is the *Murat* of the American army, it must be between two men of similar Christian names — two Philips; in short, between *Kearney* and *Sheridan*.

Music at High Mass.

THE *Echo* for July, contains a suggestive article on the constituent parts of the *Missa Cantanta*, or High Mass, and their bearings on Church music. Our readers will recall the fact that the *Echo*, published by Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati, is the organ of the American Society of Cæcilia, which is devoted to the reform of Church music. This article, a portion of which we reprint in another column, is full of ideas that deserve to be considered by all persons interested in Church music. In the same number of the *Echo* is a letter from Father Jung, earnestly begging the members of the St. Cæcilia's Association to pray that the coming Plenary Council may be divinely inspired to inculcate that Church music is not to be left to the "light-minded opinion of the individual, but is a matter of most careful ecclesiastical discipline." We are informed that Palestrina's magnificent Mass of Pope Marcellus will be sung at the opening of the Plenary Council. This seems to be a sign that Father Jungs' hopes will not be dissappointed.

It is time that some of the autocrats of the organ-loft were made to understand that the solemn words of the Mass are not mere adjuncts to the music. The spectacle of the celebrant of the Mass—the priest, at whose word God is about to descend—waiting until the "leading lady" of the choir concludes a series of *fiorituri* on Schubert's "Beneath the leaves," is shocking. And yet we have seen it more than once. It is bad enough to have to listen to that mournful air, "Flee as a bird," at any time; its Methodistical twang may be endurable at funerals, when people are supposed to be too much absorbed by grief to know what is going on, but at the Offertory, arranged as a "setting" for the "*O Salutaris*," it seems like a wretched travesty. However, it is often heard, wedded to sacred words. The "*O Salutaris*," sung to the air of "Genevieve," or the "Last Rose of Summer," in a country church, the choir of which does not know one note from the other, and which catches the music by ear, is not without extenuating circumstances. But in city churches, where the autocrat and his minions are supposed to be cultured musically, what can excuse such inappropriate innovations ?

We have become so used to hearing the trio in "Atala," that we have come almost to regard it as "Church music;" but the line ought to be drawn, even by the most liberal, at Mrs. Norton's "Juanita." It is edifying to hear the soprano warble "soulfully" the air of that well-known love-song, the burden of which is, "Wilt thou not, repenting, for thine absent lover sigh," etc.

The prima donna does not, as a rule, trouble herself about the meaning or the clear articulation of the Latin words of the hymn she thus "sets." The congregation is given a concert of secular music, as a "chromo," for assisting at Mass. The musical piece sung in the "organ-loft" is, to all intents and purposes, Mrs. Norton's love-song. *Missa Cantata* has come, in many places, to mean the Sacrifice of the Mass, "relieved" by bursts of secular melodies, arranged at intervals chosen by the autocrat.

There are many "choirs" which are elements of distraction at Mass, in spite of the musical accomplishments of their members. Mass devotionally sung by untrained children, is more useful to the devout-minded than the musical pyrotechnics which, though not discordant in a musical sense, are horribly discordant in a religious sense.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE CARLOW ASSIZES. — When the grand jury were formally sworn for the discharge of criminal business they were informed that there was no criminal business to come before them, and there was nothing left for Judge Morris to do but compliment the grand jury on this extraordinary state of things, and accept the customary pair of white gloves. We commend this little circumstance to the notice of those who deny that the Irish are a law-abiding people. Such an occurence would, perhaps, be impossible, and is certainly unknown, in any English county.

My Cot.

I.

No castle mine, only a cot — a narrow one and small,
With boughs and grass for roof and thatch, of ill-cut sods the wall;
My door was ever open wide to all that come or go,
My hut was but for summer time, nor feared the frost or snow.
The floor was kindly mother earth, my chair a bench of stone,
Where oft I sat and pondered in the old times past and gone,
And read of Celt and Arab Kings, and boys and ladies fair,
Ah! well I ween no palace with my cottage could compare.

II.

I chased the bees about the broom, got sweets, aye, and got stung,
And careless as the piping birds, like them old ditties sung;
Oft watched the fishes in the flood, the swans upon the stream,
Or basked among the blossomed whins, of coming years to dream;
Frisked with the kids upon the hill, the rabbits in the dell,
Or watched how on the broad, blue lake, the breakers rose and fell;
Or marvelled, when the sun went down, what made the stars to shine,
Say, lady, was not life a treat in that rude cot of mine?

III.

I clasped hands with the mighty dead, and saw them live and move,
And watched the wondrous games they played for empire or for love;
On Judea's hills, 'mong bearded men, and silent dark-eyed maids,
In Athens, where rapt wisdom walked thro' perch and garden shades;
Across the fields of Italy, whose fame shall e'er endure,
Because unlike to us and ours her great men could be poor;
And Erin's mighty men of yore, saint, hero, bard, and sage,
In mystic file, long side my hut, did wend in pilgrimage.

IV.

Then all the birds did sing for me, sweet in the blossomed trees,
And ploughmen gay and milkmaids fair, sang sweeter songs than these;
And fairies from the mossy rocks and willow-fringed river,
Would steal at gloaming to my door to comfort me forever.
Then I was but a child; well, well! I've travelled far since then,
And known the hopes and tasted joys that win the souls of men;
And passed thro' palaces and courts that teemed with rich and rare,
But court or castle, never one, could with my hut compare.

J. K.

Our Young Folks.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE SNOWDROP.

CHAPTER IX. — *Continued.*

A MERRY PARTY.

"Who cares? Tell if you like," he cried. "You're only a baby."

"I'm not a baby," answered five-year-old Nora, indignantly. "Sure I'm not, Snowdrop?"

"No, dear, you're not. Dermot is only making fun."

"No, I'm not making fun; I'm speaking in downright earnest," cried Dermont, and having finished his repast he lay back on the grass; then kicking up his heels he began to shout and sing at the top of his voice.

"Dear, dear, Master Dermot, but you're the trial," said nurse, crossly; "for goodness' sake, go off out of that, or sit quiet, and let a body get her dinner in peace."

"But a body is such a time," said the imp; "I have done my dinner ages ago, so I thought I would give you a little music," and he shouted louder than ever.

"Master Dermot, dear," said Jane, coaxingly, "there's a beautiful tree up there covered with red berries. Go along, and gather a lot of them; your mamma will be so pleased to get them."

"You're a brick, Jane; it's much better to tell a chap something he can do, than to go on howling at him the way nurse does. Ta-ta, as Uncle Tom says. I shan't come near you again for long enough; and I'm sure you won't weep. Snowdrop, come, and leave the babies and nurses to enjoy an afternoon nap; we don't care to keep so quiet."

"Yes, I'll come," said Snowdrop, springing up from her seat on the grass. "I would just love some of those berries. But, oh, dear! my foot is asleep."

"Stamp him about; run as fast as you can; that will wake him up. Off I go; catch me if you can my little woman," and, shouting and singing, Dermot dashed away up the side of the hill.

"Wait for me; oh, please wait," called Snowdrop, and limping as fast as she could with her sleeping foot she clambered after her cousin.

They found the tree with the pretty berries, and when Dermot had gathered all those that were within his reach, they sat down to tie them into bunches. They stuck them in their buttonholes and in front of their hats, and then began to string them into necklaces to hang round their necks.

"We'll take a necklace back to Nora, and that will console her for being called a baby; by Jove, she was angry."

"Oh, Dermot, you must not say that; auntie would be so much displeased."

"Well, but Uncle Tom says it."

"Yes, but that is different; he is a man."

"Well, and I want to be a man; so why shouldn't I say it?"

"But you are not a man; you are only a little boy; and men say things little boys shouldn't say."

"Well, that's not fair; they oughtn't to say them. But, Snowdrop!"

"Well?"

"It is disagreeable to be called a baby."

"Then you shouldn't have called Nora one."

"But she's nearly one; she shouldn't mind much. But it set me wild when those O'Brien chaps called me 'Baby;' and I felt so ashamed to be out with all the nurses and children. Did you hear them to-day?"

"Yes, indeed, I did; they are rude fellows."

"That's just what they are; but they think themselves great chaps. Look here, I'm tired of these old berries; come and we'll take a good climb up that part of the Head."

"But it looks so rocky."

"Oh, that's nothing. It's fine fun climbing; and if we should meet the O'Briens again they'll see I'm not quite such a baby as they think. We can stay away from the nurses till its just time to go home. Come along."

So off they went, higher and higher, climbing over rocks and scrambling through heather, till at last, hot and exhausted, they sank down to rest.

"We have come a jolly long way," said Dermot; "look how small the nurses and babies appear now."

Snowdrop turned round, and away far down among the trees she saw a glimmer of white frocks and nurse's red shawl.

"The little ones look like little rabbits skipping about among the ferns," said Dermot, gaily. "But, come along up higher; I want to look at the sea from the top."

"But that's awfully high, Dermot."

"Oh, no, it isn't. Do you know mamma is teaching me a piece of poetry, and the story of it is this. A fellow wanted to go up a very high mountain, oh, miles and miles higher than this, and all covered with snow. In his hand he carried a flag with '*Excelsior*' printed on it, and mother says that means 'higher.' Well, people tried to stop him for all sorts of reasons, but he wouldn't stop, and on, on he went as hard as ever he could."

"And did he get right up?"

"Oh, yes, he did; and died in the snow."

"Poor fellow; how sad!"

"Yes, it is, rather. But I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll be the fellow going up, and this will be my flag," and Dermot tied his pocket-handkerchief to a stick and held it over his head. "There was a girl in it, for I saw her in the picture; she asked him to stay with her but

he wouldn't, and off he went. Now, you can be the girl, only when I won't stop you must run after me."

"Yes; but I don't like the dying part. O Dermot, don't pretend to die; that would frighten me."

"Well, you are a silly little girl; but don't be afraid, I shan't die. You see there is no snow here, so we shall change the whole end, and make the fellow get right up to the top, and have fine fun there. So now off we go."

Then away they scampered, Dermot waving his handkerchief in the air, Snowdrop following as fast as her little short legs would allow her, imploring him to stay, to remain where he was. But, laughing merrily and looking up to the sky, the boy shook his flag, calling "Excelsior," "Excelsior." On, on they went, till at last, reaching the highest point, they both lay down breathless and tired out.

"Oh, dear, what fun!" cried Dermot; "that was a splendid race."

"Yes; but I don't know how I shall get down again," said Snowdrop. "I don't think I ever walked so much in my whole life."

"Oh, you'll get down easily enough, dear. Going down is nothing. You have just to let yourself go, and off you trundle to the bottom of the hill."

"But you might hurt yourself that way."

"So you might, if you were a duffer. But look at that yacht away far, Snowdrop; doesn't she look lovely with all her sails shining out in the sun?"

"Yes, indeed, so she does. And doesn't the sea look wide, wide from here?"

"Yes; and can't you see a lot of places from this?" cried Dermot, pointing with his finger. "Look, there is Kilteen Castle away, away among the trees; then a little farther is Dalkey, then Kingstown, and over at the other side is Delgany. Oh, the top of Bray Head is splendid for a view."

"Yes; but Dermot, I can't see the nurses and children," said Snowdrop, uneasily. "Supposing they should go home without us."

"Nonsense, child," cried Dermot, sitting up and looking towards the little glen where they had dined. "The trees hide them; but they are there, safe enough," and he lay back amongst the heather.

But this did not satisfy Snowdrop, and she gazed down anxiously through the trees. "I really think we ought to go back, Dermot, they might go off without us. Just fancy how terrible that would be."

"Well, you are a foolish child. Imagine nurse going home, when the sun is shining like this; why, she won't go for hours yet."

"But then it will take us a long time to walk back again. Do let us start, Dermot."

"Very well, then, since you are in such a hurry, let us go. But you will only have to sit there for ever so long, and listen to nurse talking or let the babies pull you about. It's twice as nice lying here. However, here goes," and springing to his feet he began to scramble over the rocks and roughest places he could find.

"Oh, pray don't go so fast," cried Snowdrop; "I feel too tired to run like that."

"Well, you are a funny one. A minute ago you wanted to go awfully fast, now you want me to crawl like a tortoise."

"No, I don't; I only want you to walk gently because I'm tired. And you might give me your hand, Dermot, just to help me."

"Very well, old girl, here you are. I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll link arms like a lady and gentleman. Won't that be capital?"

"Yes, indeed; and it will help me along so well," and laughing merrily, Snowdrop put her arm in Dermot's, and they walked sedately down the hill.

CHAPTER X.

DERMOT TAKES A SHORT CUT.

"But this is not the way we came," cried Snowdrop, when they had been walking for some time; "I do not remember this part at all."

"No; we did not come along here," said Dermot, jauntily. "This is a new road, Snow. I'm taking you back by a short cut."

"Oh, that is nice; then we shall get back in plenty of time," and quite reassured, the little girl began to gather the pretty wild flowers that grew along the way.

But suddenly Dermot stopped short, and looking wildly about, clutched his cousin by the arm. "I must have made a mistake, Snow: this is not the road at all. We shall have to go right back again."

"Oh, Dermot!"

"Well, I can't help it. I thought I was bringing you a short cut that Uncle Tom told me about; but I must have got wrong some way."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Snowdrop, letting her flowers fall to the ground; "and I am so tired, I could never walk back."

"But you must, unless you want to sleep up here all night. No one is likely to come up to look for us: they would never imagine where we have gone to."

"I wish I had never come! I wish I had never come!" moaned the little girl, sinking down upon the grass. "Oh, Dermot, why did you take me away from nurse and the children?"

"But you know very well you wanted to come yourself. You needn't put all the blame on me. I wouldn't have gone so far only those chaps laughing at me, made me long to get away from nurse. I was awfully silly to mind them, and now I can't think what to do;" and feeling greatly puzzled, Dermot walked up and down, his hands stuck deep into his pockets.

The children had now reached a lonely, rugged road that cut along about half-way down the Head, and seemed to stretch away for miles before them. On one side stood the hill, high and steep, covered with heather, jutting rocks, and clumps of small trees; at the other was a grassy bank, and what lay beyond they could not guess.

"I must see what's over there," cried Dermot, presently; and catching on by the long grass, he clambered up, hand-over-hand, till

he reached the top, where he perched himself comfortably and began to sing.

"It's very unkind of you to be so merry when we have lost ourselves," cried Snowdrop, indignantly. "Perhaps — perhaps we may never get home again."

"My dear Snowdrop, come up here," he answered gaily; "and when you have seen what I see, you will not think that likely."

"I couldn't get up there. I can't climb like a boy."

"No, I know that; but if you will give me your hand I will help you up."

"But what is the good? Going up there won't take us home."

"Yes, but it will, though. At the other side of this bank is a big large field; at the foot of that field is the wide road that leads to Bray and Ballybrack."

"Well?" said Snowdrop.

"Well, don't you see that if we were on that road we might see the others going home, and get picked up? So come along, Snow, and I'll help you climb a bit. It's as easy as anything."

"Very well; I'll try to climb up to you. But, oh, Dermot, I hope you know the way this time?"

"Of course I do, old girl. Why, I know all the roads about here like one o'clock."

"Like what?"

"Oh, that's only Dick O'Brien's way of saying he knows a thing jolly well. But heave ahoy, little cousin; give me your paw."

"It isn't a paw; it's a hand, Dermot. I wish you wouldn't be so silly. I'm not a dog!"

"Of course you're not," he said laughing. "But don't get cross. Give me your hand and I'll pull you up in a jiffy."

So at last Snowdrop resigned herself to her fate, stuck her toes firmly into the side of the bank, and stretching out her hand to Dermot, struggled bravely up over the slippery grass.

And after many minutes of hard work, puffing and panting, slipping and catching, she was, at length, safely landed on the top of the bank. Below waved a field of young corn, and through this Dermot declared they must walk in order to reach the road.

"But we shall spoil it if we do that," said Snowdrop. "We should have to tramp right through it, and that would be a pity."

"Oh, we can creep round by the edge, and that won't do much harm," said Dermot. "Now for a good slide over the grass. One, two, three, and away!" and off they went down the side of the bank into the corn-field.

"That was easily done," cried Snowdrop, laughing. "I wish we could slide home all the way to Kilteen like that."

"I wish we could, indeed. But come, we must be quick, dear. It's getting late, and we may miss the children and nurse."

"Oh, dear, that would be dreadful. Let us run, Dermot, as fast e can."

But it was hard work running, for the ground was rough and

uneven, and the little girl slipped and fell several times in her efforts to keep up with her cousin.

"Oh, dear, I have hurt my foot; I can't go another step," cried Snowdrop, and sitting down on the grass, she began to cry.

"Well, you are a silly," said Dermot, running back. "Give me your hand and I'll help you along."

"I must rest, Dermy, I'm so tired. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall we do?"

"Go down to the end of this field as fast as we can, climb the gate there, and sit on the roadside till nurse and the children drive past; then call to them to stop, jump into my little trap, and then gee up Neddy to Kilteen Castle, where we'll eat a tea that will astonish them all."

"I cannot think how you can be so gay," the little girl said, plaintively. "I feel miserable; I feel as if I should never see Kilteen, or auntie or uncle or anybody again."

"Oh, I say, don't be so unhappy, Snow, dear," said Dermot, kissing her affectionately. "Of course we shall see them again, and jolly soon, too. Holloa! here comes a big man. I wonder if he could help us?"

As Dermot spoke, a rough-looking countryman, with a pipe in his mouth, came sauntering up round the field. He was strong and broadly made, but had a good-humored, smiling face, and so the children did not feel frightened at his approach.

"Arrah, thin, my little gintleman, and what do you mean by trespassin' on Mr. Hanlon's corn-field? Sure my orders is to foine any one I find walkin' down this way."

"Oh, please," said Dermot, "I didn't know; but if you go up to Kilteen Castle, my father will pay the fine. My cousin and I lost our way on the Head, and had to come through the field to get to the road."

"And we never walked on a bit of the corn," cried Snowdrop; "so please don't be angry with us."

"Angry, is it, missy? Sure there's no one, much less Pat Mulligan, could be angry wid such a darlin' as you," and the man put his pipe in his pocket and touched his hat to the little lady. "It's some way on to the gate, an' maybe you'd let me carry ye a bit of the road, for ye look fairly done out and tired from your walk. I'll be afther lettin' ye off wid the foine this time, Masther Dermot."

"How did you know his name was Dermot?" asked Snowdrop, in surprise.

"Sure a little bird whispered it to me, missy, as I came round the field," Pat said, with a smile. "Ah, darlin', sure we all know Mr. O'Connor of Kilteen Castle, and his brave, wee son, Masther Dermot. But come along now, an' just let me carry ye for a while. It's gettin' very late, an' it's a good step back to the castle."

"Thank you; you are very good," and feeling rather nervous, yet not daring to refuse his kind offer, the child allowed the big man to take her in his arms and carry her down to the gate.

"Now, we'll have plenty of time to catch nurse and the children,"

cried Dermot, gaily, as he ran along by Pat's side. "After all, it was good fun coming back by the short cut."

"Well, Masther Dermot, if I was you I wouldn't take no more o' thim short cuts. The longest way is the way you don't know, an' you've tired this poor little lady entirely."

"Oh, she'll be all right when we get her into the donkey carriage," said Dermot, going back to his boastful tone, now that he felt safe. "I'm very quick at finding my way, Pat, I know this part of the country so well."

"Do ye, thin?" said Pat, dryly. "That's the raison ye came so cliverly down by the corn-field instead of goin' back to Lord Sheath's entrance-gate. Arrah, you're a bright lad; but ye see too far before ye, I'm thinkin'," and smiling pleasantly, he opened the gate and let the children out on the road. "Now, take my advice, Masther Dermot, an' just sit here till the nurse goes past. If ye go stravagin' about ye may lose yourselves again."

"I shall not move from here till nurse and the children come up," said Snowdrop, sinking down on the roadside. "I am so tired I can hardly move."

"I hope to goodness we have not missed them," remarked Dermot, looking uneasily up and down the lonely road. "If we have, I don't know what we shall do. How could we get home, Pat?"

"Sorra one o' me knows, sir, unless ye were to go by train. The station isn't far from here."

"But we have no money."

"No more have I, sir," said Pat, sadly. "It's mighty seldom I've a penny to spare. But what time were ye to be home at the castle?"

"About five o'clock," replied Dermot: "that's the time we have our tea."

"Bedad an' it's more than that now," said Pat. "I'm just sure ye've missed the nurses. Come along to the station, and I'll see what I can do with the station-masther. He must know your father's name, an' he'll take your word for the money, I'm certain sure."

"Oh, no; I couldn't walk, and I could never climb that big hill to the castle," cried Snowdrop. "But listen!—I'm sure I hear the sound of wheels. Here they are!—here they are!"

"Yes, I hear something like the sound of wheels," said Dermot; "but I'm afraid it must only be a cart, for it is coming very slowly, and seems heavy, and ——"

"Ye've got sharp ears, Masther Dermot," said Pat, "for sure enough, it's both heavy and slow. Look! that's what ye heard, that big gipsies' van there coming down the hill."

"Yes, so it is," said the boy, sighing. "I'm afraid nurse has gone home."

As he spoke, the gipsies' van came slowly towards them. It was drawn by a stout-looking horse, and was covered all over with baskets, chairs, tables, and all kinds of articles made of wicker-work.

A big woman in a scarlet petticoat, a bright colored handkerchief thrown over her head and knotted carelessly under her chin, walked along beside the van, and kept up a screaming conversation with some one inside.

As the lumbering vehicle, which was a kind of house upon wheels' approached the children, they became greatly excited.

"We must ask that woman if she has seen nurse and the little ones," they cried, and springing from Pat's side, they ran up the road to meet the gipsy.

"Did you — oh, please, did you — see a car and donkey carriage and three little girls and a baby and two nurses going along?" cried Dermot, breathlessly.

"Yes, I saw them," said the woman smiling.

"Oh, where — where? Pray tell us where?" cried Snowdrop, clinging to the stranger's arm.

"Where? Why, on the road, driving as fast as they could go towards Dublin."

"Oh, no, only to Ballybrack," said Dermot.

"Then they must be there by now," replied the woman. "It is a good hour since I saw them; but we came so slow, and I stopped on the road to pick up a friend who is going over to England to-night."

"Oh, what shall we do? — what shall we do?" said Snowdrop, weeping. "We have no money, and we are too tired to walk all the way home. Oh, we're lost — we're lost!"

"What way are you goin', ma'am?" asked Pat.

"On straight to Dublin," she answered. "I came down this road because I had to leave a chair with a lady that lives a little way on. But after that I must hurry, as my sister Sally is waitin' to catch the boat; so I'll have to get her up to the North Wall by half-past seven."

"Then you might give these children a lift," said Pat. "They live at Kilteen Castle, an' sure you'll be passin' the very gates."

"To be sure I'll take them with the greatest of pleasure," she answered, briskly. "Jump in, my dears. It's a slow kind of carriage for the likes of you; but it will get you home without tiring you out."

"Oh, thank you," said Dermot; "you are very good. My father, Mr. O'Connor, will pay you anything you may ask."

"Would he, indeed?" said the woman, smiling. "But I won't ask him to pay me anything. Jump in, missy; you look very tired."

"I am tired," said Snowdrop. "And, oh! it is good of you to take us home."

"Not a bit good, dearie; but I'm glad I happened to come by at the right time;" and signing to the driver to stop, she lifted the little girl into the van.

"Good-bye, Pat," said Snowdrop. "You've been very kind to us." And she put her little hand in his.

"Good-bye, Pat," said Dermot, gaily, as he sprang in after his cousin. "Don't forget to come to the castle the next time you come to Ballybrack."

"Good-bye, little missie; good-bye, Master Dermot; I'm very thankful to see you so well out of your trouble. Good-bye!" And lifting his hat, Pat made a respectful bow as the heavy cart moved on, bearing the children on their homeward journey.

"Come in and rest after your walk, Master O'Connor, and little missy, too," said the gipsy, good-naturedly. "This part of the van is only our kitchen. I have —"

"Master who, did you say, Nita?" cried a harsh, grating voice; and the children started and clung together, as a wild-looking woman darted forward, and glared at them angrily. "Who is this boy?"

"Master O'Connor," said Nita. "But he's nobody, you know, Sally, so don't frighten him. He's just a little lad and his sister that's lost their way upon the hill-side." And taking them by the hand she led them into a second compartment and made them sit down in a couple of large, comfortable arm-chairs. "Don't mind Sally," she said; "she's a bit wild at times; but I won't let her come near you. You must be hungry after your long walk. Take this; it will refresh you;" and placing a cup of milk and a piece of brown bread before each child, she went away, closing the door carefully behind her.

"Why did you bring these children here?" cried Sally, the moment Nita appeared. "Why did you not leave them to die on the roadside? You who know — you who know ——"

"I who know what? Sally, are you mad?"

"Mad! It's you that's mad," shrieked Sally. "The gipsies love revenge, and yet you would carry those children back to their father's arms."

"Of course. Why not, poor little souls? Why should I revenge myself on them? They never did me any harm."

"Not they, not they," muttered Sally; "but their friends — Listen!"

"Hush! you will frighten them. Wait till I come back." And opening the door, Nita disappeared into the inner compartment. But in a few minutes she returned, and seating herself on the floor, said, quietly: "Now you may tell me this wonderful story. But speak low; the children are asleep, and I do not wish you to wake them."

"How mighty careful you are, to be sure. You are only half a gipsy, I believe, and have none of the feelings of your race; but when you hear who these children are I think you will hardly be so anxious to spare them."

"Go on! When I know who they are you will see how I feel."

"Well, then, Nita Geetane," hissed Sally, "it was their grandfather, Mr. O'Connor, of Kilteen, that sent our father to prison for life. He hated the gypsies, and would never allow one on his estate. After this, would you be kind to his grandchildren, and return them to their father's arms? Long ago I vowed to be revenged; now I have the chance, and ——"

"Hush — say no more," cried Nita, starting to her feet. "I am only half a gipsy. Sometimes I think I am not one at all; but I may be gipsy enough to do what you want."

"That's right," cried Sally, with a discordant laugh. "It would be strange if my only sister forgot her father's wrongs for the sake of two white-faced children."

"Well, keep quiet now, Sally. I must take a walk and think it all over. If you make a noise you may wake them, and then they will escape;" and stepping out of the van, Nita left her sister alone.

"At last — at last!" cried Sally. "Everything comes to those who can wait;" and flinging herself back in her corner, she laughed long and wildly.

CHAPTER XI.

MISSING.

When Nora saw Dermot and her cousin running off together, she felt strongly tempted to follow in their footsteps, but did not dare to do so without asking nurse's permission.

"Indeed, you will do no such a thing, Miss Nora," was the answer she received. "Master Dermot is mighty free and easy, and does as he pleases, and Miss Snowdrop has always been accustomed to do the same; but you have been brought up different; so just stay where you are, and play with your little sisters."

"But they are such babies," said Nora, pouting; "and Dermot and Snowdrop always have great fun."

"Babies, indeed! Well, to be sure, what is the world coming to when a child of five calls her sisters of four babies. That's Master Dermot's talk, I can see; and he gets his notions from those tormenting young scamps, the O'Briens. Tut, tut, Miss Nora, I'm ashamed of you. Just look at those blessed lambs, Topsy and Lesbia, how good they are. Be off now, and help them to make nosegays of the wild flowers, like a good girl."

"Very well. But, oh! I do wish Dermot and Snowdrop would come back," said Nora, tearfully, and casting longing looks after her brother and cousin.

"Oh, Nora, dear, there are such heaps and heaps of bluebells growing about here," cried Topsy, joyfully. "Come and help us to make a great big bunch to take home with us."

"We can put it in mother's room," said Lesbia; "and she will be so pleased! She loves wild flowers, I know."

"Yes, so she does," said Nora. And forgetting her troubles, she fell to work to gather the bluebells and tie them up in bunches.

"It is time we were getting home," said nurse, after awhile. "There is John coming back with the car. Have you packed everything up in the hamper again, Jane?"

"Yes, everything."

"Well, then, help John to tie it on to the car, for we must start home soon. I'm just dying for my tea."

"But what about Master Dermot and Miss Snowdrop? I don't see them anywhere," said Jane, as the last parcel was stowed away, and the little ones were eager to take their places on the car. "We can't go without them."

"Of course not," snapped nurse. "You don't suppose I ever thought of doing such a thing? They can't be far off. Run up the hill a bit and call to them to come down."

"Very well! Stop with nurse, Miss Nora," said Jane; and starting off at a brisk pace she disappeared amongst the trees.

Nurse sat down on the grass, and gathering the children round her tried to keep them amused during this unexpected delay.

But at last she grew uneasy, and going over to the car began to question John as to the possible dangers of the lonely mountain.

"There're as safe, ma'am, as if they were in their own drawin'-room," he answered; "for sure it's quiet and lonesome, an' Master Dermot knows his way about as well as any one. But I tell you what he might have done: he might just have went on down the other side and gone home by train, for he's a venturesome young gentleman, he is."

"So he is, indeed. And since ever Miss Snowdrop came from London he thinks of nothing but showing off to her, just to make her think him a great fellow."

"Well, then, you may take my word for it, that's just what he's been after doin'," said John. "They're gone home, and ye'll find him grinnin' and laughin' when ye's gets to the door of the castle."

"I'll soon stop his grinnin', then," said nurse, as she lifted Topsy and Lesbia on the car; "and please goodness, he'll get as good a punishment as ever he got. Well, Jane?"

"Oh, nurse, I've been up and down. I've called and shouted, but could not get a sight of the children," answered Jane, with trembling lips. "I'm afraid the poor dears are lost."

"Not a bit of them," cried nurse. "John, here, says he's sure they've gone home by train."

"But they could n't get a train nearer than Bray station," said Jane, doubtfully. "That would be a long way for them to walk.

"Long or short, that's what they've done," said nurse, decidedly; "so the best thing for us to do is to go off home as fast as we can. Take Miss Nora in the donkey carriage with you, and let us get away."

"Oh, nurse, nurse, do let us wait a little longer," pleaded Nora; "maybe the poor children are too tired to come back quickly, and are sitting down to rest."

"Not they! Jane has been shouting and screaming everywhere."

"But still they might be too far away to hear. They will be so frightened if they find us gone when they come to look for us."

"Nonsense, Miss Nora; I suppose you think you know better than your elders. They've gone home, I'm sure. Jump in there, and let us start."

So, finding that further remonstrance was useless, Nora allowed herself to be lifted into Dermot's carriage, and, sobbing bitterly, she seated herself beside Jane.

At last they were all ready, and the little party that had entered the gates so merrily a few hours before, passed through them now looking miserable and unhappy.

"Drive as fast as you can, John," said nurse, "for I feel that anxious that I hardly know where I am."

"Keep up your spirits, ma'am," said John; "you'll see your young gentleman and his cousin very soon, never fear. I know the tricks they've been up to."

"I hope and trust you may be right," she whispered, huskily; and as Baba fell asleep in her arms, she turned to cover her up with a rug.

Her face grew white and anxious as they drove along, but not

another word did she utter till they drew up at the castle door. Everything there was still and peaceful: not a sound was to be heard but the soft roll of the waves as they broke gently on the shore below.

It was a glorious evening, and the sea and hills were bathed in a golden sunset that lent a wonderful beauty to the scene.

The castle door stood open, as usual, but not a creature was to be seen either within or without the house.

As the travellers approached, they raised their eyes to the windows, hoping to see a pair of merry faces peeping out at them from above. But no such pleasant sight greeted them, and, white to the lips, nurse entered the castle with Baba in her arms.

John rang the bell, and soon the house woke up to life. Doors banged, dogs barked, and the servants ran out to help the children off the car and hear all the news of the picnic. "Captain," the faithful house-dog, bounded from one little friend to the other, and wondered greatly at the small attention he received. But they had no thoughts for him, and looked eagerly about.

"Where is Dermot? Where is Snowdrop?" they asked at once. And when they learned that they had not returned, that they had not been seen or heard of all day, their grief and terror knew no bounds, and the little sisters began to weep and lament.

"They must be in the house. They are surely hiding from us," cried nurse, gazing about her in despair. "Go round the place and look in every hole and corner till you find them."

The servants flew hither and thither at her bidding, hunting and searching, but all in vain. The children were not to be found, and, at last, weary and disheartened, they returned to the hall, where nurse still sat rocking the sleeping baby in her arms, and surrounded by the weeping little ones.

How many hours were passed in this miserable way no one knows. But suddenly footsteps sounded upon the gravel, pleasant voices were heard approaching, and with cries of joy the little girls rushed out to meet their father and mother.

"Mamma! dear mamma!" cried Nora, clinging to Mrs. O'Connor's skirts, "Dermot and Snowdrop are lost; but now that you and papa have come home we must find them soon. Papa will surely know where to look for them."

"Dermot — Snowdrop lost? What do you mean, child?" cried Mrs. O'Connor, looking in terror from one tear-stained face to the other. "Nurse, where are the children?"

"If you please, ma'am," answered nurse, starting to her feet and trembling in every limb. "Master — Dermot — and Miss Snowdrop wandered away from us after dinner. I — thought — I was sure — they had come home. But they — are nowhere in the house. We have looked — everywhere — but cannot find them."

"Good gracious! this is alarming news, nurse," said Mr. O'Connor, trying to speak as quietly as possible to reassure his wife "But we shall soon find them. Jane, take baby up to bed. Wandered from you, did you say? Well, that was naughty. I daresay they are sit-

ting at Bray station waiting for someone to come to look for them. I am glad we came home earlier than we intended. I must be off by the next train and get them home as fast as possible."

"Oh, Jim," cried Mrs. O'Connor, "how tired the poor darlings must be. And suppose they had really lost their way upon the lonely mountain?" and she sat down sobbing on the nearest chair.

"Hush, dear!" said Mr. O'Connor, gently. "Do not be frightened. I feel sure I shall soon find them. Send these poor scraps to bed, they are so tired; and make yourself quite happy. I shall soon return with the wanderers, never fear. I have just time to catch the train down to Bray. Come, nurse, carry your infants off to the nursery and leave your mistress in peace. Good-bye, dearest." And kissing his wife and little daughters, Mr. O'Connor put on his hat and hurried away to the station.

Greatly reassured by her master's manner, nurse gathered the little ones together, and when they had kissed and bade their mother good-night, she took them off to the nursery and put them to bed. The poor children were worn out with fatigue and grief, and fondly believing that their father would find their brother and cousin, they laid their heads upon their pillows and were soon fast asleep.

But her husband's brave and consoling words had not removed all fear from Mrs. O'Connor's heart. She was anxious and alarmed, and could not but tremble for the absent children. "What can have happened them? Where can they have gone?" she cried, as she paced feverishly up and down the drawing-room. "No one would harm them, no one would touch them, I know — I feel sure. But a night upon the heather; a night in the cold, damp air would kill them, or sow seeds of an illness from which they could never recover! O my God! protect and cherish my darlings!" and, falling upon her knees, she poured forth a long and fervent prayer for mercy. And for many hours the unhappy mother remained alone, praying and weeping.

The glorious sunset had long since died away; the shades of evening crept up over the land, and as night came on, myriads of little stars peeped out over the beautiful grounds of Kilteen Castle.

"How lovely, how peaceful it all looks," sighed Mrs. O'Connor, as she raised her eyes and looked at the landscape. "How grand and noble is Bray Head, as it stands out against the sky, away, far away, in the distance. But, oh, what a cruel place for my darlings to rest upon this cold night!" and bowing her head, she sobbed aloud.

"Julia, dearest, do not grieve so much," said Mr. O'Conner, entering the room at this moment. "Do not weep, dearest;" and he put his arm around his unhappy wife.

"The children!" she cried; "Oh, Jim, the children!"

"I have had news of them," he answered; "good news; and I have come to tell it to you, lest you should be frightened at my long absence. They were not at the station, but I met Hanlon's gamekeeper in Bray; he saw the children and ——"

"Yes, but where? Oh! where are they?"

"He saw them some hours ago on the road near his master's gate. They were tired after their walk, for they had lost themselves

when they had strayed away from nurse. Th[illegible] no money to come home by train, and he helped them into [illegible]'s van. The woman promised to take them with her and dr[illegible] at their own door. But they must have gone on to Dublin [illegible]ke. John is getting ready the car, and I am going to drive al[illegible]oad and look for them."

"Gone — in a gypsy's van! Oh, Jim, they have been stolen! — they ——" and overcome with terror and anguish, Mrs. O'Connor fell fainting at her husband's feet.

"Poor darling, this is a cruel trial for you," he whispered. "God grant it may not last long, and that I may soon find those unhappy children." Then raising her in his arms he laid her on the sofa.

"Please, sir, the car is ready," said a servant at the door.

"Very well. I must go at once. Come in, Mary, and look after your mistress. Make her go to bed when he recovers consciousness;" and, pressing his lips to his wife's, he sighed heavily and hurried from the room.

To be Continued.

The Faithful Friend.

THERE is a pretty little Eastern legend about the dog which I should like to tell you, because, perhaps, it will increase your kindly feelings towards the race.

"When Adam was driven out of Paradise, all the animals that aforetime had delighted to follow him, fled at his approach. In deep sorrow he sat down upon a rock and covered his face with his hands. Soon, however, he heard a rustling in the bushes, and felt a soft tongue gently trying to lick his covered face. He looked up and met the liquid eyes of a dog brimming over with love and compassion for his fallen master, and Adam was comforted: for he found there was still one creature that forsook him not, but preferred his company to a life of wild liberty. And ever after through succeeding ages the dog has been of all animals the friend of man."

I cannot think how anybody can ill-treat so faithful and loving a companion. Especially a dog's love for children will claim a return from all children's hearts. The other day, in making a call, I saw a very large dog lying full length upon the hearth-rug. He was a Saint Bernard and a splendid fellow; his mistress was a tiny maiden of five years, who had been sent to the house with a message and the dog had followed her. "Come, Leo," said the little girl when she was ready to go. The huge creature rose in an instant and obeyed, as if he had no will of his own. And yet he could have crushed her with his paw; I might have said he could have eaten her at one mouthful; but he was content to do her bidding, baby as she was, because he loved her, and ill would it have been for anybody or anything that would have dared to molest her.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1884.

Notes on Current Topics.

CHURCH CONSECRATIONS.—The Church of St. Francis de Sales, Charlestown District, Boston, was consecrated on Sunday, the 17th of August, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York delivered the sermon. At the evening service, Rev. B. A. Maguire, S. J., preached on the occasion. The pastor, Rev. M. J. Supple, together with his brother and assistants, are to be congratulated for their efforts in paying off the debt, thereby entitling the consecration of the Church. —— The church of St. Augustine, Dorchester street, South Boston, was consecrated on Sunday, August 31, almost exactly ten years after it was dedicated to the worship of the Almighty, which last-named event occurred on Sunday, August 30, 1874. The fact of two church consecrations occurring in Boston within a fortnight, speaks well for the prosperity of the church in this vicinity, and for the zeal and energy of the spiritual guides of the people as well as the piety and generosity of their faithful flocks; for, as most people are aware, the unchanging custom of the church forbids consecration so long as the edifice is encumbered with even a fraction of debt. Archbishop Williams, with assistants, performed the ceremonies. The consecration sermon was preached by Right Rev. James A. Healy, bishop of Portland, and the preacher at the evening service was Right Rev. John J. Kain, bishop of Wheeling, W. Va. The Pastor, Rev. D. O'Callaghan, who has presided over the inception as well as the completion of the beautiful church, deserves great praise for his indomnitable exertions in bringing this grand church to the height of his ambition — its consecration. At both the forenoon and the evening services the gathering of people was tremendously large, but the ceremonies passed off without a break, and the scene was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. —— St. Mary's Church, Newport, R. I., was consecrated on the festival of the Asumption, and the 36th anniversary of the day when the first stone of the building was laid. The work of laying each stone of the entire building was superintended by Gen. Rosecrans, then a lieutenant at Fort Adams. When the present pastor, the Rev. Dr. Grace, an eminent scholar and theologian, took charge of the parish some twelve or fifteen years ago, there was a debt of $75,000. This he has wiped out. Archbishop Williams, metropolitan of the diocese; the Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Hendricken, Bishop of the diocese, who was the consecrator; Bishop Conroy, of New York, and some forty or fifty priests were present. After the ceremony of consecration Pontifical Mass was said by Bishop Hendricken, the Archbishop and both Bishops being present. The sermon was by Father McKenna, O. P., of New York.

AUG. 18, 1884.—EDITOR DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE: *Dear Sir:* I was surprised to see in *The Catholic Standard* and *The Catholic Examiner*, a poem that I wrote for Donahoe's Magazine entitled "St. Columba and the bird," copied and credited to J. K. in the *London Lamp*. This piece appeared in Donahoe's Magazine for April, 1884. I sent no copy to the *London Lamp*, or any other paper, journal or magazine, whatever, so I conclude the Editor of the *Lamp* must have been guilty of an act of literary piracy. I see *The Current* has been obliged to bring individuals to task for such conduct. This is right. I do not care to see any man parading in borrowed feathers, and least of all do I care to see an English-

man. The Editor of *The Lamp* is welcome to any verses of mine, provided he acts like an honest man, and credits them to the magazine in which they first appeared. Asking to be excused for trespassing on your space, I am yours, most truly, J. K.

IT is estimated that eighty thousand people die in London, England, annually.

THE *Youth's Magazine:*—It will be news for many of our readers among the clergy to learn that our old friend, Very Rev. George L. Willard, Vicar-General of Dakota, and whose parish consists principally of Indians, has received a new name from his congregation of red men. It is *Wan-blin-o-hiti-ka*, which means Brave Eagle. The assistant, Father Fitzsimmons, is called *Wan-blin-cika-lan*, or Little Eagle. The *Youth's-kan-i-lan-ka Magazin-o-wansi-penetonka* (which means seventy-five cents a year in advance) sends greeting to his occidental brother *Wan-blin-o-hita-ka*. Our MAGAZINE ($2) and the *Youth's* (75 cents) are furnished at $2 a year, in advance.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.—The will of the late Eliza Cody, of Philadelphia, contains the following charitable bequests to Catholic institutions: Philadelphia Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, $5,000; St. Thomas' Catholic Seminary, near Louisville, Ky., $2,500: St. John's Catholic Orphan Asylum of Philadelphia, $5,000; St. Vincent's Home for Orphan Children, Eighteenth and Wood Streets, $2,500; the Parochial School of the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul $2,000; Catholic Home for Destitute Orphan Girls, 1720 Race Street, $2,500; St. Agnes' Hospital, Broad and Mifflin Streets, $3,000. There is also a bequest of the remainder of a sum of $1,000, to Mother Agnes, Superior of the Convent of Our Lady of Angels, at Glen Riddle, Pa. In a codicil to the will, $10,000 is ordered to be given to the Rev. B. Villige, S. J., to be expended in the making of a stained-glass window to be placed in the Church of the Gesu, now being erected at Eighteenth and Stiles Streets, Philadelphia, as a memorial to the late husband of the testatrix, Michael Cody. The residue of the estate is by another codicil bequeathed to the "Catholic Archbishop of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, to establish, build and maintain a Reformatory Home for Boys, at or near the city of Philadelphia." It is said that this residuary bequest will amount to nearly $90,000.

EMIGRATION DECREASING.—Official returns of the emigration from the British islands during the six months ended June 30, show that it was considerably less than during the corresponding period of last year. The total number of emigrants during the last half year was 82,276, against 114,488 in the first half year of 1883. The emigration to Canada has fallen off in a more marked degree than the general emigration, the number being only 19,476 this year, against 27,846 in 1883.

SOME of the Journals of Belgium regard the recent elections in that country, which have overthrown the anti-Catholic and decidedly intolerant Government, as the reply of the Belgian nation to the recent Encyclical of Leo XIII. on Freemasonry.

THERE is, says *United Ireland*, £800,000 a year spent on national education, £130,000 a year on so-called universities, and £30,000 in intermediate prizes, but the higher life of the nation is none the better for it. Our contemporary adds: "The two crying educational wants of Ireland are a university system that would engender a higher culture racy of the soil, and a system of technical instruction, or, in the most literal sense of the term, bread studies, that would foster skilled industry at home, and send abroad (so long as they must go abroad at all) able handicraftsmen, instead of helpless clerks and downtrodden hewers of wood."

THE ENGLISH FLAG (says the *New York Tablet*) waved proudly and gracefully in the breeze over the entrance to the Democratic Convention, in Chicago, during its entire session, and, notwithstanding the fact that many of the delegates present were Irishmen by birth, as well as representatives of Irish constituencies, not one of them had the courage or patriotism to rise on the floor of the Convention and demand its removal.

THE births in Spain during 1883 numbered 453,000, and the deaths 418,000.

Seminary for the Boston Archdiocese.

The Pilot gives further particulars in relation to the new seminary, now approaching completion. The new Ecclesiastical Seminary on Lake Street, Brighton, will be opened to theological students on the 22d of September next, Rev. John Hogan, from St. Sulpice, Paris, being the first president. Prior to the opening, the Ecclesiastical Retreat for the clergy of Boston will take place at the new seminary on the 8th proximo.

The inauguration of a theological seminary under Sulpician management in this Province marks an important era in the history of New England Catholicity. Those of Baltimore and Montreal have hitherto been the only seminaries in the United States and Canada under Sulpician direction; and the abundant results of their labors are recorded in the annals of the mission in both countries.

The new seminary building, begun three years ago, is designed on a plan combining architectural excellence with the perfection of utility. The grounds comprise about twenty-eight acres. The building when completed according to the plans will be a quadrangle of stone faced with brick. The stone which is similar to the Roxbury formation, was quarried on the spot. Four clear stories with slated pitched roof form the front wall of the quadrangle. The rear wall is in one high story, but reaching the altitude of the second story front. The difference in height secures perfect light and ventilation to the whole interior quadrangle.

The building when opened will consist of only one-half the front, one complete side, and one-half the rear of the planned quadrangle. As occasion requires the whole noble plan will be carried out. As it now stands there will be room for eighty students in addition to those of His Grace, Archbishop Williams, the professor of the seminary, servants and others. The ground floor is reserved for class-rooms, refectories, etc. The chapel is connected with the rear wing.

The arrangement of rooms up stairs is admirably adapted for light and air; a corridor fifteen feet wide running between two lines of rooms each fifteen feet in depth, the one row being lighted from without, the other room within the quadrangle.

A square turret at the main entrance, and round and square towers at the front and rear corners respectively, give architectural finish to the building. Mr. J. H. Bassarick, the builder of the Brighton church and the Church of the Sacred Heart, East Boston, is the architect of the new seminary. The cost will fall somewhat under the estimate of $150,000. Being a diocesan seminary, it will belong to the Diocese of Boston, His Grace, Archbishop Williams, Fathers Byrne, Blenkinsop and others being the incorporators, who received a charter for the purpose last year.

Father Hogan's fame, as a director of St. Sulpice has preceded him to his new field. He will bring with him two assistant professors from Paris. Baltimore will furnish two more in the persons of Frs. Chapon and Rex. Religious Brothers from Belgium will perform the domestic labor of the institution.

Father Hogan is one of the best-known priests in this country. His name is held in benediction by the hundreds of priests throughout the whole American Continent, who have been pupils of his at St. Sulpice, Paris.

The work of the seminary will not be confined to the Archdiocese of Boston. Candidates from any part of the country who wish to take advantage of the Sulpician services will be received as students. The expense of a complete course in theology will not exceed $1,000. The sum of $5,000 would establish a fund sufficient for the education of one student perpetually. The establishment of such a fund is especially recommended to testators. Anybody making such a gift would have the right of a presentation, i.e., the naming of a candidate, who, upon passing an examination, would be accepted as a free student of the seminary. The faithful cannot show their loyalty and devotion to the Church better or more practically than by contributing of their means to the maintenance of those noble schools, wherein are trained the devoted laborers for the vineyard of the Lord.

"J. P. L." in a letter to the *Dublin Nation*, says :—There is real sorrow not only in this city (Paris) but in many a department in France, for the departure of this distinguished clergyman. For a quarter of a century, as professor and one of the

directors of the Seminary Sulpice, the Rev. Fr. Hogan was the friend and spiritual adviser of thousands of priests now on the mission. Nothing can equal their esteem and affection for him. I have heard it warmly expressed by them in Brittany, in Normandy, in the Orleans, and the Bourbonnais, in the hospitals and ambulances, and even on the field of battle. This will explain the outburst of sorrow expressed by all within reach in person and by letter from far and wide, when the news of his departure became known. The Rev. M. Hogan is sent by his order to found a seminary in Boston, and the New World will soon receive one of the most highly-gifted and pious priests that ever crossed the Atlantic. Besides the clergy who all know and appreciate him, Fr. Hogan is much regretted in the highest circles of Parisian society, though he very rarely accepted invitations, and lived entirely in the seminary. Once, however, he was forced to leave it for a short time, much against his will. In the terrible Commune his conduct was heroic, and he prevented by his energy the destruction, perhaps, of the seminary, and, in any case, of important documents. From his prison-cell, quite close to that of Queen Marie Antoinette, at the Conciergerie, he defied and brow-beat the miserable imitators of her persecutors and murderers, and narrowly escaped sharing the fate of the Archbishop of Paris. There is sorrow, too, for his departure among his own countrymen in France for he was true to them and to his native land. Poor, suffering Ireland ever held the first place in his heart. In her dark hours, and they were not wanting, he defended her and served her, as all who knew him can attest, and none more fully, than his constant friend and admirer for long years.

Father Hogan arrived at New York, on the 25th of August. He was met by Fathers Walsh and Chapin, and went to St. Patrick's Church, Brooklyn. He told The *Boston Globe* correspondent that he would be ready for the opening the 22d of September. Speaking of Ireland he said: "Knowing the degraded condition in which the poor of Ireland are kept, knowing all her wrongs, I cannot see how any native of that country can be anything but a true Irishman, and almost a Nationalist. Thank God I am an enthusiastic Irishman."

By order of the Empress of Austria a marble slab was the other day fixed in the rocks of a ravine, near Murzsteg, on the Semmering, bearing a relief of St. George and the Dragon. Just a twelvemonth ago, her Majesty, while riding across a very small bridge, high above the foaming mountain torrent, narrowly escaped a terrible accident. One of the boards of the bridge being rotten, the horse's weight broke it; and only the rider's exceeding agility enabled her to dismount before the animal, whose fore legs stuck fast in the opening, became restive. The marble slab is intended to express the gratitude of the Empress for having escaped, although it will not bear any inscription to that effect.

The Brothers of the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, have begun, with the approbation of his Grace Archbishop Williams, the publication of a quarterly paper, *The Orphan's Friend*. The first number is before us, and its excellence is a happy augury of the little journal's future. The Brothers, being forbidden by their rules to solicit alms, must maintain the homeless boys under their care by the voluntary offerings of the charitable, which come to them mainly in the shape of membership dues from the "Society of the Angel Guardian." The mission of *The Orphan's Friend* will be to forward the interests of the homeless little ones by making known the great spiritual advantages of the "Society of the Angel Guardian." Subscription, twenty-five cents a year.

Our September Issue.—The *Catholic Herald:* "The magazine is in every respect up to its usual high mark of excellence. 'I am a subscriber to several Catholic periodicals,' said a gentleman whom we know well, and whose judgment is unquestioned, 'and of them all there is not one I prize more than Donahoe's Magazine.' The gentleman was a delegate to the late convention in Boston. We admire his taste and good judgment."

Rev. D. A. Clarke, after an absence of eighteen months, has returned to the editorial chair of the *Catholic Columbian*, published at Columbus, Ohio. We congratulate Father Clarke on his restoration to health. The chair was well filled in his absence, by Rev. Father Hays.

Rev. Eugene Caffney, for thirteen years in charge of St. Thomas Parish, Thomaston, Conn., died on Saturday evening, August 30.

THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

THE Irish race at home and abroad may well feel pleased by the convention which assembled in Boston, on the 13th of August, to deliberate and coöperate with the people of Ireland in their struggle for liberty. The delegates from all parts of the country were men of intelligence and standing in their various avocations — from the judicial bench to the hard-fisted mechanic. We question if the people of Ireland could assemble a better body of men in the old parliamentary house in College Green. Then the work was done — and so well done — without division or recrimination. The convention occupied two days in its deliberations, and wound up with a great demonstration on the evening of the 14th, at which the Governor of the State presided.

Resolutions were adopted indorsing Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary Fund; congratulating the League on the success of its efforts to check enforced emmigration; denouncing the holding of American lands by non-resident aliens; congratulating Wm. O'Brien on his victory in the Dublin-Castle libel suit; commending the study of the Irish language; indorsing the colonization of the Irish people on farms; thanking the officers, committee, citizens and press of Boston; regretting the deaths of Rev. Lawrence Walsh and Hon. Wendell Phillips.

Alexander Sullivan was re-elected President, but declined, and Patrick Egan was elected. Messrs. O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis; Thomas F. Doherty, of Boston; and Maurice F. Wilhere, of Philadelphia, were then elected Vice-Presidents, by acclamation. Rev. Dr. O'Reilly was re-elected Treasurer, and Roger Walsh Secretary. Executive Committee: California, Judge M. Cooney, San Francisco; Connecticut, Peter W. Wren; Colorado, Michael Boland; Georgia, J. H. Armstrong; Illinois, Daniel Corkerry; Iowa, M. V. Gannon; Maryland, Timothy Moroney; Missouri, Patrick Martin; Massachusetts, Thos. Flatley; Michigan, Dr. Thomas O'Rielly; New Hampshire, P. A. Devine; New Jersey, M. E. Holmes; New York, Dr. Joseph F. Fox; Ohio, Judge James W. Fitzgerald; Rhode Island, Hugh J. Carroll; Tennessee, R. A. Odlum; Vermont, J. J. Hanrahan, M. D.; Virginia, Richard F. Curran; Wisconsin, Joseph G. Donnell; District of Columbia, Thomas M. Walsh; Canada, Jeremiah Gallagher, Quebec.

Rev. Father McKenna deserves great credit for the excellent arrangements made by him and his associates in the two days' deliberation.

THE electoral victories of the Catholics in Belgium has been received in Spain with the greatest enthusiasm.

DR. HOLMES claims to have received the smallest lecture fee of any lecturer in the field. He once engaged to give a lecture for $5. At the conclusion of the entertainment a grave-looking deacon came up to him and said: "Mister Holmes, we agreed to give you $5, but your talk wasn't what we expected, and I guess tew-fifty will dew."

GOOD COFFEE.—To one teacupful fresh ground coffee add one egg, and water enough to wet the coffee. Stir together; then add three pints boiling water. Set upon the stove until it boils, then set back where it will keep hot but will not boil.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—*Catholic Telegraph:* Mrs. Ada C. Bowles spoke recently at a Women's Suffrage meeting in Boston on the decline of the native American element in New England and the equally undeniable preponderance of the Irish and their descendants, remarking that the Suffrage would counteract the grave misfortune. Mrs. Bowles must have known better. She knows full well that so long as native American women violate one of God's most solemn commandments, that element will always decline. This is the "misfortune" of New England.

The *Connecticut Catholic* estimates that there are 211,914 Irishmen and children of Irishmen in that little Nutmeg State. In other words, we have more than one-third of the entire population of Connecticut.

Western Watchman, St. Louis, Mo.:— The September number of Donahoe's Magazine, edited by Patrick Donahoe, the veteran and father of Irish-Catholic journalism in the United States, is one of the very best numbers of that always interesting magazine, that has yet appeared. It contains ninety-six pages of original and selected matter on twenty-six different subjects, all useful and interesting, and all written in the most attractive style by well-known authors. Price only twenty cents. For sale at the book stores.

THE TRAPPISTS.

On Sunday, 10th August, the new Church of the Trappist Brothers at Mount St. Joseph, near Roscrea, was consecrated. The five altars were consecrated by five bishops — Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Killahoe; Most Rev. Dr. Callaghan, Coadjutor-Bishop of Cork; Right Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, Abbot of Mount Melleray, Right Rev. Dr. Anderson, Abbot of Mount St Bernard, Leicestershire; Right Rev. Dr. Berger, Abbot of Gethsemane, Kentucky. The new church is designed in a style said to be "suitable to the severity of the Order." It is in the early English or pointed style, with a slight introduction of the Norman. The church and monastery stand in a fine farm of 375 acres, offered to the Brothers by Count Moore, M. P., who purchased it at a cost of £15,000. Ten thousand pounds of the purchase money is, it is said, a free gift from Count Moore, the remaining five thousand to be paid back by instalments. The first sale of timber cut on the grounds realized one thousand pounds. The new church has cost the community £8,000 pounds. The monastery is about two miles distant from Roscrea, situated in a picturesque country. An immense concourse of people assembled there on Sunday to be present at the ceremonies and hear Archbishop Croke preach. The correspondent of a Dublin paper says: "Never, probably, since its foundation by St. Cronan in the third decade of the seventh century, did antique Roscrea behold a more stirring sight." A very large number of clergy were present. Dr. Croke took his text from the Gospel according to St. Matthew — the parable of the grain of mustard seed. Upon this text he preached a most eloquent sermon, tracing the history of religion in Ireland from the pre-Christian days, when "the roar of the tempest was the anger of the gods, the soft zephyrs were their breath, and the lakes and streams and crystal springs were but so many mirrors that reflected their face and figure," through the times when, at the voice of St. Patrick, the whole population renounced the fables and fancies of their creed, and became a faithful and saintly people, sending forth Christian missioners to Europe, up to the present moment, when Erin holds the faith firmly with both hands, in spite of all the attacks of modern infidelity. Dr. Croke dwelt strongly on the edifying virtues of the holy monks of Mount Melleray, who were here making a new foundation, whose days are spent in fasting, labor, and prayer, and bade the people, when suffering from poverty and discontent, to think of these patient, self-denying men who had voluntarily given up every natural comfort to serve God and their neighbor. Indeed, any one who has seen the good Brothers at work in their schools at Mount Melleray is likely to remember the sight forever. Nowhere can one see schools under such perfect management, brightened with such exquisite cleanliness and tasteful decoration, surrounded by trim and brilliant gardens where the most mischievously-inclined little urchin will not injure a blossom. "Not one of my lads would hurt a flower or rob a bird's nest," said (some time ago) the genial Brother in charge of the school to the present writer. "It is all training. They are as anxious to keep our beautiful surroundings perfect as I am." This is civilization, culture, which one does not find in every mountain school.

Heroism.— A young priest of Marseilles proceeded to a house in his district for the purpose of reading the Burial Service over the remains of a poor Italian who had died from cholera. When he reached the house, it was found that decomposition was so far advanced that the professional undertakers flatly refused to touch the remains. The priest, who was a witness of their refusal, divested himself of his vestments, and, with his own hands, rendered the last offices to the deceased, much to the surprise of the onlookers. He afterwards resumed his surplice and stole, and proceeded with the ceremony as if nothing unusual had occurred.

The Cholera in France. — At Mar- 27th of July, there died of the epidemic 798 Frenchmen, 322 Italians, thirteen seilles from the 27th of June to the Spaniards, nine Greeks, one Englishman, one Austrian, one German, and one American. Among the victims were forty-two nuns, one at the hospice of La Charite, two at the lunatic asylum, and nine at the convent of the retreat, one Capuchin, two policemen, three telegraph messengers, two custom-house officers, one agent of the *octroi*, and one communal school-master. The French newspapers mention an act of heroic charity on the part of some nuns in cholera-

stricken Marseilles. The nuns of "La Retraite" who live an enclosed life, have shown their deep sympathy with the sufferers outside, by a solemn offering of their lives to God as willing victims in order that the people might be spared. One of the sisters who had made this heroic act was speedily laid low by the fatal disease, and eight more quickly followed her, together with the chaplain of the convent. The Catholic papers note that the scourge has very sensibly diminished with the death of the last of this devoted band. Of course, other explanations of so many deaths in one convent were readily put forth with unquestioning assurance. It was the work of poison some said; it was gross neglect of hygienic precautions; then, lastly, it was the unhealthy position and bad condition of the conventual buildings. A commission of medical men and health officers have held inquiry and examined with care both house, inmates, and the circumstances of the fatalities, with the result that they declare that there has been no sort of "*imprudence*" on the part of the Sisterhood either as to food or act; that the Superior took even excessive maternal precautions against the cholera; that the house is in excellent condition in a sanitary and hygienic regard; that, in fine, no special cause (physical) can be adduced to explain the exceptional mortality. This from the *proces-verbal* printed at Marseilles, as quoted by *La Crois*. "Reste le sacrifice," as that journal remarks. We need only add that, be the *de facto* explanation what it may, such self-sacrifice is familiar enough in Catholic records, even in modern times. Some of our readers may yet remember how, during the night of the 13th-14th of July two years ago, when Alexandria was in flames, and the houses next the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity burning fiercely, the pious Superior, M. Gillard, a Lazarist Father offered himself at their altar a victim for the rest; how, rising from his brief prayer, he predicted in the face of all probabilities that nothing would happen to the hospital, and how the expiatory victim was taken at his word and died a month later. As to Marseilles, let us hope that the offering which it is well known the Sisters of "La Retraite" made, may touch some of those hearts terrified out of all seeming by the presence of the cholera into a loving and salutary fear of the hand which deals the scourge in merciful wrath.

THE ANGELUS.—The "Decree for the City and the World," issued by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, may be more particularly set forth as follows:—In order to gain the Indulgences for the Angelus it has been hitherto necessary to say it at the sound of the bell, and on bended knees except on Sunday. The Pope has now permitted the gaining of the Indulgences, even if people are lawfully prevented from kneeling down, and in cases where they do not hear the bell, provided that they recite devoutly, in the morning, about noon, and about nightfall, the versicles *Anglus Domini*, &c., the three *Aves*, the versicle *Ora pro nobis*, and the prayer *Gratium tuam*. In Paschal time the *Regina cæli*, with its versicle and prayer, is to be said standing, as before. In the case of those who do not remember the proper prayers, and who cannot read them, it will be henceforth enough to say five *Hail Marys*.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP RYAN.—The departure of Archbishop Ryan from St. Louis for his new home in Philadelphia, was the occasion of a farewell banquet on the evening of the 17th of August, by the Catholic priests of the Archdiocese of St. Louis. The affair was held in St. John's Library Hall, and fifty-five priests were present, Father Tobyn, of the Cathedral, presiding. It was Archbishop Kendrick's 78th birthday, but the venerable prelate was not well enough to attend the banquet. Archbishop Ryan sat on the right of the chair, and Father Elcock, of Philadelphia, on his right. To the left of the chair sat Rev. Father Reilly, chairman of the committee on address; and Rev. Father Brennan, of Philadelphia. Father Kernan, of Philadelphia, occupied the second seat to the right of the Archbishop. After the banquet the farewell address of the priests of the Archdiocese of St. Louis to the distinguished guest was read by Father Reilly. The address was printed on yellow satin, with a gold fringe border, and mounted on a gold bar. The work is most artistically done. Archbishop Ryan made a response full of feeling, and then several toasts and responses followed. The leave-taking was very affecting, the Archbishop passing around and taking each by the hand separately and wishing him good-bye. From the banquet hall he was driven to the residence of Archbishop Kendrick,

and took leave of the venerable prelate. The train containing the distinguished prelate left St. Louis on the 18th. Before the train started the Archbishop shook hands with everybody and expressed his regrets at leaving so many warm-hearted friends. As the train pulled out, the gentlemen on the platform lifted their hats, while the ladies waved handkerchiefs.

The Archbishop arrived in Philadelphia the night of the 19th, and was conveyed to the Archiepiscopal residence. The following morning the Archbishop formally assumed charge of the Archdiocese. Solemn Pontincal Mass was celebrated by Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton. The "*Te Deum*" was chanted by a clerical choir, during which nearly all the priests of the Archdiocese marched in procession before the Archbishop and made their obeisance to him. After the first Gospel, Bishop Shanahan, of Harrisburg, preached an eloquent sermon.

At the conclusion of the Mass, Archbishop Ryan delivered his inaugural address. After speaking feelingly of his predecessors in this archiepiscopal chair, he expressed solicitude for his own ability to carry on their great work. Referring to the grandeur of the imposing scene he said that to a man who knows not, or appreciates not, the genius of the Catholic religion, occasions like this may appear as those of mere man-worship on the part of an obsequious priesthood and credulous people, and that, grasping his crozier sceptre and wearing his mitre crown and almost royal purple, while men stoop to kiss the ring that weds him to his sacred office, might be dangerously calculated to engender and to foster pride and arrogance in the heart of a prelate so honored. "But," he said, "the Church, while she exalts the office, ever humbles the man. The higher we mount in her hierachy the vaster seems the horizon of responsibility that circles us, the deeper the precipices that yawn beneath us, the more lonely the vast solitudes that we tread, the greater the firmament of God above us, and the more insignificant our individual selves. To you, beloved children of the city, I come as a father. A stranger to you personally, I am no stranger in my representative character. I come with my credentials from him who said, 'Go and teach all nations. He who hears you hears me. I am with you until the end of the world.' I come to you with the shepherd's crook in my hand — the symbol of the gentle authority of the Good Shepherd and Bishop of your souls. I come with the mitre, the 'helmet of salvation' on my head, because now I must be at once protected and rendered visible to you in the great battle between the right and the wrong, the true and the false, in which, though all unworthy, I am now your leader. I come with the cross on my breast — the sign to man of salvation and civilization and victory. How great is the mission that we have to the world in this nineteenth century! All must combine to effect it. We are the teachers, but without the silent and persuasive eloquence of your personal example we shall teach in vain." In conclusion, the prelate said, "that thinking men begin to see that only in the united Christianity of the Church is there hope for the future, and as a cannon-ball rolling on the earth touches it but at one point, yet its whole weight is concentrated in that point; so, because of the marvelous cohesiveness of all the elements in the Church, each part has in some sense the weight of the whole, for all believe alike." He closed by saying, "that to God and to his flock he would consecrate what may remain to him of human life."

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, the Archbishop, accompanied by nearly all of the participating clergy, proceeded to the Overbrook Seminary, where a banquet was given in honor of the Archbishop. Covers were laid for 250 persons.

The torchlight procession on Thursday night of the Catholic societies, was one of the most imposing demonstrations ever seen in Philadelphia, between 10,000 and 15,000 men participating in it.

Never did a Prelate of the Church receive such demonstrations of regret at his departure from St. Louis, or rejoicing on his arrival in the new field of his labors.

THE IRISH CROPS.—The reports from the principal agricultural counties in Ireland show that the crop prospects have been, in almost every instance, considerably improved by genial showers of rain and warm sunshine. Harvest operations have been commenced in the southern and western counties, and the yield is described as abundant in quantity and good quality. The potato crop is in the most healthy state, and an enormous yield is expected.

The Institute Fair.

WITH that indomitable energy and enterprise which has always characterized the managers of the New England Manufacturing and Mechanics' Institute, a thorough canvass has been made of the United States and Mexico, and the result is especially gratifying to all who are interested in the development of New England and her honored institutions. With one accord the entire South and West have responded to the invitation of the Institute, and the choicest gems of art, the grandest achievements of scientific research, the triumphs of ingenious mechanical skill, and the agricultural and mineral wealth of the land, are accumulated in one grand exposition for the delight and instruction of those who visit the Institute Fair. The wonders of Mexico, that land of weird romance, will for the first time be unfolded to Northern gaze; and these exhibits, while only a fraction of this mammoth exposition, will be viewed with mingled feelings of wonder, surprise and delight. Among them are 170 specimens of ores from the states of Queretaro, Hidalgo, Guerrero, Michoacan, Mexico, Durango, Jalisco, Zacatecas, Vera Cruz, Puebla, Chihuahua and Sonora: 104 varieties of woods, principally from Michoacan and Vera Cruz; 30 varieties of fruits from Orizaba and Cordoba, canned by a native Mexican; fibers, raw and manufactured, from San Luis Potosi; leather of excellent quality and finish from Guadalajara, and over 350 styles of pottery from the same place; jellies, preserved fruits and Indian work from Morelia; feather pictures, rag figures and curious Indian work from Mexico and Morelia; 70 styles of baskets from Toluca; coffee and sugar from Cordoba and Uruapan; scarfs and rebozos from Leon, zarapes from San Miguel and Saltilla; building stone and tiling from Mexico and Guanajuato; canes and glassware from Apizaco; silver and filigree work from Mexico; sombreros, saddles and harness from Mexico and Leon; iron ores and castings from Durango; 160 choice plants from all parts of the republic; stuffed birds and painted and enamelled ware from Patzcuaro: fruits and dulces from Mexico; pulque from Apam, bottled by the Sciandras process; membrillo of quince wine from Mexico; corn, wheat and all Mexican grains; straw pictures, curios and marble from Pueblo; and, more valuable than all other objects collected, a full line of paintings by Mexican artists.

A Mexican adobe house, 125 feet long and 180 feet wide, with a second patio in the rear, is being erected in a prominent place within the Exhibition building, and furnished in Mexican style, and adorned with fountains, and flowers, etc. Four native Mexicans have contracted to come to Boston and take charge of all the arrangements. The art gallery will be under the charge of a Mexican artist.

The capacity of the art gallaries has been increased by the addition of an annex larger than either of the former galleries. The magnificent collection of paintings, crayons and portraits includes the famous picture, "Battle of Lookout Mountain," the property of the heirs of General Hooker; "The Nymph Bathers," by Bougereau; "The Landing of Ponce de Leon," by Thos. Moran, and other notable works of art. The most important manufacturing firms of the country, the leading dealers in various branches of trade, and hundreds of inventors find at the Institute Fair a magnificent opportunity for display and comparison; while the public verdict as to the relative merits of competitive exhibition can here be reached in the most direct and unqualified manner. Among the important improvements is the establishment of a Press parlor, where the newspapers of New England can be represented, and where business or social relaxation can, at will, be followed. Independently of the usual excursion rates, arrangements will this year be made for special rates to Sunday schools, public schools and associations, and correspondence on this subject should be addressed to Mr. John M. Little, chairman of committee on conduct of Fair, or Mr. John F. Wood, treasurer and general manager, Institute Fair Building, Boston. It has been decided to make certain alterations whereby a few more exhibits can be received; and persons desiring to be represented can obtain full particulars by addressing the general manager, as above. The Fair opened Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 3, at 2 o'clock, and closes Saturday, Nov. 1, at 10 o'clock P. M.

REV. FATHER ELIOT, a Paulist Father of New York, some time ago returned after a long absence on mission. On the day of his return he was summoned to the parlor by a visitor who wished to see him on particular business. He descended, and inquired the the nature of the business. "Oh, none, Father!" said the visitor; "none whatever. I just called to see you for the purpose of having a little chat." "Oh, you did?" said the Paulist preacher. "Well, I regret that I am unable to chat with you. I have no time to devote to chatting, but I will kneel down and repeat the rosary with you." And he did, and it is said that the visitor called no more to have "a little chat."

THE Rev. James Callaghan, of Montreal, has informed a representative of the *Witness* of that city that since 1839 no less than 715 converts from Protestantism have been baptized at St. Patrick's sacristy; and that from March 15, 1875, when Father Martin Callaghan took hold, 408 have been received into the Church publicly by that clergyman alone.

THE marriage of Mr. Timothy McDonnell and Miss Mary Roche, both of Quincy, Mass., took place at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 26th of August, in St. John's Church, in that town, in the presence of a large throng of relatives and friends, Rev. Fr. Roche officiating. The bride was becomingly attired in brown silk, cut en train, with the customary white veil and orange blossoms. Mr. Timothy Lennon was best man, and Miss Tracy McDonnell acted as bridesmaid. At the mass which followed the ceremony, Rev. Francis Friguglietti officiated as celebrant; Fr. McDonnell, deacon; Fr. Roche, sub-deacon. At the close of the ceremonies, Mr. and Mrs. McDonnell left for New York on a brief tour. On their return they will hold a reception. Mr. McDonnell is of the well-known granite firm of McDonnell Bros. of Quincy.

WEDDING CHIMES.—On Thursday morning, Aug. 21, immediately previous to the celebration of a Nuptial High Mass at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Dr. John R. Gillespie of Brooklyn, N. Y., was married to Kate C. McCorry, daughter of Peter McCorry, editor of the *Catholic Herald*, by Rev. Francis Delargy, C. SS. R. The brides maid was Miss Mamie Gillespie, sister of the groom, and the groomsman was Mr. Andrew Dalton of Brooklyn. The bride was dressed in pearl white cashmere, trimmed with star and point lace; the bridesmaid in a dress of similar material, elaborately trimmed with Limerick lace. After the marriage a reception was tendered the bridal couple at the residence of the bride's father, 1470 Tremont street, at which were present Mrs. Catherine Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel O'Loughlin and daughter Mamie, Mr. and Mrs. James Murphy, Lawrence, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. McDowell, Roxbury; Mrs. James Devine, Roxbury; Miss E. McGowan, organist of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and members of the choir, Mr. William Kenefick, Mr. Charles S. O'Neil, Mr. James Murray, and the employees of the *Catholic Herald* office. Brief visits were made by Very Rev. Father Provincial of the Redemptorists, Very Rev. Father Rector Henning and Rev. Fathers O'Brien and Delargy Among the presents to the bride were a solid silver breakfast service set from General and Madame MacAdaras, a beautiful gold chain from the bridesmaid, a set of silver spoons from Miss Dora Cummiskey, Lowell, Mass., and a handsome silver cake basket from Mr. and Mrs. James Murphy. Other presents were costly and very beautiful. Letters and telegrams containing congratulations continued to arrive during the day. The newly-married couple started on their bridal tour at five o'clock.

THE late Empress Maria Anna bequeathed a rare and valuable legacy to the treasury of the Dom of Prague, consisting of a magnificent bouquet of thirteen golden roses in a golden vase of old Roman workmanship. The vase stands on a square pedestal likewise of pure gold.

AS A PREVENTIVE of Asiatic cholera, Dr. Constantine Hering, in his "Homœpathic Domestic Physician," says: "The surest preventive is sulphur; put half a teaspoonful of flowers of sulphur into each of your stockings and go about your business; never go out with an empty stomach, eat no fresh bread or sour food. Not one of the many thousands who have followed this my advice have been attacked by cholera."

Personal.

IT is announced that the Rev. J. Brown, Parish Priest of Piercetown, Wexford, has been appointed by the Pope bishop of Ferns, to succeed the late Dr. Warren.

THE Rev. August J. Schulte, of Philadelphia, has been appointed pro-rector of the American College at Rome. He is a very young priest, and was ordained only last year.

MONSIGNOR LORD PETRE will take his seat in the House of Lords during the autumn session. He will be the first Catholic priest who has sat there since the Reformation.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, whose health some little time ago caused anxiety to his friends, has quite recovered his strength. His Eminence was able to attend the annual Speech Day at Ascott College, and also to be present at the Edgebaston Oratory School Latin Play, where he was surrounded by many of his old pupils, including the Duke of Norfolk.

THE Queen has appointed the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, late Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, Maynooth, and Coadjutor Bishop Designate to the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, Lord Bishop of Clonfert, a Senator of the Royal University, in room of the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, President of Maynooth College, who recently resigned his seat on the Board.

THE Archbishop of Sydney, after a few days' stay in London — during which he preached a sermon at the French Church — set sail for his new Diocese, followed by the good wishes and prayers of a great multitude of persons. Before leaving, his Grace, accompanied by Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, and Mr. George Errington, M. P., had an interview with Lord Derby at the Colonial Office, and afterwards he visited the House of Commons, where Mr. Childers and Mr. Gladstone were presented to him.

THE will of Sir John James Ennis, Bart., M. P., J. P., D. L., late of Ballinahown Court, Athlone, county Westmeath, and of 36 Curzon Street, Mayfair, has been proved by his cousin, Mr. James Reynolds Peyton, one of the executors, the value of the personalty amounting to over £14,000. The testator gives diamonds and jewelry to the eldest daughter of his sister, Mrs. Waterton; £500 to Mr. Peyton; a like amount to his agent, Thomas Quin; £100 to his valet; £10,000 to Miss May Ram (daughter of Mr. Stephen Ram), charged on his estates in Westmeath; and an annuity of £300 to Miss Margaret Henry (daughter of the late Mr. Henry David), charged upon his Dublin estates. He devises Ballinahown Court and his Westmeath estates to his sister, Madame O'Donoghue, wife of The O'Donoghue, M. P., for her life, and to her issue in tail; his Meath estates to his sister, Mrs. Waterton, for her life, and to her issue entail; and his estates in Dublin, county Carlow and Galway, to his sister, Mrs. Power, for her life, and to her issue entail. His plate he leaves to go as heirlooms with Ballinahown Court, and his residuary, real and personal property, to George Henry Cavell, who, however, predeceased the testator.

REV. PETER J. BLENKINSOP, S. J. celebrated his Golden Jubilee on the 15th of August, the feast of the Assumption. He was pastor of St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, between the death of Father Barbelin, S. J., and the appointment of Father Ardia, S. J., and the event was celebrated by the parishioners of that church. On behalf of the children of the Sunday School, the Rev. P. Aloysius Jordan, S. J., presented him with a set of Breviaries. On behalf of the gentlemen, Mr. Joseph P. Goudy presented a very massive and beautiful gold-headed cane. Then the ladies offered a finely-finished gold snuff-box. The religious celebration of the event took place at the Church of the Gesù on Sunday. Father Blenkinsop celebrated the late Mass. After the Gospel, Rev. Edward D. Connolly, S. J., now at St. Joseph's, but soon to assume the duties of Professor of Literature in Georgetown College, preached on the occasion. Father Peter's brother is pastor of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, South Boston. His sister is the Superioress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, and resides at the old establishment of the Order, St. Joseph's, Emmittsburg, Maryland, was was present on the occasion.

Political Opinion.

IT IS just possible that had there been less anti-Irish Bragg in that Chicago convention, there might be more hope in Democratic ranks to-day.—*Catholic Union and Times.*

A GREAT DIFFERENCE. — "What is the difference," asked a stranger, "between the Republicans and Democrats?" "One hundred and thirty thousand offices, my friend."

BE INDEPENDENT. — "The hope of the Irish race in America," says Bishop Ireland, "lies very largely in the capability of the Irish to assume an independent attitude in politics."

HAS it come to this, that a nation of sixty millions is reduced to a choice of chief magistrate between two tainted men, the one on account of his private life, the other of his public life?

THE fare on the elevated road in New York is five cents between the hours of 5.30 and 8.30 A. M. and from 4.30 to 7.30 P. M. The veto of Cleveland did not affect the laboring man.

D. MANNING, the Albany "boss," who is the power behind the Grover Cleveland throne, is of Catholic parentage, and served in youth as an altar boy at St. Mary's, Albany. Manning subsequently renegaded, and now regularly attends a Protestant church.

Worcester Daily Times: How can a soldier hesitate a moment between Cleveland, Blaine, and Butler? The two first sent substitutes to face the dangers that beset the country in 1861. Gen. Butler sent no substitute; he went himself and induced thousands to go with him.

The Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo N. Y.: "Whether Buffalo's distinguished son is destined for that honor (President) we cannot tell. But if his candidacy be as popular with the American public as it is with the British public, judging their sentiment by the British press, he will be elected."

Worcester Daily Times: The "Representative Irishmen" of Massachusetts is what the *Herald* calls the Irish-Americans that addressed the Boston meetings Friday evening. "Yes," said an independent, "they represent the Irish when there are any offices or honors to be distributed."

Catholic Citizen: Upon the whole, it would not be a matter of regret if the Irish-American voters could get on both sides of the fence and not herd too unanimously in the Democratic fold. But to "go over to Republicanism" on such a silly plea as that "the Democratic party favors a free trade policy opposed to the interests of the workingman," is to merit the ridicule of all men of common sense.

WHAT WILL THEY DO? — The greater part of those Irish-Americans who are now shouting for Blaine wanted Ben Butler nominated at Chicago last month, and declared they would vote for him in case he was. Now that Ben puts himself on the track, it will be interesting to watch what these individuals will do. Will they continue to whoop her up for Blaine, or will they throw the "Plumed Knight" overboard and shout for Butler? Time will tell shortly.

WE fully agree with the Richmond, Va., *Catholic Visitor*, that there is, in the present Presidential campaign, great danger, when articles recommending any special candidate appear in Catholic publications. We believe, continues the *Visitor*, that there is no such factor in our politics as a "Catholic vote." Catholics used, for reasons long since understood and passed, to mainly support the Democratic candidate; but, of late years, they have divided considerably; and, under present circumstances, it seems to us, should be permitted to cast their vote conscientiously for whichsoever candidate will carry out the policy thought best for the interests of the country by each voter. The *Visitor* thus concludes, with which we heartily agree: "The Catholic Church, as the Kingdom of God on earth, utterly ignores the petty squabble of earthly powers; her children have no right to try to do the impossible — to use her as a lever in political strife — and woe betide the man and men who endeavor to do so. She asks no favors from men; all she wants is simply the right to save men's souls, and this she will have no matter who is at the head of the Government."

THE Dublin Daily *Freeman* on most questions may be said to voice the sentiment of Ireland. Speaking of Cleveland's nomination, this influential journal says: "The nomination of Governor Cleveland by the Democratic convention at Chicago has given profound satisfaction to the English press. They recognize in him a friend of the British interest and an enemy of Irish sympathies, so that for the first time for twenty years we shall have the weight of English influence — such as it is — thrown with the Democratic party in the struggle for the Presidency."

THE CHURCH AND POLITICS. — In an address delivered a few weeks ago in Cleveland, Right Rev. Bishop Gilmour declared that "the Church can have no association" with any "political organization." It is outside her sphere, and no matter how lawful or praiseworthy in itself, she can be no partner in it. Referring then to associations of Catholics, he said: "Nor can societies calling themselves *Catholic* be mixed up in politics, nor in political movements, no matter how laudable or fitting the political issues may be. Politics and religion should be separated, *except where they are brought into contact on common issues.* Beneficial societies have no needed connection with politics, and as *Catholic* beneficial societies can have no connection with politics."

"SEWER RATS." — "A nomination which suits the narrowest men the Republican party ever held, which draws to its support in this State and city the men who claimed the bulk of the Democratic party were sewer rats; a nomination which suits the aristocracy of England and America, and which has been made to suit them, cannot, and ought not, suit the Democracy of this country, and certainly cannot be supported by me. I am for the candidate of the common people, General Butler, and I believe the common people of the Democratic party believe in him, and will vote for him in November." — *Representative O'Neill of Boston.*

THE TAMMANY PRODIGAL. — From the *Chicago News:* "Mr. Kelly, will you tell me confidentially why you don't pitch in and help the Democrats?" "I'm going to when the time comes." "But why did you go out of the party in the first place?" "Young man, there was once a lad who ran away from home in a miff." 'What of it." "He stayed away long enough for his folks to think he was gone for good." "What has that to do with the case?" "Young man, when that lad came back home they were so glad to see him they gave him the fattest calf on the farm." And Mr. Kelly looked over toward the city buildings and walked on.

REPUBLICAN "GOOD FORTUNE." — "The friends he has made"—The value of a certificate of character from *Harper's Weekly.*—Des Moines (Ia.) *Register* says: "The reason of *Harper's Weekly* — whether it be that of conscience or compensation — is good fortune for the Republican party in one respect. It rids it of a venemous enemy of Irishmen and Catholics. For many long years, and, indeed, ever since Nast has dominated it with his pictures, it has been brutally offensive to the Irish people and to the Catholic Church. It has constantly struck all Irishmen in the face with the full width of its hand, has ceaselessly given to Irishmen in its caricatures faces like beasts, and as constantly derided the Catholic Church. Its caricatures of Ireland's sorrows in the mass have been as unrelenting as they have been cruel, and its derision of Irishmen in America fully as brutal. Its onslaught on the Pope, its caricatures of him and the sacred ceremonies of the Church, have all been shocking to fair play and repugnant to the American sense of decency. There is not the least doubt that its brutality towards the abuse of Irishmen have done more than anything else to keep New York city Democratic, and to drive the Irishmen, as a mass, into the Democratic party."

NEW YORK *Freeman's Journal:* Mr. Cleveland, if elected by the votes of Democrats who — to use a Western expression — *stick clothes-pins on their noses* in going to the polls, will be an exceedingly weak and unhappy executive on March 5, 1885, if confronted by a sturdy Democratic Senate and House of Representatives. Therefore, as Democrats, use the clothes-pins rather than break ranks. But once more let us say, except as effecting the general welfare, Catholics have nothing to lose and nothing to gain, by the success of one or other of any candidates for the Presidency.

THE *Worcester* (Mass.) *Daily Times* has placed the name of Benjamin F. Butler at the head of its columns for President.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

DRIFTING LEAVES, By M. E. Henry. Price 75cts. A beautiful volume of poems, by a young lady of fine poetical ability. Memories of Mary and Magdalen are particularly fine. The book is neatly gotten up.

John Murphy, & Co. Balt. & N.Y.

LIFE OF SISTER SAINT PIERRE, a Carmelite of Tours France, written by herself. By Rev. P. Janvier. From the French. Approved by the Archbishop of Tours.

The Archbishop of New Orleans gives this recommendation to this book: "I have read this book with great interest, and will be glad to see it rapidly diffused among the faithful, who will find it a treasure of edification and instruction calculated to inspire them with devotion to the Holy Face, and zeal to emulate the work of the Reparation for blasphemy and the profanation of Sunday." We strongly recommend this book to our readers. It is sold for the benefit of the convent of Descalced Carmelites in whose chapel the Confraternity of the Holy Face is canonically established. Letters may be addressed to Rev. Mother Prioress, 134 Barrack St., New Orleans, La. The price of the book is $1.50, and may be had at the Convent and of Catholic book-sellers.

Fowler, Wells & Co.

THE FALLACIES in "Progress and Poverty" in Henry Dunning McLeod's "Economics" and in "Social Problems," with the Ethics of protection and free trade, and the industrial problem considered a priority. By Wm. Hanson. Price $1.00.

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

SISTERS MANUAL for the use of Communities of The Third Order Regular of St Francis of Assisi, containing their rule and a practical explanation thereof. By Clementinus Deymann, O. S. F., priest of the Sacred Heart of Province. Price 60cts.

MODERN SCIENCE VIEWS, and CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES COMPARED. By Rev. John Gmeiner, Professor in the Theological Seminary at St. Francis. Price in paper covers, 50cts. Five copies to one address $2. Bound in cloth, 75cts. Address, Prof. John Gmeiner, St. Francis, near Milwaukee, Wis.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE *Western Watchman:*—Father Corrigan has received a letter from Cardinal Jacobini informing him that his book, "Episcopal Nominations," had received the official inprimatur in Rome. An Italian edition has appeared simultaneously in Florence and Rome. Twenty years hence people will wonder that there should have been even an occasion for the writing of such a book.

THE Holy Father has ordered a special edition of 30,000 copies to be printed of M. H. des Honx's work. "*L'action immediate contre la Franc Maconnerie.*" The book was originally published in the form of articles in the *Journal de Rome.*" Another work with the same aims, published in France by M. Joseph Denais, a well-known Catholic journalist, under the title of "Freemasonry, its secrets and oaths," has had a considerable success, and is about to be translated into Italian.

THE September Manhattan has, from the pen of a Russian lady residing in Florence, an illustrated, historical and descriptive account of the Company of the Misericordia in that city, an institution which has lasted for more than six centuries, and in which are enrolled all the men of the Tuscan capital.

REV. MOTHER MARY FRANCES CLARE announces in the English Press, a new work, "A Visit to Rome and to the Principal Shrines of Italy and France," with the "Life of His Holiness Pope Pius IX." This valuable work will be published in twelve monthly parts, at 2s. 6d., each part in order to place it within the reach of all classes. Those who wish to subscribe for this work, are requested to send, as quickly as possible, to Rev. Mother Mary Frances Clare, St. Francis Xavier's Convent, Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire, England.

MUSIC.

Spear & Dehnhoff, New York.

"Where Art Thou, My Queen?" song, words by Sweet Briar, music by J. B. Montell. "By the Old Willow;" words by Sweet Briar, music by J. Balloutell. "Sleep Little Darling;" words by George Cooper, music by W. H. Reige.

AT a schismatic council of the Old Catholic sect held at Baden-Baden under the presidency of Dr. Reinkens, St. Bernard was claimed as the first "Old Catholic!"

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

REV. JOHN B. O'DONNELL of East Boston, formerly pastor of Star of the Sea Church, died Friday, Aug. 22, after a protracted illness. Father O'Donnell was born in Dublin, educated at Maynooth, and upon emigrating to this country, some fourteen years ago, was assigned by Archbishop Williams to duty at St. Joseph's Church, Roxbury. He subsequently was connected with churches at Lowell, Somerville, and in this city, and three years ago was appointed pastor of the Star of the Sea Church. Upon his retirement from the pastorate of his church, about a year ago, owing to failing health, his brother, Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, was appointed as his successor. The deceased clergyman is feelingly lamented by his parishoners, for whose welfare, both spiritual and temporal, he ever labored with zeal and fidelity. The funeral, which took place on Monday, Aug. 25, was largely attended.

IT is sad and really painful to relate the death of the good and genial Father J. P. Smith, of Edwardsville, Illinois, who, on Thursday last, met his death in the most fearful manner. It is supposed he was seized by an apoplectic fit while drawing a bucket of water from an open well, and fell forward to an untimely grave.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of Rev. Father Deleage, O. M. I., which took place in Ottawa, Canada, Aug. 1st. Father Deleage had been for thirty-five years a missionary on the Gatineau, at the Desert, and in the Hudson Bay country. He was a most devoted and successful missionary. In him the Oblate Fathers lose a holy priest.

WE regret to record the death of the Rev. John Aylward, the chaplain attached to Ford Cemetery, Liverpool. Born at Gaulstown, County Waterford, in 1830, he was educated at Maynooth College, and immediately after his ordination, at the age of twenty-three, became attached to the Liverpool diocese. In May of this year a visit to Ireland was made, and there Father Aylward breathed his last at the house of his brother, Bishop's Hall, Ferry Bank, Waterford.

BROTHERS.

THE Superior of the Christian Brothers, Jean Pierre Cazaneuve, died at Paris recently. Born in the Pyrenees in 1814, he joined the Brothers in 1837, and was elected Superior in 1875.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE BROTHER.—The death is announced, from Dubuque, Iowa, of Brother Barnaby, of the Meleray Monastery at the age of ninety years. He was one of the founders of the institution. It has been his home ever since it was built. He was the oldest member of the order of La Trappe, and was a near relation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Grace, of St. Paul.

SISTER.

SISTER GONZAGA FEUSTEL, a member of the Order of Sisters of Charity, sweetly fell asleep in our Lord in the House of the Community, at St. Vincent's Infant Asylum, New Orleans, August 2. In her death the Order has lost a most zealous and devoted member. Sister Gonzaga was born in Baltimore, Md., about thirty-four years ago. At the age of nineteen she entered the Order of Sisters of Charity, of which she was ever an edifying member.

LAY PEOPLE.

CHARLES CROWLEY, aged 104 years, died at Suncook, N. H., recently. He was born in county Cork, Ireland, had resided in this country for the past thirty-five years, and was, at his death, the oldest person in New Hampshire.

CAPTAIN PHILIP J. RYAN, died at Springfield, Mass. He was born in Dublin. He served in the War for the Union, rising from private to the rank of captain.

COLONEL JAMES KELLY, an old, well-known and popular resident in Virginia city, Nevada, died of apoplexy, on the 4th of August. The stroke came upon him about 5 o'clock, and, notwithstanding the efforts of his physicians, resulted fatally a few hours later. Some time ago at

Gold Hill he was afflicted with the same disease, but recovered after a hard struggle. A few weeks ago he ruptured a blood-vessel in his leg, and was nearly well, when the fatal stroke overtook him. Col. Kelly was a long time resident of Virginia City, and was favorably known by all. He was about forty-six years of age and leaves a wife and one child.

THE death of Mrs. Ellen Woodlock, of Cork, a devoted friend of the poor, one of those rare Christians who find their chief happiness in the incessant effort to benefit their needy or afflicted fellow-creatures, recently occurred in Cork. Mrs. Woodlock was the sister of the famous Father Prout, and a member of the highly-respected family of the O'Mahonys of Cork.

FROM Cork also comes news of the death of Alderman Nagle, son of the late Mr. Pierce Nagle of Anakessy, near Mallow. In the legal profession he stood high as a Parliamentary lawyer, but was best known as having instituted several public works in the city. He was the originator of the Cork Exhibition of last year. Mr. Nagle was related to the great Edmund Burke, Burke's father having married Mary Nagle, member of an ancient family in the county of Cork, to which belonged also Richard Nagle, James the Second's Attorney-General for Ireland. The Nagles were also connected with Edmund Spencer, the poet's eldest son having married an Ellen Nagle of the same family. The Nagles were at all times Catholics, and here it may be noted that Burke's wife, Mary Nugent, was also a Catholic.

SIR JOHN LIONEL BURKE of Glinsk, county Galway, who died a few weeks ago aged sixty-five, was the only surviving son of the late Sir Joseph, whom he succeeded in 1865. Sir Lionel lived and died unmarried, and is succeeded as thirteenth baronet by his kinsman, the Rev. William Burke, eldest son of the late Mr. William Burke, of Knocknager, county Galway, and of his wife, Fanny Xavier, daughter of Mr. Thomas Tucker, of Brook Lodge, Sussex. The new baronet who was born in 1831, is a Catholic priest.

AN Irish parson draws the following roseate picture of the condition of things in Ireland: "Laws are now in force giving the tenants a fixed lease which cannot be changed at the landlord's will, and places the tenant in undisturbed possession for a long term of years. Improvements are allowed to stand to the credit of the tenants, and rents have been greatly reduced — 20 to 30 per cent. Land owners are beginning to offer their tenants permanent titles to their lands, on long time and at reasonable rates of interest. Gladstone has included Ireland in the new Franchise bill, which practically gives every householder a vote in Ireland, as well as England and Scotland. This bill has passed the Commons. All these and numerous other benefits now enjoyed by the Irish people have resulted solely from the noble efforts of Parnell and his coadjutors in the House of Commons, and warrant the assertion that Ireland's present condition is better than ever before in this century."

MR. BLAINE in his letter of acceptance defines his views on the question of the rights of American citizens abroad as follows: "The name of *American*, which belongs to us in our national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism. Citizenship of the Republic must be the panoply and safeguard of him who wears it. The American citizen, rich or poor, native or naturalized, white or colored, must everywhere walk secure in his personal and civil rights. The Republic should never accept a lesser duty — it can never assume a nobler one — than the protection of the humblest man who owes it loyalty — protection at home and protection which shall follow him abroad into whatever land he may go upon a lawful errand."

MICHAEL DAVITT announces his purpose to remain in Ireland until after the general parliamentary elections.

CONSUMPTION CURED. — An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human sufferings, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this MAGAZINE. W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XII. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1884. No. 5.

A Backward Glance at the City of the Pale.

" Mais une ville comme Paris est une crue perpetuelle. Il n'y a que ces villes-là qui deviennent capitales. Ce sont des entomoirs où viennent aboutir tous les versantes geographiques, politiques, moraux, intellectuels d'un pays, toutes les pentes naturelles d'un peuple, des puits de civilisation pour anisi dire et aussi des égouts, où commerce, industrie, intelligence, population, tout ce qui est sève, tout ce qui est vie, tout ce qui est âme d'une nation filtre et s'amasse sans cesse goutte à goutte, siècle à siècle." — VICTOR HUGO, *Notre Dame de Paris.* " Le temps est l'architecte, le peuple est le maçon." —*Le même.*

THE individuality of Dublin to-day is less marked than it was a hundred years ago, and even then though larger, brighter, and, in a modern sense, more beautiful, the strong charcteristics of Dublin, as late as the seventeenth century, were gradually merging themselves in the outline of a modern capital. If one considers the unpurchasable beauties of old, old streets, antique buildings, sudden patches of unused ground within the town walls, grim towers rising in the night-air in blackened guardianship over the sleeping inhabitants, quaint and mysterious remnants of barbarity presiding mournfully over the slow infancy of civilization, and made the quainter and more lovable in the struggle, it may, perhaps, seem questionable if the gain equals the loss.

The period at which the city of Dublin was built is not clearly defined; but its founders were undoubtedly the Danes, known then as Ostmen, as our history tells us. It may be well to remind readers, who have forgotten it, that its antiquity is conveyed in the fact that Ptolemy, as far back as A.D. 140, calls it Eblana Civitas, read by some Deblana, meaning Blackwater, which, owing to its boggy bed, was the color of the Liffey. About that time the south part was bounded by a chain of little hills, and ran from High Street to the river; and we are told by Joceline, in his life of Saint Patrick, that Dublin was then called Ath-Cliath, the ford of hurdles, "a noble city of which Elphin MacEochaid was king," a title which came to it we know, because in those days, before the river was embanked by quays, people reached it by means of hurdles, laid on the low and marshy parts of the town adjoining the water. Again, it appears to have enjoyed the distinguished name of Drom Choll-Coil, or the brow of the hazelwood, that tree growing abundantly round the city. In 1610 the city stretched from Ormondtowne, beyond St. Michael's Church and St. Mary's Abbey, on the north side, to

the Liberties and St. Kevin's Street on the south, when only one bridge far above Fian's Castle spanned the river, and the college lay isolated from the busy thoroughfares. Then the chief traffic was concentrated in the streets knitted together near Merchant's Quay and Wood's Quay, and on the opposite sides were merely a few lanes and spare blocks of buildings.

Before tracing the old city walls, we will glance back at some facts in their growth. In the year 1000 the Danes fortified Dublin with new works; but five years afterwards King Mehaghlin, monarch of the Irish petty kings, set fire to the suburbs, and the strength of the walls alone prevented him from destroying the city itself. Cambrensis mentions these walls at the time of Strongbow's attack, from which may be gathered testimony of their early existence. They were traced by Pembrige, a writer in the fourteenth century, though Stanihurst, three centuries later, endeavors to erect them at the time of Bruce's invasion. Then, with the intersection of sombre towers, they imprisoned Dublin in a circular, solid chain; but now all evidence of their existence has completely vanished in new outlines. They ran from Winetavern Gate along the south side of Cork Street joining Owen's Arch, which was a portal to the city, and continued north of Owen's Churchyard to Fagan's Castle in Pages Court, and thence to Newgate, passing the village of Hoggin Green, now called College Green. Here stood Dame's Gate, once Eastern or St. Mary's Gate, so called from the romantic little church on the hill which it replaced, and until the Reformation a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary stood over the gate, the pedestal and footsteps of which were demolished long after the statue had been taken down; and from this gate Dame Street afterwards derived its name. It was armed with a portcullis and tower, and was one of the narrowest entrances to the city, so that when the population enlarged, and the possibility of houses pushing on an increasing wave from the centre of the town was foreseen, the Earl of Strafford thought it necessary to attempt to throw down a part of the city wall which passed it, and seemed likely to form an inconvenient restraint: but the householders, like most of us, had an unconscious and innocent leaning to toryism, and naturally enough objected to such a startling disturbance; and thus the project fell through. About here stood the store-house tower, of which not a trace to-day remains, and the walls extended thence past the castle.

This building has always been the chief fortress of the city. It was completed by Henry de Londres, archbishop of Dublin, in the year 1220; but it was begun earlier in the time of Meiler Fitzhenry, the then Lord Chief Justice. Of course, like all large, old edifices

which have struggled with, and resolutely resisted, the effacing influence of time, it has received many mutilations and alterations, and probably in the process lost more than it gained. In those dim and distant ages it used to be entered by means of a drawbridge between two strong, round towers called the Gate Towers. One of these was pulled down early in the eighteenth century to enlarge the court of the castle; the other existed as late as 1760. The gateway was necessarily furnished with a portcullis, and when artillery was invented, pieces of ordnance were sometimes planted on a platform, opposite the gate, to defend it, if the drawbridge and portcullis should be rendered useless. From the western tower a line ran parallel with Castle Street, and stretched to another tower. This tower, having fallen down, and being in part rebuilt by Richard Boyle, the first earl of Cork, took his name, and his arms were engraven on the wall. In time this tower was also demolished to meet the exigencies of an increase of traffic. From Cork Tower the walls of the Castle continued on to Bermingham Tower, which was the stateliest and highest building of all. This, we are told, may have owed its origin to John Bermingham, earl of Louth, or to Sir Walter Bermingham, who was Lord Chief Justice in 1348, or may have been coeval with the other portion of the fortress, and called the high tower, springing in its grey stone strength above the rest. Few will care to trouble themselves with the solution of the difficulty. But it was known as Bermingham Tower in 1411, when it was so called in a grant made by Henry IV. to John Corryngham. It was taken down in 1775, and rebuilt in a lighter but scarcely a handsomer style, though it is effectively covered with an imitation of hewn stone.

At a comparatively early date Sheep Street, named after Le Shepe's land, sprang into existence about here from the city ditch to the Carmelite monastery in White Friar's Street. Between Bermingham Tower and the Wardrobe Tower, which now leads to the chapel and was formerly a repository for the royal robes, the cap of maintenance, and other appendages of state, there were some smaller fortresses which seem to have had no name; one was taken down to give an entrance to the Castle garden beside it, and another in part remains yet, and has been converted into a government cabinet. From this point a wall extended to Storehouse Tower.

The castle, of quadrangular form, was originally surrounded by a broad, deep moat, filled on the eastern side by the mingled waters of the tide and the river Dodder; and formerly there were two postern gates; the one near Bermingham Tower, looking towards Sheep Street, was closed up in the year 1663 by the Duke of Ormonde, after the conspiracy of Jephson and Warren; the other was taken down

recently to make room for the new building where at present the offices of the secretaries stand. Towards the east lay the prison, the armories and offices of war, treasury and ordnance. The post of chaplain to the garrison was appointed first in 1224 by Henry III., and the chaplain's residence, together with that of the offices of the mint was here. But in the matter of repairs, English royalty displayed a most laudable spirit of economy, for in the reign of Henry VI., we hear of a command from that religious monarch that an ancient silver seal not in use should be broken up, and its product spent on repairing the walls and windows of Dublin Castle; and Edward IV., not religious he, but none the less disposed to spare the royal coffers when it was a question of Irish expenditure, ordered that all the leads of the hall of the said castle be sold to repair the same hall.

The fortress was twice beseiged in 1534, and part of it was destroyed by fire more than a hundred years later. James Keating, prior of Kilmainham, who was constable of the castle in 1478, fortified it, broke down the drawbridge, and held out against Lord Grey, then the Lord Deputy; but the warlike prior was, of course, compelled by an act of Parliament to repair the damages done the bridge. It was not until Elizabeth's time that it was used as a seat of government. Before then the Lords of the Council sometimes assembled in the King's Chamber in Thomas Court, or at the Archbishop's palace at St. Sepulchre's, but oftener in the Castle of Kilmainham. Sir Henry Sidney appears to have been the first Lord Deputy who made the castle his residence, which he did after his arrival in 1565 when he approached the city from Merrion, receiving the aldermen at Hoggin Green, and rode through the ford of St. Mary's Abbey, passing by Oxmantowne Green, to view Kilmainham Castle, which he found in decided need of repair. We learn that this same original Saxon undertook also to beautify the chief fortress of Dublin. Heaven rest his soul, and forgive him the crime of helping to rescue from the doom of decay that sad monument of West Britonism and tyranny!

Near the north tower of the castle there was an old church, Sainte Marie del Dame, whose very name breathes a distant and foreign quaintness, and conjures up at once before our eyes some of those delightful haunts of ours abroad in tumble-down streets of old, old towns where we have dreamed and idled away hours of vague enjoyment, becoming unconsciously familiar with richness of color and charming incongruity of form. The churchyard of Sainte Marie del Dame was afterwards converted into the garden of Cork House, and stood upon Cork Hill opposite Scarlet or Salutation Alley. This hill holds many various memories, interesting alike to the dreamer, the historian, and

the antiquary. The waves of time washed successively that old church referred to, Cork House, Lucas's Coffee House and the Royal Exchange, burying each in the irrevocable tide of variation, as completely as an old man's young years are shrouded in the changing mists of the past. The airy and critical tourist, or the indifferent man of commerce facing the City Hall to-day, looking through Parliament Street over the placid Liffey, of inodorous renown, would scarcely find much to remind him of the tree-shaded church-yard or the gaily-ornamented garden, which once stood upon that hill, now the imposing repository of municipal wisdom. Even in the time of Charles I., gardens, orchards, large spaces of ground and thatched houses were to be seen within the city walls, which fact, when contrasted with the startling rapidity of improvement and alteration, is calculated to make us imagine for the moment, that the trite observation that our ancestors would have some occasion to wonder at the condition of things to-day, would be original and expressive.

To return to Dublin in the sixteenth century. Dame Street then, afterwards destined to enjoy such importance, only contained a short range of buildings, not far from the river, extending to the Augustinian Monastery, opposite George's Lane, replaced later by the Theatre Royal of Crow Street, certainly a more popular and hilarious, if less romantic, establishment. This lane was once a place of consequence; but owing to the eccentricities of their bold mountain neighbors, the inhabitants let it fall gradually into decay. Indeed, there are some stories quoted from Stanihurst in Whitelaw and Walshe's History of Dublin which justify the belief that those were certainly "the good old times," excitable, perhaps, but scarcely more comfortable than the pieces of genuine romance and adventure generally is. The village of Hogges lay here within the walls, where Dermod Mac Murrough built the first nunnery in 1146.

In the fourteenth century it was the custom to burn criminals on Hoggin Green, a space of ground verging from Hogg's Hill down to the Liffey; this green was also used by the citizens for the minor enjoyment of keals, or nine pins and archery. Kevin Street, and St. Patrick's Cathedral, a dim-aisled, Gothic-arched, grand old cathedral, built by John Comyn, archbishop of Dublin, in 1190, which now is solemn with the solemnity of age, with its long nave and transept, its most beautiful choir, its light, graceful, yet bold arches of stucco, its lofty nave and complex roof, doming side and centre aisles separated by octagonal pillars and gothic ornamentation, the windows letting in the light over the arches between the aisles, the throne of sculptured oak and the fine effect of its altar piece behind the handsome gothic arch,

with its chapel and chapter house on the south side. St. Stephen's Green, Merrion Square, an intermingling of churches and streets in the Liberties, marked the eastern limits of Dublin, in the year 1610. At this time the space covered by Crane Lane, Essex Street, the old Custom House, Templebar, and Fleet Street of the eighteenth century, was a strand and slough with a small harbor near Dame's Gate, made memorable by Archbishop Alan's flight in the rebellion of Silken Thomas.

The river was only embanked by quays in the reign of Charles II., and another opening in the city walls was made by Arthur, Earl of Essex, in 1675, when he erected a new gate and street named after himself, in the place of the old, romantic Isod's Tower, where the fair Iseult, with her deep Irish eyes, and hair perhaps "more golden than the sunrise," is supposed to have embroidered away the hours, with slim white hands and pathetic, tremulous lips, awaiting in maidenly expectation, half-child, half-woman, her destiny in shape of a certain gallant young envoy, who was to do a little serious love-making on his own account, as well as on that of poor Mark, and thus carve an immortal legend of passion and sorrow and shame in the annals of poetry. Essex Gate was afterwards demolished, and the new bridge fashioned in the style of Westminster Bridge across the water, sprang into existence, beautifying with a new liveliness the city not yet unclothed of its garment of antiquity. From this point the walls of Dublin extended on till they joined Newman's Tower on the banks of the river west of Essex Bridge, and from thence they were annexed to Case's or Baker's Tower. On the westward side stood Fian's Castle, and the old Crane rose between Wood Quay and Merchant's Quay more modern than the rest of the towers and castles (part of this building indeed remained as late as a hundred years ago), and from thence the walls joined Bridge Gate, standing on the south side of the old bridge, which gave its name to one of the most ancient streets of the city. This gate, not coeval with the bridge built in the reign of John, was placed between two turrets furnished with a portcullis and a public clock for the market people going home; it was once repaired by Elizabeth at some expense, and her arms were erected on the north view fronting Oxmantowne. Then the walls touched on the west side of Bridge Street another gate which stood at the lower end of New Road near the Cucull. It was supported by an arch, a castle without turrets, and enoyed the distinction of three names: Gormund Gate, from Gormund, a Danish Saint; Ormonde Gate, from the defeat of an Irish assault by the earl of Ormonde in that locality; and Wormwood Gate more recently.

Before the houses had rebelliously flung aside the restraint of the walls, and thrust themselves beyond them in increasing eagerness, they stretched up a steep hill to Newgate, near which was a square tower touching the Marshalsea of the Four Courts called the Black Dog. In the seventeenth century this tower was known as Brown's Castle. The prison here was built with two towers looking towards the city, and two towards Cut Purse Row, which name ought to be a sufficient testimony of the need of protection in that neighborhood; but the traces of these have since disappeared. As late as the last century some portions of the old walls were to be seen at the market adjoining Newgate. On the south side they supported three towers called the Watch, the Hanging Tower, and the Round or St. Francis Tower, so named from its position near the Franciscan Friary. From St. Nicholas Gate the city began to contract, and the wall was carried at the back of a mill race, in Bride's Alley, from the South of Ross Lane to Pool Gate, so-called from the confluence of the waters which settled in the hollow to the considerable inconvenience of passengers till a bridge was mercifully thrown across it; it was afterwards called St. Werburgh's Gate, and near it Geneville Tower, raised its gaunt form, shading the minuter proportions of Geneville Inn, which borrowed their names from Sir Henry Geneville, whose property they were. From Pool Gate the wall terminated at Bermingham Tower, from whence we started, near St. Austen's Gate, which took its name from the passage it afforded the friars of that order to attend the citizens in their capacity of ghostly fatherhood at night, when the principal gates of the city were shut. The buildings enclosed within these walls were not, as will be imagined, in the beginning, peculiarly attractive or ornamental; for we know that those enterprising Danes were more occupied with the science of war than with beauty of form (Mr. Morris and the apostle of Æstheticism would have had no chance those days). The houses were originally erected of wattle, daubed with clay to exclude the inclemency of the seasons, and covered with sedge; afterwards the use of timber insinuated itself amongst the primitive architects, who built in cage-work fashion, and more or less indulged in the ornaments of tiles or shingles and oaken beams. One of these cage-work houses was found in Big Butter Lane as late as 1641, and a few others in Patrick Street; but it is impossible to fix their ages, owing to the total disappearance of land-marks. The oldest was in Skinner's Row near the Sholsel, where Dick's coffee-house was kept for sometime.

Since the age of Elizabeth, the face of Dublin has rapidly changed. The grim guardianship of towers was weakened by the effacement of

many sentinels of massive grey, crowned with fretwork, and narrow windows, or unornamented stone heads of forbidding aspect; streets and lanes were annihilated; others altered their names and appearance, so as to be unrecognizable, and the city increased outside the walls; but the general plan of concentrating its life and individuality around the streets mingling on both sides near the river, seems to have been pursued throughout. The Liffey was still its constant nurse.

We have tried to show those of our readers, who have patiently followed us, what Dublin was in the seventeenth century; and, perhaps, reviewing what we have done, it would not be unwise to end with Pliny's apology, quoted by an Irish historian on a like occasion: "Ardua res est vetustis novitatem dare, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucam, dubiis fidem"

But a hundred years ago the old city of the Danes, on the Liffey, had attained an almost equal size to that of to-day. It is true, there have, undoubtedly, been many improvements, — such as the increase of palatial insurance offices, the widened asphalted streets, O'Connell's Bridge (than which a handsomer no European capital can show), the completion of a very beautiful Custom House, and the Four Courts edging the waters, with its greenish copper dome and imposing gates, and other innovations not exclusively architectural, consequent on the alterations of public taste. But let us suppose ourselves one golden morning standing on Essex Bridge in the year 1782; and contrasting the view and surroundings with those of our time, we shall speedily be convinced that there has in reality not been much lost or gained since then; for assuredly it does not follow, even to the most enthusiastic radical, that all change must necessarily imply artistic improvement.

The spectator looks down the river, embanked by broad quays, narrowing and winding on towards the lovely park under its four bridges, bearing so placidly its mighty burden of ships and barges, whose sails and sides are lovingly touched by the beautifying morning sunbeams as they go to meet and eradiate the still, grey water; on, through Chapelgod and Leixlip, where the fresh spring air tells him the young trees and hedgerows are just sheathed in new foliage. On his right hand Capel Street, then a fashionable and frequented resort, with its brilliant mixture of classes and shops, and the constant shifting of colors, going to form with Bolton Street and Dorset Street merging into the Drumcondra road, a right-angle, and shaping two blocks with Dominick Street, Cavendish Street and Great Britain Street, the latter finally losing itself in the narrow windings of Summer Hill. Then there are the innumerable openings running off the quays, some joining Little and Great Abbey Streets, others making direct for Henry Street

and Mary Street, and thence getting lost in the Mall of Sackville Street, near Dr. Mosse's Hospital and the Rotunda Gardens, and in Drogheda Street (now Lower Sackville Street), past the Watch House, and ship buildings in the shadow of Marlborough Street, and the Bowling Green, with Mabbot Street and Martin's Lane closed in by the strand, from whence the river may be seen broadening to mingle with the sea beyond. Above the bridge upon which the spectator is standing rise the King's Inns in bold proximity with the river; the square tower of St. Michan's Church, founded by a Danish Saint of that name in 1095, when Saints had not yet ceased to be plentiful; the four dark points of Catherine's Church; the delicate and graceful spire of George's Church lower down, and other spires and fretted roofs. At this early hour all the bells of the two cathedrals, the twenty-one churches, and the nine chapels are joyously flinging their deafening peals in chorus into the fresh sunshine. The Green Market, the Linen Hall, the Primate's gardens, where now stand the King's Inns at the end of Henrietta Street, Smithfield, the oldest of old squares, more full of romantic suggestions with its tufts of faded grasses and lichens, its uneven pavements and houses blackened into picturesqueness with the brush of age, than of the memory of cattle and weekly markets, Oxmantown Green, the Royal Barracks and Arbor Hill behind Palatine Square, the Bowling Green off Gravel Walk and the Artillery Ground, all lie like irregular patches in the interminable mingling of streets and lanes, with towers and spires and steeples rising above the mass of buildings. Of course, he cannot see all these, nor distinguished their point of termination where the roads to Stoney Batter, Glasnevin, Cabra, and Finglas wind on through the leafy foliage and blossoming fragrance of their lanes in the midst of trees, fields, and shades of the country surrounding the city like a fresh and beautiful setting to an old gem. To see these he must ascend the awkward ladders leading to the roof of the Royal Exchange, now the City Hall. From it, on a clear day, he can even see as far as Howth, and immediately under his eyes lies Parliament Street, forming with Capel Street, on the other side of Essex Bridge, one long line of almost level width, and crossed by Cork Hill and the end of Dame Street, with its many narrow openings. Eastward, Lawrence O'Toole's chapel, with the shipping beyond; Grange Gorman Asylum nearer, with the Black Church and others, will be plainly visible even through a light fog; and behind the dome of the Exchange, the new City Markets, the dark grey castellated roofs of Bermingham Tower lying a mass of even buildings with spires and domes and towers rising under the graceful shadow of the Dublin Mountains, one undulating chain higher in the centre, making the half circle of the environs.

But, in the meantime, we have left our spectator somewhat unceremoniously turned towards where the Custom House now lies opposite Rogerson's Quay, below the old ferry. There are no bridges, yet, to interrupt his view of the sun-tinted vessels and sails, and river growing blue in expectation of the sea's embrace. The last street is Princess Street, off Gloster Street, behind which is Lagar's Hill, whose lanes touch Merrion Street, and thence, passing the road to Ball's Bridge towards the Monk's Walk, on one side of Stephen's Green, end that angle of the city. This classic corner encloses the College, that most splendid souvenir of royal Elizabeth, with its park divided by Leinster Street and Staple Lane, from the famous Kildare House and gardens, where young Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the lovely Pamela felt the weight of loneliness oppressive even through the haze of romance (whose spacious rooms are now the seat of public learning, and the wild excitement of literary refreshment), facing through its imposing arches Molesworth Street, which opens out into Dawson Street, with the Mayoral House, from whence issues the might of municipal wisdom, irradiating from the exalted person of Nathaniel Warren, and probably differing very little from that of our own shining lights in mayoral lore; and from Bowling Green behind, on to Grafton Street and Nassau Street shaded on one side by the trees of the College park.

This brings us to the old Parliament House on College Green, that most perfect whole an inviolated symbol of beauty and purity of outline, springing towards the sky in graceful breadth from the very heart of the city, whose pillows of simple grandeur, whose classic solemnity hold a wonder of pathos, whether we stand before it in the morning dews, when its lovely outlines are touched with mystic grey, or in the full sunlight when its beauty stands out in bold relief against the clear, glad sky, or in the last tender rays of sunset which seem to rest more caressingly on it than on any other building in the city, or in the mysterious blue depths of starlight or the silver radiance of moonlight. At what hour, in what light, is it not beautiful? Victor Hugo calls *Notre Dame* a vast symphony in stone: might we not call this house a vast and sublime ode to liberty in imperishable writing, round which all the best hopes, the eternal passion of aspiration of a suppressed nation are centered irrevocably, notwithstanding the commercial interests to-day throbbing under its rich hemispherical dome, supported by its sixteen Corinthian columns on their cylindrical basement, where once members of weak virtue and a few meteors of patriotic ardor flashed wit and oratory from the concentric circles, not infrequently inspired by admiring eyes smiling down over the balustrade of the long gallery, and forming a vivid picture between the pillars? Indifferent

clerks or comfortable West Briton managers may pass through the long and beautiful corridors, once surrounding the round Commons room; but who else, with a pulse of national feeling, could forbear to linger in the midst of unburied memories, with a deep, deep thrill of silent awe and sorrow? To whom else would not the picturesque grandeur of the House of Lords, with the long pieces of tapestry work of the battles of Boyne and Aughrim, its Corinthian columns with niches between covered with a rich trunk ceiling, bring back a crowd of painful recollections of political fraud and weakness, of demoralizing viceroys and degraded partisans.

Near here is St. Andrew's church, on Hogg's Hill, and Dame Street wending widely towards the famous Cork Hill, and the all too famous Castle and gardens, with the streets between the Custom House Quay, under the easy glance of our spectator, and St. Kevan's port and New Street, ends the first half of the south side, and this portion incloses the Cathedral, Christ's Church built by Donat, the first bishop of Dublin,— interesting for the bold and massy magnificence of its arches, the spaciousness of its cruciform structure, the long vista of its naves and aisles; its delicate fretwork, aerial lightness and embroidered decorations; its lofty concave roof and pillars looking the repose of ages, and embracing in their width the windows ornamented with simple carving, and spaces filled with the cold, monumental homes of the dead, where lie Strongbow, John Comyor and Henry de Loundres. Veering slightly round from the beautiful front and steeple of St. Werburgh's Church, he looks in the direction of the Liberties of the city, its oldest, quaintest and dirtiest part. He faces farthest south Black Pitts and Ward's Hill, leading to the New Markets and the Watch House, Crooked Staff, Pimlico, Weaver's Square and Ormonde Street off Cork Bridge, with the outlying country, and the willow trees bending over the water-course beyond Dolphin's Barns and Marrow-Bone Lane meeting the Iripilo, and St. Thomas Court leading to Thomas Street. Here he only remembers the Corn Market; but the spectator of to-day would have no room for other memories than the loved memory of Robert Emmet and his tragic death. Nearer he would recognize Skinner's Row, made famous by its aldermen; Fishamble Street and Smock Alley of Theatrical renown; the Four Courts near Christ's churchyard; the spire of St. Michael looking through Cork Street towards the river; the well-known Black Dog and Newgate beyond Bridge Street; Lord Gallway's Walk divided from him by Dunghill Lane and Watling Street, the Watch House at St. James Gate, entering James Street, and on through Mt. Brown to the city work-house; the distant woods of Kilmainham — since made memorable by the lavish

display of recent Royal hospitality; Inchicore, with its delightful little village, nestling among fields and ponds and lanes of plumy spray and blossom; the Royal Hospital, in olden times the Priory of the Knights Templars erected by Strongbow in 1174, and confiscated by Charles II. afterwards. Then his eyes rest in a lingering last gaze on the Park, shaded by Montpelier Hill, with its famous, enchanted house, flooded with legends and echoes, where General Holt was sheltered in its high arched rooms in solitary and brief grandeur, when he escaped the military clutch of His Majesty's men in '98; the Blue Coat Hospital, and the long meadow edging the roads to Castleknock, Lucam and the charming village of Chapeligod, the home of quaintnesses and ivies and pictorial beauty, kissing as it does the Liffey winding on to Leixlip under its bending foliage and mystic shadows.

The spectator to-day will certainly have before him the new queen of bridges, with its wide, handsome, triple paths, its bronze lamps, and the gay complexity of its tram lines; but the uniform beauty of Sackville Street will be impaired for him even by the memorial of the Liberator, and much more by the meaningless ugliness of Nelson's Pillar; while the classic nobility of the College corner, is spoiled for him by the last architectural innovation. The gilt vulgarity of King William, remains in sublime unconsciousness of its double unattractiveness, happily relieved of its fatal prominence by the really admirable statue of Grattan near it. But some of us, perhaps, picture to ourselves regretfully the grim towers, the irregular streets, the labyrinthine lanes, and vaguer plans of the old Dublin, with its strongly marked individuality, its thousand quaintnesses and incongruities, over which the sunshine and shadow fell so unequally long, long before it became the City of the Pale.

HANNAH LYNCH.

LEO XIII.—At a meeting in London recently, Cardinal Manning remarked:— The Holy Father's Pontificate had been short, but that he had left upon the history of the Church a number of indelible marks. Of the two great features of his Pontificate, one was the building up again of those relations that had been ruined between the Holy See and the civil powers of Europe. Though as yet the structure was by no means complete, the period of its destruction he believed to be over, and there was no doubt that the Holy Father had done in so short a time a very great work in showing to the civil powers of Europe that the Holy See was the centre of their stability and that they stood more in need of it than it did of them.

Musings Among Foreign Poets.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

From the German.

1.

Look round, see how the golden dawn
On every streamlet shimmers —
How thro' the forest's densest shade
Some ray of sunlight glimmers.

2.

No haunt so gloomy but some beam
Of starry splendor blesses ;
And to God's greeting shall alone
Be sealed thy heart's recesses ?

3.

Hark ! how the music of the birds
Thrills from each leaflet shaken —
Should not their strains some note of joy
Within thy breast awaken ?

4.

For God hath wrought a day like this,
And wove its robe of splendor,
That to its harmonies thy soul
Might some faint echo render.

5.

So should God's word, — Let there be light,—
Ring pealing thro' thy bosom ;
For to this end, streams sparkling flow
And fragrant flowers blossom.

J. C.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

From the French.

1.

Seest thou that verdant plain, thro' which doth glide
Yon sluggish streamlet, o'er whose waters lean
The patient cattle mirrored in its tide ?
'Twas of a mighty battle once the scene.

2.

The day like this was balmy with the breath
Of spring; the sky resplendent with its gleam;
And many a wildling flower droopt in death,
Its sweets distilling in th' ensanguined stream.

3.

The storm of battle raged from morn to night,
Large butterflies, black-pencilled on the wing,
Rich-tinted insects stricken down in flight,
Lay 'mid the flowers in death's pangs fluttering.

4.

The stream flowed blood-red onward to the sea,
The blue king-fisher stained his plumage rare;
In vain the willow and the aspen-tree
Bent o'er the wave and sought their image there.

5.

The fields around with jagged scars were seamed,
The highways all were ploughed with shot and shell,
And pools of clotted gore repulsive gleamed
Where warriors in the last death-grapple fell.

6.

And when the noise of battle rolled away,
The round full moon clomb up behind the hill,
And from its summit gazed in pale dismay
On all that one dread day had wrought of ill.

7.

In death's last sleep, 'neath guns long since grown cold,
And shattered banners, thousands lay entombed —
Steeds and their riders crumbling into mould —
No speculation their wan eyes illumed.

8.

In one red burial lay the dead; at night
The stars of heaven, those peaceful sentinels,
Gazed calmly down upon the field of fight,
Bathing with holy light the streams and dells.

9.

And shepherd-lads, as many an after year
Their flocks along the plain they homeward led,
Would hush their songs and drop a silent tear
Above the turf where slept the fallen dead.

J. C

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

From the Italian.

1.

ALONG the darkling plain Night's shadows fall,
O'er-canopying Earth with clouds of gloom;
The Star of Day, wrapt in funeral pall,
Sinks suddenly beneath his ocean tomb.

2.

Hark! how the sounding surges dash with might
Upon the rocks and roar along the shore;
The wild and maddening tumult of the night
Shatters one human heart with anguish sore.

3.

A fisher's cot looms up beside the sea,
A woman stands beside the open door,
And for her husband weeps full bitterly,
Who sails the deep, whom she may see no more.

4.

How cruel are the waves, she thinks, that keep
Her husband from her home and her apart;
The tumult of the winds that lash the deep,
Shatters with anguish sore her stricken heart.

5.

Each surging, foam-tipped wave that in the dark,
A moment gleams and sinks from sight again,
Unto her fancy seems that well-known bark,
That battles with the hungry sea in vain.

6.

She on her husband calls, but all unheard
And scattered to the winds her wailing cry,
The ocean's angry roar to madness stirred
Hath swallowed up her fond heart's yearning sigh.

7.

She enters now her friendly cottage door,
While down her cheeks the tears stream silently,
And lights her little lamp the shrine before
Of her whose title is "Star of the Sea."

8.

With folded palms, in reverent awe bowed low,
She turns devotedly to the Virgin's shrine;
Her heart by anxious fears tossed to and fro,
Like in its tumult to the heaving brine.

9.

"Most Holy Virgin! who on high dost dwell,
Whose footstool is the bow that spans the skies,
Whose glance the fury of the waves can quell,
Before whose smile the gloom of midnight flies.

10.

"Watch o'er my husband this dread hour,
Who struggles for his life with wind and tide;
O save him! from the ocean's vengeful power,
And to this woe-worn heart him safely guide.

11.

"Well knowest thou he seeks no golden spoils
Within the depths of this mad, restless sea,
He only thinks of gaining by his toils
A little bread for us—his child and me.

12.

"Without him earthly hope is dead—preserve
O Virgin pure! the father for his child;
Oh, may the thought with strength and courage nerve
His arm and heart amid the tempest wild.

13.

"Well knowest thou, my child at close of day
Did for his father pray on bended knee;
Oh! grant that when my darling wakes he may
Not ask in vain—'My father, where is he?'

14.

"How could I tell the story of his doom,
Struck lifeless to the earth by sorrow's dart
Ah! blacker than the tempest's midnight gloom
The thought alone is to my tortured heart

15.

"Oh, if the warrior's prayer could prevail
To stay the sun's career in Ajalon,
Let not the pleadings of a wife now fail
To speed the coming of the lingering dawn.

16.

"Let but a ray of that celestial light
In which thou'rt clad shine out upon the sea;
Oh, Mary! 'mid the tumult of the night
My heart confides—confides alone in thee!"

17.

'Twas thus she prayed—the lamp more brightly burns,
And flashes forth in sudden splendor now;
She ceases, and her gaze she seaward turns—
Whence comes that flush of joy upon her brow?

18.

Before her stands her husband drenched with foam,
His shattered bark is buried in the wave:
"O Virgin! thou hast led the wanderer home,
Canst hear the heart's low cry, the tempests rave!"

J. C.

THE COLLEGE OF MAYNOOTH has recently had a grant of a new set of prizes by which the name of the late Archbishop MacHale will become connected in a special manner with the Institution. By his will the late "John of Tuam" bequeathed to his nephew, the Very Rev. Dr. Thomas MacHale, of the Irish College, Paris, the estate of Miltown, county Galway, the judicial rents of which amount to £200 odd per annum. Dr. MacHale has, with great liberality, assigned the estate over to the trustees of the Maynooth College to provide remuneration prizes to students pursuing their studies for the ecclesiastical state. The rate of the prizes will be £10, and amongst the conditions, under which they are to be awarded, is one by which students who belong to the diocese of Tuam have preference over all others. Students from the various other dioceses of the ecclesiastical province of Tuam next follow, and then the general body of students from the other Irish dioceses. The prizes will be denominated "The MacHale Prizes," and thus one of the bravest and brightest names in the history of the Irish Church will be perpetuated in the great nursery of the home priesthood.

Southern Sketches.

SCENES IN WASHINGTON.

III.

AFTER some time spent in journeying through delightful land, wood and water views, over romantic hedges and by charming rural roads, the city of Washington appeared before us. Its chief feature was the white dome of the Capitol seen from afar, wooing the blue sky with more grace, delicacy and picturesqueness than the grandest snow-capped mountains, as it shines under the smiling kisses of the sun. Nature and art contribute to the splendor of this finest edifice in America, as it stands on an eminence in the centre of the city, and is embellished with all the charms that architects, sculptors and painters could lavish upon it.

As the train came nearer, the Capitol appeared more massive and gorgeous in its outline, expressing the majesty of civil authority by its boldness, and the genius of civilization by the splendor of its many attractions.

The platform of the costly and handsome Baltimore and Potomac Depot soon appeared, and after quitting the building I repaired immediately to the St. James Hotel, which stands on the opposite side of the street, and is conducted on the European plan. It is a capital establishment, the terms are reasonable, and the office clerks and waiters are exceedingly courteous and attentive. Having a few hours to spare before dinner time, I bought a map of the city and hurried out to explore it, feeling perplexed as to what direction I would take, since every street seemed to contain (according to the natives) some object of local or national historical interest. A visit first of all to the new, large and handsome Catholic Church of St. Dominic, and a prayer before the tabernacle of its beautiful altars, made me feel better disposed to take in all the attractions of the city. After strolling along Pennsylvania Avenue, which is one of the widest and handsomest streets in America, I soon came to the foot of the hill at the west side of the Capitol, and was at once impressed with the magnificence of the sto n steps, terraces, statuary, vases and flowers that adorned it. The building itself crowned the whole scene, with its marvellous treasures of art.

The first prominent object that struck my eye was Naval monument, rising to a height of forty feet. It is adorned on the top with wo beautiful figures of History and America, both showing expressive

attitudes. I saw, in this vicinity, a marble fish-pond, filled with gold and silver fish. While passing by lamp-posts, flower-pots and other objects that decorated the terrace, I paused occasionally to observe the lovely prospect beneath, and soon reached the upper stone platform right in front of the middle of the building, which is built of yellow free stone, painted white, and adorned with splendid porticoes and pillars. I sauntered around the south-west corner, and passed by the southern extension of the building, which contains the Hall of Representatives. This part is built of white marble, tinged with a delicate blue tint, and has one hundred columns. The eastern part of the Capitol was now discerned, with its flower-gardens, broad, hard walks and drives. When numerous lamps are ablaze on a mild summer's night, and flower-vases, plots, walks, statues and promenaders are flooded with light, the scene must look like the gardens of those enchanted palaces, where the genii were wont to dwell and enjoy themselves. I noticed several of the Capitol police sauntering around this lovely spot, and inquiring of one the way to the rotunda, he very courteously conducted me up the grand steps, by the noble portico 160 feet wide, with its pillars and pilasters, informed me that the extension of the building on the right was the Senate, and that on the left the House of Representatives, pointed out to me Greenough's great statue of Washington, which stood below in front, and cost over $43,000, a splendid marble group on the south end of the steps, entitled the "Discovery," where Columbus was seen holding a globe in his hand in a triumphant attitude and an Indian woman beside him. Then he directed my attention to another marble group on the north side of the steps, illustrating civilization, or the settlement of the country; an American pioneer in the act of struggling with an Indian whose wife and dog were near — both works of high art and costing nearly $50,000. I looked and saw that the tympanum of the portico had a group of allegorical figures of immense size. The statues of peace and war in niches at each side of the bronze door are very beautiful. This great Roger's bronze door, as it is called, opens into the centre of the Capitol, weighs 20,000 pounds, is seventeen feet high and nine wide. I saw that the pictures upon it were descriptive of the history of Columbus and the discovery of America. Here the polite policeman showed me into the rotunda, and then took his leave. I looked with wonder and delight upon this immense chamber, and then returned to the study of the bronze door. The lowest panel, on the south side, represents Columbus undergoing an examination before the Council of Salamanca. The next above shows "Columbus' departure from the convent of La Rabida," on his way to visit the Spanish court. Next is

his "Audience at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella;" the next and highest panel of this half of the door illustrates the "Starting of Columbus from Valois on his first voyage." The semi-circular frame over the entire door shows "The first landing of the Spaniards at San Salvador." The highest panel on the other half door represents the "First encounter of the discoverers with the natives." In it Columbus angrily observes one of his sailors bringing an Indian girl captive. The panel next below has the "Triumphal entry of Columbus into Barcelona," and the next one represents "Columbus in chains," the last illustrates the "death scene." The hero is dying. The priest is near with a crucifix in his hands, and Columbus gazes longingly and lovingly at it, after having already received the last Sacraments. His friends and attendants gather sorrowfully around him. Besides these representations sixteen small statues of Columbus' contemporaries are fixed in niches on the door that embellish it considerably. While examining those Catholic faces, so strikingly exhibited here on the main door of the Capitol, and, in particular, on viewing the noble head of Columbus, which surmounted the whole, I could not help thinking how utterly absurd and unreasonable it seemed, for any unbelieving statesman, or professional man, to hold that the Church of Rome was opposed to honest progress, true liberty and republican institutions, since historical facts connected with this country, from the days of the great American discoverer to the present time, gives the lie at once to such ungenerous opinions and utterances. The flag of Catholic Spain was the first unfurled on this continent, and the cross and priest accompanied it. Catholic heroes fought and died in the Revolutionary armies, and Catholic brains and money were abundantly bestowed in helping to build up the new republic, while in the stormy days of the civil war, the vigorous manhood, skill and bravery of those who venerated and obeyed the Head of the Church in spirituals, were cheerfully sacrificed in defence of the Union. Every page of truthful American history records these brilliant facts, and her monuments proclaim them in undying bronze and marble. After indulging in many like reflections I entered the rotunda. This grand chamber is situated in the middle of the building. It is 97 feet in diameter, 300 feet in circumference, 180 feet 3 inches high, and is adorned all round with eight splendid paintings, each eighteen feet by twelve, on a separate panel. The cost of the set was $79,000. The first in event and importance represents the landing of Columbus at San Salvador in 1492, and was executed by John Vanderlyn; the second is De Soto's discovery of the Mississippi in 1541, painted by William H. Powell; the third is the baptism of Pocahontas, in 1613, painted by John G. Chap-

man; the fourth is the embarkation of the pilgrims from the Delft-Haven in Holland, 21st of July, 1620, painted by R. W. Weiss. The remaining four were executed by Colonel Trumbull — viz: the Declaration of Independence, 1776; the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, October 17th, 1777; the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, October 19th, 1781; and the resignation of Washington at Annapolis, December 23d, 1783. I saw alto-relievos in stone, over each of the four doors leading from the rotunda. They appeared very fine, and I was informed that they cost $14,000. In the belt of the chamber appeared some handsome sketches of American history done in fresco at a cost of $10,000. They, with the rest of the ornaments, are finely illumined by thirty-six large windows placed over them. After viewing the rotunda, and resolving to postpone my ascent to the top till the following day, I then entered the fire-proof library halls by the western door. I learned that this apartment was considerably damaged by fire on two former occasions, and that the present number of volumes was short 400,000 and of pamphlets 150,000. I could easily procure any book I wished by filling up a blank and presenting it to the librarian. Quitting the library, wishing I had more time to tarry there, I passed again through the rotunda, and entered the old hall of representatives, which is now a statuary room, and resembles a Grecian theatre with its twenty-six pillars and pilasters of Potomac marble.

The chamber being empty, I fancied every moment that some ghastly figure of classic mould, clad in transparent drapery, would issue from behind one of the massive columns, and make the pictured walls resound with his deep, sepulchral voice. Here rested the old marble clock representing the genius of history recording the facts of the nation. Figures of bronze and marble were elegantly arranged on all sides. Offerings from various states in the shape of costly statues were seen, and forms, mosaics, and busts of illustrious men, such as Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Kosciusko, etc., were ranged in appropriate order. Leaving the old hall I entered the south extension, walked over beautifully tiled corridors, ascended rich and polished staircases of Tennessee marble, and gazed upon the two immense and splendid paintings of "Western Emigration" and "The Proclamation of Emancipation," that embellished the western and eastern landings. These pictures cost nearly $50,000. After searching in vain for the Hall of Congress, and finding no person to point it out to me, I became confused amid the labyrinth of rooms and corridors, and was about to return the way I came, time being precious, when luckily I met a gentleman coming out from a chamber with a bunch of keys in his hands. Seeing that I sought information, he courteously

hastened to direct me, and observing that I was a priest, he saluted me, introduced himself, and became enthusiastically attentive. He was an Irishman, and, as I afterwards learned, a splendid, practical Catholic. Democrats and Republicans appreciated his character, and his devotional attention to duty. After warmly describing to me the flourishing state of Catholicity in Washington, he conducted me to the Hall of Representatives. I was disappointed on seeing it, as I expected to find a much larger apartment. The desks of the speaker and members looked solid, though plain, and the people's gallery appeared very ordinary. The ceiling was of iron, gilded and bronzed, and some frescoes and paintings were seen on the walls. Here many weighty matters, in which the country felt a warm interest, were solemnly and often excitedly discussed, and numerous propositions accepted or rejected. Mr. Jourdan led me to the Speaker's room, a bright and airy apartment, handsomely furnished and overlooking a magnificent view towards the south-west. The restaurant, bath and various other apartments in this extension were observed. As it was now near dinner hour I bade my friend good bye, and hastened back to the rotunda, resolving to take in a rapid view of the interior of the northern extension. While walking through the corridors I met an officer who showed me the Senate chamber. It was smaller than the Hall of Representatives but similar in style. The desks of the senators were of polished mahogany, and painted symbols of the Union army, navy and mechanical arts were visible in the sky-light. I next proceeded to the President's room, which is very handsome. Its canopied ceiling, grandly embellished in fresco, is covered with allegorical paintings of religion, liberty, executive power and legislative authority. It has pictures also of Columbus, Vespucius, Brewster and Franklin. The President sits in this chamber to sign bills at the close of Congress. After quitting this apartment I entered the senators retiring room, and gazed on its beautiful walls of Tennessee marble and plate glass, with the splendid Corinthian pillars of Italian marble which sustained the ceiling. Then I passed by the Vice-President's chamber, ladies' reception-room, and the post-office, the Crawford bronze door, with its grand and costly illustrations. I hastened up stairs, viewing as I moved, pictures that cost thousands of dollars, marble columns, grand tiled floors and committee rooms of exquisite construction. While walking along the ground floor of the senate extension, I saw the bath and restaurant, noticed the walls lavishly decorated with busts and paintings of flowers, fruits and animals, and frescoes illustrative of historical events, all of which would take days to examine minutely. The marine and naval rooms were full of handsome and

appropriate pictures. Beneath them was fixed the heating and ventilating apparatus of this extension. After hurridly examining the chief attractions, reserving the minor ones for future observations, I returned to the grand Roger's bronze door, and on my way out passed a group of police whose duties are to guard the Capitol and its surroundings from injury, to extend courtesy and information to visitors, and to see that the rules are properly observed. I then bade a temporary good bye to the inside of this colossal structure, which cost up to the present time over $13,000,000. Feeling tired and hungry after the morning's exercises, I went to the hotel where I enjoyed some rest and dinner. I started for the streets again in the afternoon with a view of seeing the Botanic gardens, squares and churches of the city. A few minutes' walk brought me to the gardens, which are situated just west of the Capitol between Maryland and Pennsylvania Avenues. The grounds, though not very large, are well laid out and richly adorned with choice trees and flowers. The large conservatory, a handsome structure, is 300 feet long, and rises gracefully above two smaller ones. In it I noticed several varieties of the Passion Flower, besides banana, palms, sugar-cane, mangos, bamboos, India rubber and other tropical plants and trees. Outside in the midst of neat walks, handsome shrubbery, and flowery rockeries, stands the charming Bartholdi fountain, built at a cost of $6,000. Gold-fish were constantly chasing each other, in the clear waters of its basin. After quitting this artistic paradise, I continued my walk on the west side of the Capitol, till I came to McPherson's Square, which looked conspicuous, on account of the fine equestrian statue of the man whose name it bore. Government gave $15,000 towards the construction of this elegant piece of art. Here I met a gentleman who was well acquainted with the city, and who happened to be out for a walk. Having expressed a desire to see the remaining squares of the town, he cheerfully consented to accompany me to them. We came first to Farragut Square, the centre of some fine streets and pretty houses. Then we strolled along till we reached Scott's Place, where we noticed a splendid statue of General Scott, whose daughter, once a nun, is buried in the cemetery of the Presentation convent, at Georgetown. I learned that the statue and pedestal cost $73,000. We next visited Rawlin's Square, and saw its fine bronze statue of General Rawlin's, Mount Vernon Place, with its beautiful fountain, then came to Fourteenth Street circle, which has a grand equestrian figure of Major-General Thomas. After lingering a while around those clean and handsome quarters, we started for Washington Circle, where stands the splendid bronze equestrian statue of General Washington, which was made out

of captured guns and cost $50,000. The last one visited was Lincoln Square, where we saw a fine bronze group of emancipation in which President Lincoln is represented breaking the fetters of the Slave. This is a grateful offering from the freed men to the Union. After thanking my courteous acquaintance, we separated and I rambled alone, visiting several Catholic churches, which possessed hard-working pastors, good congregations, fine schools and indefatigable sisters.

The colored church of St. Augustine is a very large and handsome one. A pretty railing, enclosing flower beds and shrubbery, separates it from the street. Its pastor is very zealous and popular. The services on Sundays are largely attended, and the colored choir is one of the finest in the city. It was almost dusk when I returned to the hotel. While at supper I heard the cheering sounds of a brass band coming along Pennsylvania Avenue, and having made inquiry, was informed that a great Democratic meeting was to be held that evening, to celebrate the victory, which according to recent dispatches had taken place in Maine. On this account one hundred guns had been discharged in the Mall during the afternoon, and zealous Democratic aspirants for office and gain, were enthusiastic in their demonstrations of joy. Looking through my window after supper, I noticed a large procession moving along the avenue with gleaming torches, campaign uniforms, and other political appendages. Hundreds of persons followed, cheering loudly as they moved, and fire crackers occasionally shot skyward illuming the dark heavens with their dazzling light. When the music ceased, the loud, clear tones of the political orator could be heard in the distance indulging in a crushing arraignment of the opposite party, and an eloquent defence of his own. After drawing up a plan for the following day's work, I committed myself to the care of God, the Blessed Virgin, and the holy angels, and was visited during sleep by visions of capitols, palaces, towers, and mansions in heaven, not built by human hands, but made by the Divine Architect whose face fills and envelops them with eternal splendor, and who peoples them with the just who know no want, sorrow or care. While dreaming that I was flying from sphere to sphere, in the company of troops of angels, with golden wings, feasting on the beautiful sights of heaven and its enrapturing music, a loud knock at the door brought me from delicious imaginings to stern reality, and after hastily answering "all right," I arose, dressed, came down to breakfast, and then went out to inhale the fresh and invigorating air of the morning. I saw at a glance over the field of my intended journey of observation. I would visit the Smithsonian Institute, and the adjacent buildings; also, the White House, Treasury, and other public places during the morning, while I would be found

loitering in the afternoon on the top of the Capitol, and along the corridors and grounds of the Government Insane Asylum. In order to accomplish my object, I resolved to lose no time, so I walked briskly through the principal public park of the city, commonly called the Mall. Near the park is Centre Market, a very large and handsome building. The grounds of the Mall are stocked with some very fine trees; the lawns look green and beautiful, seats are placed here and there for visitors, and the footpaths and drives are excellent. In a short time I came up to the Smithsonian Institute, the style of which reminded me at once of some of those grand Scotch castles described by Sir Walter Scott. The Norman character of its architecture, and its various towers rising gracefully towards the sky, made it appear very picturesque. It was built of red freestone, and measured nearly 500 feet in length, by 160 in width. It was given to the city by an Englishman named Smithson. The Museum is well worth a visit, as it contains a very fine collection of natural curiosities gathered from the animal and mineral world. Stuffed birds and beasts from every clime, skeletons of monstrous animals, rich and varied specimens of gold, silver and metal ores, and precious stones, boots made of the hides of boa constrictors, and vests of the skins of rattlesnakes, large centennial exhibits of several kinds, Indian arrows, knives, tomahawks, dresses, grand life-like figures of various red men with costumes such as they really wore, curious and interesting presents from Japan, and other foreign nations, and a thousand more rare objects,—all were well worth seeing and admiring. After leaving the Museum, I passed under the shade of fine old trees, and came out upon a magnificent garden, right in front of the Department of Agriculture, which is situated between the Smithsonian Institute, and the Washington monument grounds. This is a very fine edifice, built of brick with brown-stone trimmings. It is 70 feet long, by 60 feet deep, has a Mansard roof and cost over half a million dollars. The agricultural museum, in connection with it, is extremely interesting. The flower-garden stands on a plateau very richly adorned, when I saw it, with beds of various shapes filled with the choicest blooming flowers. Queen Flora and her train would revel in it. The humming-birds were sailing over the wilderness of blossoms, the air was warm and balmy, the sky was cloudless, and the grand public buildings and marble palaces stretched away beyond, while the Capitol appeared alone all the very imposing emblem of wealth, power, and dignity. It was, indeed, a grand sight, suited to a proud Roman emperor's idea of luxury, in its way more beautiful than the loveliest oriental palaces and gardens, or than Windsor Castle, with its picturesque surroundings. I sat under the shade of one of the handsome pillared summer-houses, and con-

tinued gazing enchanted with the view, and feeling reluctant to leave it, till the thought of the rapid flight of time obliged me to move forward. I trod upon romantic paths, adorned on each side with well-trimmed evergreen hedges, peeped into long rows of glass houses, walked through an elegant fruit and vegetable garden, and, after a few minutes, I came in sight of Washington's monument. The original intention of carrying the top up to a height of 600 feet, has been abandoned for want of sufficient funds, and it is now agreed that the shaft shall reach only 485 feet, about 200 of which are already completed. In the *lapidarium* are several handsome slabs, and blocks of marble, the gifts of various governments, among which, may be seen a piece sent from Italy by Pius IX. A lively walk through 14th Street brought me in a few minutes to the steps of the Treasury, upon which I loitered for a while, gazing dreamily down Pennsylvania avenue, till my eye rested on the Capitol, which seemed to present itself at all times no matter what part of the city I went to. It looked very fine from these grand steps as it appeared to block up the whole end of the avenue, wonderfully enriching it by its noble pillars and dome.

To be Continued.

Statistics of Labor.

THE working girls of Boston are about 20,000 in number, apart from those who are engaged in domestic service. During the past year the Bureau of Statistics of Labor has endeavored to ascertain the conditions surrounding this large class by a thorough and searching investigation. The desire was to ascertain the moral, sanitary, physical and economical conditions of these 20,000 girls who constitute this important part of our population. To this end over 1,000 of the girls were visited at their homes by agents of the bureau, care being taken that the various parts of the city should be represented, so that the 1,000 from whom the information was obtained may be considered as fairly showing the condition of the entire number. Complete returns were had as follows:

Boston proper	589
South Boston	160
East Boston	81
Charlestown	78
Roxbury	51
Dorchester and Washington Village	54
Brighton	19
Total	1032

More than half of this number, 594, lived at home with their parents. Of the remainder 155 were at lodging-houses, 116 at boarding-houses, 65 at home with relatives, 52 in private families, 31 at homes of their own, 18 at homes with husbands and 1 at home with friends. Only 129 had home surroundings which could be classified generally as poor and very poor. Of the girls seen 603 were born in Massachusetts; but of these only 102 had fathers, and 118 mothers, born in this State, and of the aggregate of 3,096 girls and parents 1,509 were born in Europe. This points to the fact, that in the labor element in Boston in which females are employed, the larger proportion is found in the children of foreign-born citizens. That the Boston working girl is not migratory, is shown by the fact that 84 per cent. of the whole time during which the 1,032 girls have been at work, has been passed in this city.

The Question of the Hours of Labor,

is a vital one to the girls, and should be an interesting one to the public. A very large proportion begin work between 7 and 8 a. m. and close at 6 p. m. During the busy and dull seasons different schedules of working hours are in force. In the busy season, in addition to regular hours, girls very frequently carry their work home and labor late, sometimes until after midnight. In the clothing trade girls are often given so much to be done by a stated time, and if they cannot complete it in the regular working hours, they are obliged to carry it home.

To offset the privilege of a half-holiday each week in the hottest months, it is sometimes the custom to deduct a money equivalent from the pay of employés. In some cases, where the hour for closing is five each day, and two on Saturdays, girls are allowed only five days' pay for the week. In other stores the pay of help is cut down to correspond. In some places where Saturday afternoons are granted one-half day's pay is deducted from the wages. Frequent complaints are made, also, of the short time allowed for dinner. In many instances only thirty minutes is allowed. Girls were also found taking but part of the dinner hour, in one case thus making up a seven weeks' vacation, which overwork had compelled the girl to take. Only 233 girls out of the 1,032 had a vacation during the year, and of these only forty received pay during vacation. One girl reports having worked fourteen years without a vacation of any kind. In a good many cases, even holidays are deducted from the week's wages. Christmas Day itself is not an exception, however hard the girls may have worked during the holiday season. Where time is lost through sickness girls are in many cases

Obliged to Provide Substitutes.

In some cases, also, where a girl is *one minute late in the morning a reduction is made from her wages.*

The sanitary surroundings in the homes of the working girls are not unfavorable as a rule. In many cases, however, the girls lived in limited quarters, which are not conducive to health. In some instances referred to they were found in small attic rooms, lighted by a skylight only, and in others they were in small side rooms, not heated in the

winter. In regard to workroom accommodations, the majority of girls appeared to be well satisfied, but a very respectable minority complained of poor ventilation and limited space for the number employed.

Long hours and standing up all day are believed to be the principal reasons for loss of health by working girls. Other reasons are to be found in the nature of certain occupations, such as those in which a dust arises while the girls are at work. Restaurant employés complain of long hours, and the great strain upon them from being constantly on their feet. Saleswomen of all kinds make similar complaints of the effect of standing all day. The new system of cash-carriers also is very exhausting, as the constant raising of the arm is a great strain on a girl, and results in a pain in the side. Several saleswomen are reported sick on this account. Other complaints from saleswomen are that no talking is allowed, and only half time enough is allowed for dinner, and that in busy seasons there is much extra work without extra pay. The clothing business is another from which complaints are heard. The tax on the strength of girls is very great, and unless a girl is strong and robust, the work soon proves too severe for her. The running of heavy machines by foot-power soon breaks down a girl's health. Overwork and the desire to do more than strength would allow has very

Seriously Affected the Health

of some. A case is reported where the overstraining of the nerves caused deafness, and another girl says that "overwork, cold dinners and constant application have brought on chronic rheumatism." This girl was well and strong when she began to work, and from motives of economy she has ridden in a horse-car only once for fourteen years. Sewing also affects the eyes, and the work as a whole is so trying that those who have not strong constitutions are often compelled to seek less exacting work. Work on straw goods is another trying occupation. In working on dyed braids, especially green and black ones, a fine dust arises which produces a hacking cough, and has very injurious effects. Some throat or lung trouble is prevalent among the girls who work on straw, and the hacking cough peculiar to the business is well nigh universal. Many of the girls die of consumption. The running of heavy machines gives rise to a pleuritic affection, and the acids used in the work cause troublesome acid sores on the fingers. The want of proper sanitary accommodations is an evil found in various kinds of manufactories, and appears to require some law to compel proper provision for the health and comfort of employés.

The report gives a number of tables of actual and average wages. Out of the 1,032 girls 921 earned less than $10 a week. The total earnings distributed over the fifty-two weeks give $4.91 as the average weekly earnings for the whole year. The total average weekly income of the working girls of Boston, from all sources, earnings, assistance and other work, is $5.17 a week. Low wages are a source of great complaint. The mothers, in some cases, say that to feed and clothe the girls requires more than they earn, and some have been taken from work on that account and are now idle. In the large stores em-

ployés are reported as hired at the lowest figures possible, and wages are likely to be even less in the future. Small wages are made on men's clothing. The pay ranges

From $3 to $6 a Week,

and in one case a baster on canvas reported only $1.25. The girls get discouraged, and have to practice the most rigid economy. Shirt, dress and cloak makers earn from $4 to $7, and in some other occupations the pay ranges from $2 to $5 a week. As there are always others ready to take their places at even less pay, the girls have to be satisfied with what they get. A large number of instances are given of the low wages made in some of the occupations, which show small pay even when there is plenty to do, without allowing for times of the year when trade is dull. The margin of annual income over annual expense is very small, being only $7.77 for all outside of the absolute necessaries of life.

In regard to the home life of some of the workers, interesting incidents are given of their struggles to earn a living. One woman, a widow with two children, worked at sewing, and for four years made $400 a year. Constant application to work, often until midnight, and sometimes on Sundays (equal to nine ordinary working days a week), affected her health and injured her eyesight. The doctor has ordered her to suspend work, stay indoors and keep out of sun and lamp light. She must earn money, and so she has kept on working. On account of her poor health she has been unable to meet her expenses during the past year and has been obliged to sell furniture and other articles. When seen she owed three months' board for herself and children. She hopes something may be done for working women, for however strong they are in the beginning, "they can't stand white slavery forever." Many other touching cases are mentioned.

As regards the moral condition of the girls the report says: "We do not hesitate to assert that the working girls of Boston are, as a rule, living in a moral atmosphere so far as their homes are concerned, and that they are not corrupted by their employers, and that their employers do not seek to corrupt them. All such statements originate in the idea that girls cannot dress well, with the small wages they receive, unless they lead immoral lives, in which they receive pecuniary assistance. The testimony of capable and honest women, of the heads of departments in dry goods' stores, millinery establishments, of forewomen of shops, matrons of homes, and of all those best informed, and in the best position to give testimony on this point, is that the working girls are as respectable,

As Moral and as Virtuous,

as any class of women in our community; that they are making as heroic a struggle for existence as any class, is a fact which all statistics prove."

With those who have no home but the boarding-house, Boffin's Bower exerts a great influence, and the name of Jennie Collins is a household word. The weakest and least competent go to this and other

places, where, if they are in need of a meal or a dinner they can get it without lowering themselves by begging. Other places also afford a safe and cheap refuge.

"The fact that here and there a girl forsakes the path of virtue, and leads a sinful life, should not be used to the detriment of the class to which she belongs," says the report; "especially when her life is peculiarly exposed to temptation, as is the case with girls struggling along on $5 or less per week. It is easy to be good on a sure and generous income; it requires the strongest character to enable one to be good and respectable on an unstable income of $5 per week."

The report recommends the confining of hours of labor to ten a day, the teaching of children by parents to respect honest labor, a thorough training in technical knowledge, and the establishment of homes for working girls on the basis of those in London, and the attention by the wealthy to the needs of the working women.

The Mother's Kiss.

A FATHER, talking to his careless daughter, said, "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours; still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You don't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through these years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands, whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the midnight kiss, with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work the last ten years, the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours — far more; and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and all those wrinkles would seem to be bright waverlets of sunshine chasing each other over her dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her breast. Those neglected lips that gave your first baby kiss will be closed forever, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."

To the Funcheon.

Eugene Geary.

[The Funcheon is a small river rising in the Galtee Mountains, and flowing through parts of the Counties of Tipperary, Limerick and Cork, until it empties itself into the Blackwater, about two miles south of Fermoy, in the latter county. The beauty and diversity of the scenery through which it flows have given it the reputation of being a river where the tourist generally finds all that is beautiful in nature.]

I.

My loved native river! afar o'er the ocean
From where by thy green banks I wandered along,
My soul pours to thee now its truthful devotion,
Enwrapp'd in the magic enchantment of song.
Thro' the dim mist of years that have slowly roll'd o'er me,
As fleet as the breezes that haste o'er the main;
The scenes of my youth come in radiance before me,
And bring with them joy to my bosom again.

II.

When thought leads me back to the blithe days of childhood,
How pleasant and joyous those moments to me;
The shamrock-decked valley, the glen, and the wildwood,
Enrobed in their vernal-hued splendor I see;
There's something so sweet in each glad recollection,
Like flow'r-scented gales from Elysium's shore,
That hastens the throb of the wanderer's affection,
To pulsate within him more fond than before.

III.

My clear, sparkling river! when fair, blushing morning
Was mirrored so bright in thy crystalline stream,
And tear-drops of Nature were purely adorning
The tints of the flowers in its roseate beam:
With thee then I roamed thro' the valleys enchanting,
By ivy-bound tow'rs where thou calmly dost roll;
'Twas youth's pleasant halo for nought then was wanting
To brighten the joys that encircled my soul.

IV.

And evening's cool shadows enraptured there found me,
When sunset's last rays kissed old Galtymore's crest;
Had wealth with a diadem gloriously crowned me,
A joy more sublime could not dwell in my breast.

And o'er me came thrilling sensations of gladness,
Until like the touch of a magical wand,
I lingered awhile — all my bliss changed to sadness,
To mourn the sad fate of my dear native land.

V.

Flow on, shining river; thy low, rippling cadence,
In fancy still falls as of old on my ears;
And my soul seems illumined with that gay spark of radiance,
That love planted there in my youth's golden years.
Tho' fate of those pleasures has sadly bereft me,
And Hope's fulgent star is nigh sunk in the main,
Still, still do I cling to the only ray left me,
That down by thy green banks I'll wander again.

It's Just a Habit I've Got.— What strange phases of life pass daily before the eyes of a London magistrate. This week a man was charged with committing an assault upon his wife. He had beaten her brutally and violently, and stood in the dock without defence. The magistrate, who is probably too familiar with local ways to waste energy in indignation, then asked the ruffian what he had to say for himself. "Well," said the prisoner in an explanatory tone, and after a moment's hesitation, "you see it's just a habit I've got." With a fine sense of possession, the head of the household was accustomed to use his living chattel in a particular way, and old habits are difficult to break. What was the magistrate to do? The man's manners were not nice, but then to send him to jail would be to deprive the wife and the children of their bread, and so — the prisoner was discharged with a caution.

Poor Hyacinthe.— Several Paris papers publish the following notice: "Père Hyacinthe Loyson has resigned his functions as Rector of the Catholic Gallican Chapel of the Rue d'Arras, and has been replaced by his first *vicaire*, M. Lartigaut. The resignation of Père Hyacinthe has been accepted only on the condition that he shall have the title and office of *vicaire épiscopal*." The *Petit Journal*, in reproducing this note, adds that M. Loyson, having come to the end of his resources, is about to re-commence his lecturing tour in America. It remarks: "His clergy — that is to say his *vicaire*, and his deacon, and his flock — that is to say, five or six intimate friends, shareholders in the chapel of the Rue d'Arras — have held a meeting, and have decided that the *vicaire* shall become rector, and that the rector shall be raised to the rank of bishop." There is life in the funny little sect yet.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SIEGE OF KILKENNY.

Cromwell returns to Cashel — Tickle's Treachery — The Garrison of Kilkenny — The Plague — Castel Howel — Summons to Surrender — The Batteries — Capture of St. Canice's and of the Irishtown — Repulse at the Breach — The Mayor's Letter — Proposals of the Governor — Cromwell's Answer — Breach in the Wall — Surrender — The Articles — Want of Supplies.

Our readers will remember that after the capture of Cashel Cromwell marched on Kilkenny,[1] and that when he had got within a few miles of the city, he returned once more to Cashel and fixed his headquarters there. The causes of his hurried retreat were these. He had advanced on Kilkenny without any of the materials necessary for a siege, relying on the promises of Tickle, an officer of the garrison, whom he had gained over, to secure a gate or two of the city and to betray the Lord Lieutenant (Ormonde) and some others whom he should think fit. "If your Excellency," wrote Tickle to him, "will draw before this town, I shall send a messenger unto you upon your first approach, and shall give you an account of the weakest part of the town and the force within exactly, and what else I shall find, or you may direct me to be most necessary for you."[2] Some of Tickle's letters were intercepted, and though written in cipher, fully revealed his treachery. The plot was thus discovered in time, and the traitor executed. Ormonde, too, who had established his headquarters in Kilkenny during the winter, hearing of the rapid approach of the Puritan army, got together about 700 foot and 100 horse; with these and some of the townsmen, who seemed eager to aid him, he presented such a formidable appearance, that Cromwell thought it wiser to retire and wait for the arrival of the other corps which he had ordered to come to his assistance. Ormonde was well aware that the advance would not be long delayed; he prepared for the attack by stengthening the defences as well as circumstances would permit. Giving the chief command of Leinster to Lord Castlehaven, he went to Clare with the Commissioners of Trust, to raise an army there and in the adjoining counties, that would offer some resistance to Cromwell's progress. Castlehaven appointed James Walsh governor of the castle, and Sir Walter Butler governor of the city.

[1] "Kilkenny, the seat of the Supreme Council, the spring-head of an execrable rebellion, the centre from which all the treasons and damnable counsels against the king, country, and religion were so many lines drawn."

[2] *Carte MSS.*, vol. xxvi. The bribe offered to him was £4,000, a high command in Cromwell's army, and the governorship of Kilkenny: a fact beyond all doubt, since Tickle confessed it.

Yet in spite of the measures taken for its safety, Kilkenny was but ill fitted to resist the attack of a well-disciplined army, or to sustain the hardships of a siege. A plague, which had appeared a few months before in Galway — brought, it was said, by a Spanish ship that had put in there — and had spread with amazing rapidity throughout the country, was then raging within the walls. "A small party of ours," says a Cromwellian soldier, "by way of affront, went to the gates of Kilkenny to ask who was there; where they learned, since the plague of the Supreme Council was gone, that the sickness supplied their room. And truly it is so briskly there, that what is their danger is their security, and what fortifies besieges them. So that his Excellency, thinking he ought not to meddle with what the Lord has so visibly taken into his hands, has declined taking Kilkenny into his own."[1] Castlehaven had sent a force of 1,000 foot and 200 horse to garrison the city. In a short time their number was so reduced by disease that their effective strength did not exceed 300 men.[2] He had ordered Lord Dillon, with the forces under his command, amounting to 2,500 foot and 600 horse, to meet him at Carlow, that they might combine and march towards Kilkenny. Lord Dillon's men refused to go to the aid of the doomed city; they marched away to their own country, declaring that they were ready to fight against men but not against God. Sir Walter Butler urged the garrison of Cantwell Castle[3] to abandon that place and to come in all haste to his aid. But the officers, being English, Welsh, and Scotch, sent some of their number to Cromwell, offering him possession of the castle, and asking money and passes to go beyond the sea to serve in the armies of foreign states. He accepted their terms, "on condition that they should do nothing to the prejudice of the Parliament of England."

From Gowran Cromwell and his army advanced on Kilkenny by Bennett's bridge. On the way he took Castle Howel, between Ballyhale and Castlemorris, belonging to the Walshes. Some of the family had taken up arms in self-defence; a detachment was sent against them, which totally defeated them. The inhabitants of the castle were all slaughtered; their bodies were thrown into a hole at the foot of the hill on which the castle stood.[4]

He approached the city by the old road still known by the name of Boher na thoundish.[5] He halted about a mile outside the city,

[1] *Irish Penny Magazine*, p. 114. Borlase says 17,000 persons died of it during the summer of 1650 in Dublin. *Rebellion*, p. 282. During the three years it lasted, it is reckoned that 30,000 perished of it in that city alone. See O'Connell's *Memoir of Ireland*, p. 329. It abated in the winter of 1651.

[2] Cox says the garrison consisted of 600 foot and 50 horse.

[3] Now Sandfort's Court, near Kilkenny.

[4] A large quantity of bones was found there about the end of last century, when the road was making from Castlemorris to Kilmaganny. See Tighe's *Survey of Kilkenny*, p. 334, and *Kilk. Arch. Journal* for 1881, p. 380.

[5] The Road of the Infirm or Aged. The old road ran parallel with the city-wall. The present Upper Patrick Street is a modern entrance, at which the ancient road was turned from its original course and led into the High Town through St. Patrick's gate, the direct continuation of the old way being through New Street, Flood Street, and Blackmill Street. *Kilk. Arch. Journal* for 1861, p. 366.

near the Black Quarry, and planted his guns on a neighboring hill, still known by the name of "Cromwell's Hill."[1] From there he sent forward a troop of cavalry to reconnoiter the defences.

On Friday, March 22d, he appeared at the head of his army before the walls. In the evening he sent the following summons:—

(1.) To the Governor, Mayor, and Aldermen of the City of Kilkenny.
These:

Before Kilkenny, 22d March, 1650.

GENTLEMEN,

My coming hither is to endeavor, if God so please to bless me, the reduction of the city of Kilkenny to their obedience to the State of England, from which, by an unheard-of massacre of the innocent English, you have endeavored to rend yourselves; and as God hath begun to judge you with His sore plagues, so will He follow you until He hath destroyed you if you repent not. Your cause hath been already judged in England upon them who did abet your evils; what may the principals then expect?

By this free dealing you see I entice you not to a compliance. You may have terms such as may save you in your lives, liberties, and estates, according to what will be fitting for me to grant and you to receive. If you choose for the worst, blame yourselves. In confidence of the gracious blessing and presence of God with His own cause, which by many testimonies this is, I shall hope for a good issue upon my endeavors. Expecting a return from you, I rest

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Immediately after the governor, Sir Walter Butler, sent the following reply:

(2.) For General Cromwell.

Kilkenny, 22d March, 1650.

Sir,

Your letter I have received; and in answer thereof, I am commanded to maintain this city for his Majesty, which, by the power of God, I am resolved to do. So I rest, Sir,

Your servant,

WALTER BUTLER.

Early the next day he invested the place, and planted the batteries. In the evening he attempted to possess himself of the Irish-town; but he was repulsed. He seized on St. Patrick's church,[2] and planted on the tower three pieces of ordnance, two demi-cannon and one culverin. Again he wrote to the governor, asking him to treat about terms of surrender. The letter has been lost, but we have the Governor's answer:

(3.) For General Cromwell.

Kilkenny, March 25th, 1650.

Sir,

Your last letter I received, and in answer, I have such confidence to maintain

[1] Such is the tradition; but the battery could hardly have been planted here, the distance being too great for the guns to act from it on any part of the town.

[2] It was outside the walls, on the brow of the Boher na thoundish, near its modern entrance through St. Patrick's gate into the High Town.

this place as I will not lose it upon such terms as you offer, but will sooner lose my life and the lives of all that are here, rather than submit to such dishonorable conditions. So I rest, Sir,

Your servant,

WALTER BUTLER.

Between five and six, on the morning of the 25th, the battery began to play on the town-wall, beneath the Marquis of Ormonde's stables, which lay between the castle gate and the rampart. The firing continued till noon. By this time a breach was made in the town-wall. But the governor erected two works within the walls with palisadoes; he had engines also laid in the way to hinder an entry. The soldiers were posted behind in full body to receive the enemy if they attempted to enter. Lieutenant-Colonel Axtell had the command of the storming party; Colonel Hewson led on the reserve very gallantly. St. Canice's church being observed to command the town in some parts, Colonel Evers, with a party of 1,000 foot, was sent to storm and take possession of it. The attack was made in both places simultaneously, to distract the attention of the garrison. The Irishtown[1] had been entrusted to the keeping of the townsmen, the garrison being employed in defending the portions of the town-wall that were assailed, and in securing the breach against another attack. The townsmen, at the first onset of the enemy, deserted their post almost without striking a blow,[2] and allowed the assailants to enter through the Dean's gate, and take possession of the cathedral and of the Irishtown. Twice the storming party at the breach strove to enter; each time they were repulsed; they lost Captain Higly and thirty or forty men.[3] Hewson was slightly wounded: he received a shot in the back, which "penetrated his buff coat, and a little bruised the flesh." Each time the breach was immediately repaired by the garrison. A third time the assailants were ordered to advance, but they would not obey. They saw that an entrance could not be effected there, as the counter-works raised within the walls were strongly palisadoed and commanded the breach. "It was a mercy to us," says Cromwell, "that we did not further contend for an entrance there, it being probable if we had, it would have cost us very dear."[4]

[1] The inland-walled towns were so strictly English that the Irish could not lawfully dwell therein. Sir Henry Sidney considered them "the Queen's unpaid garrisons." Outside the principal gate there was commonly a suburb inhabited by the Irish, who supplied the townsmen with provisions, or worked for them as tradesmen, laborers, &c. *Crom. Sett.*, p. 295. In Dublin, Limerick, Kilkenny, Clonmel, Bandon, and New Ross there is a district still called by this name.

However, in "The Petition sent to the Marquis of Ormonde by the Irish inhabitants Kilkenny, June 18th, 1661, asking to be restored to their homes," they say, "The siege of Kilkenny having endured for six or seven days, your petitioners having not sufficient forces to defend the same nor hope of relief, by reason of the plague and great sickness then raging in the same city, after suffering in a high degree all the extremities of the plague, fire and sword, and four several storms in several parts of the city, which were repulsed, and after a great breach made in the walls by cannon shot of above fifty great bullets; at last, by direction or allowance of Sir Walter Butler, governor of the city and castle, yielded upon quarter."

[3] Bruodin says 600 of the assailants fell at the breach. *Propug.*, p. 684. The more probable accounts represent the garrison as fighting with all the energy of despair.

[4] Cromwell to Lenthal, from Carrick, April 2d, in Carlyle's *Letters*, &c.

Another letter from Cromwell followed on the same day, there being no cessation during the correspondence in reference to the surrender.

(4.) For the Governor of Kilkenny.

Before Kilkenny, 25th March, 1650.

Sir,

If you had been as clear as I was in my last, I might, perhaps, have understood you so as to give you some further answer. But you expressing nothing particularly what you have to expect against mine, I have nothing more to return save this — that for some reasons I cannot let your trumpeter suddenly come back, but have sent you this by a drummer of my own. I rest

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

And this reply from the Governor: —

(5.) For General Cromwell.

Kilkenny, 25th March, 1650.

Sir,

Yours of this instant I received; the particulars you would have me express are these: —

That the Mayor and citizens, and all the other inhabitants, and others now resident in the city and the liberties thereof, with their servants, shall be secured of their lives, liberties, estates, and goods, and live in their own habitations with all freedom. And that our clergymen and all others here residing, of what degree, condition, or quality soever, that shall be minded to depart, shall be permitted to depart safely hence, with their goods and whatever they have, to what place soever they please with this realm, and in their departure shall be safely conveyed. And that the said inhabitants shall have free trade and traffic with all places under the parliament of England's command and elsewhere; and that the aforesaid inhabitants shall have their arms, ammunition, and artillery for their own defence, the town and liberties thereof paying such reasonable contribution as shall be agreed on, and not to be otherwise charged. And that the governors, commanders, officers, and soldiers, both horse and foot, now garrisoned as well in the castle as in the city, without exception of any of them, shall safely march hence, whither they list, with their arms, ammunition, artillery, bag and baggage, and whatsoever else belongs to them, with their drums beating, colors flying, matches burning, and bullet in bouche; and that they shall have a competent time for their departure and carrying away their goods, with a sufficient and safe convey; and that Major Nicholas Wali, and all other commanders, officers, and soldiers, who came out of the English quarters, now residing here, shall have the benefit of this agreement. Without which, I am resolved to maintain the place, with God's help.

Thus expecting your answer to this letter, and that during this treaty there shall be a cessation of arms and all other acts of hostility on both sides, I rest, Sir,

Your servant,

WALTER BUTLER.

Cromwell was on the point of raising the siege when the Mayor and townsmen invited him to stay, promising to obtain admittance for his forces into the city. The conditions are set down in the following letter of the Mayor:

(6.) For the Right Honorable the Lord Cromwell.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

We know by experience, and have it by your Honor's letters, that you desire not the spilling of blood nor the spoiling of cities and towns; and though I doubt not but your Honor would easily agree to good and profitable conditions for the city and citizens, yet we having a Governor of the city, and another of the castle, who commands us also, if befitting honorable conditions be not given unto the military part, the city and citizens do stand in danger of ruin as well from our own party as that of your Honor's. This, in the name of the city, and citizens, I humbly offer to your Honor's gracious, wise consideration, and desire your favorable remedy therein, and rest, Sir,

Your servant,

JAMES ARCHDAKIN,
Mayor of Kilkenny.

To which Cromwell sent the following answer:

(7.) For the Mayor of Kilkenny.

26th March, 1650.

Sir,

Though I could have wished you and the citizens had been indeed more sensible of your own interest and concernments, yet, since you are minded to involve it so much with that of the soldiers, I am glad to understand you, which will be some direction to me what to think and what to do. I rest

Your friend,

O. CROMWELL.

The Mayor replied:

(8.) For the Right Honorable General Cromwell.

Kilkenny, *26th March*, 1650.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

I received your Honor's letter in answer to mine, which I wrote unto your Honor in pursuance of the propositions sent by our Governor unto your Honor for obtaining of the said conditions, which seemed unto us almost befitting to be granted, the military part having exposed themselves for our defence; which obligeth us not to accept of any conditions but such as may be befitting to them. I desire your Honor to grant a cessation of arms, and that hostages on both sides be sent, and commissioners appointed to treat of the conditions. I rest

Your Honor's servant,

JAMES ARCHDAKIN,
Mayor of Kilkenny.

Cromwell, in consequence of his success, partial though it was, could now insist upon conditions more favorable to himself. What these were we learn from the following letters:—

(9.) For the Mayor of Kilkenny.

Before Kilkenny, *26th March*, 1650.

Sir,

Those whom God hath brought to a sense of His hand upon them and to amend, submitting themselves thereto and to the power to which He hath subjected

them, I cannot but pity and tender, and so far as that effect appears in you and your fellow-citizens, I shall be ready, without capitulation, to do more and better for you and them upon that ground, than upon the high demands of your Governor or his capitulations for you.

I suppose he hath acquainted you with what I briefly offered yesterday in relation to yourself and the inhabitants; otherwise he hath done you the more to answer for to God and man. And notwithstanding the advantages, as to the commanding and entering the town, which God had given us since that offer, more than we were possessed of before, yet I am still willing, upon surrender, to make good the same to the city, and that with advantage.

Now, in regard of that temper which appears among you by your letter, though I shall not engage for more upon the Governor's demands for you, whose power, I conceive, is now greater to prejudice and endanger the city than to protect it; to save it from plunder and pillage, I have promised the soldiery that, if we should take it by storm, the inhabitants shall give them a reasonable gratuity in money, in lieu of the pillages; and so made it death for any man to plunder. Which I shall still keep them to, by God's help, although we should be put to make an entry by force, unless I shall find the inhabitants engaging still with the Governor and soldiery to make resistance. You may see, also, the way I chose for reducing the place was such as tended most to save the inhabitants from pillage, and from perishing promiscuously, the innocent with the guilty: to wit, by attempting places which being possessed might bring it to a surrender, rather than enter the city itself by force.

If what is here expressed may beget resolution in you, which would occasion your safety and be consistent with the end of my coming hither, I shall be glad, and rest

Your friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

(10.) For the Governor of Kilkenny.

Before Kilkenny, 26*th* March, 1650.

Sir,

Except the conditions were much bettered, and we in a worse posture and capacity to reduce you than before the last letters I sent you, I cannot imagine whence these high demands of yours arise. I hope in God, before it be long you may have occasion to think other thoughts; to which I leave you.

I shall not so much as treat with you on those propositions. You desire some articles for honor's sake; which out of honesty I do deny, viz.: that of marching in the equipage you mention, "muskets loaded, matches burning," &c. I tell you my business is to reduce you from arms, and the country to quietness and due subjection; to put an end to the war, and not to lengthen it; wishing, if it may stand with the will of God, this people may live as happily as they did before the bloody massacre, and better, too. If you and the company with you be of those who resolve to continue to hinder this, we know who is able to reach you, and, I believe, will.

For the inhabitants of the town, of whom you seem to have a care, you know your retreat to be better than theirs; and, therefore, it is not impolitically done to speak for them, and to engage them to keep us as long from you as they can. If they be willing to expose themselves to ruin for you, you are much beholding unto them.

As for your "clergymen," as you call them, in case you agree for a surrender, they shall march safely away, with their goods and what belongs to them; but if they fall otherwise into my hands, I believe they know what to expect from me. If upon what I proposed formerly, with this addition concerning them, you expect things to be cleared, I am content to have Commissioners for that purpose. I rest, Sir,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor seeing the temper of the townsmen, and well aware of the weakness of the force under his command, knew that the

resistance he could offer would be worse than useless. The example of Drogheda and Wexford taught him "what to expect" if the city was taken by assault. On the receipt of the above he wrote to propose a conference. It was readily accepted by Cromwell.

(11.) For General Cromwell.

Kilkenny, 26th March, 1650.

SIR,

In answer of your letter, if you be pleased to appoint officers for a treaty for the surrender of the castle and city upon soldier-like conditions, I will also appoint officers of such quality as are in the garrison, provided that hostages of equality be sent on both sides, and a cessation of arms be also granted during the treaty. Assuring a performance, on my side, of all that will be agreed upon, I rest, Sir,

Your servant,

WALTER BUTLER.

P. S. — I desire to know what's become of my trumpeter whom I employed two days ago. W. B.

(12.) To the Governor of Kilkenny.

Before Kilkenny, 26th March, 1650.

SIR,

That no extremity may happen for want of a right understanding, I am content that commissioners on each side do meet in the leaguer at the south side of the city, authorized to treat and conclude. For which purpose, if you shall speedily send me the names and qualities of the commissioners you will send out, I shall appoint the like number on my part, authorized as aforesaid, to meet with them; and shall send in a safe-conduct for the coming out and return of yours. As for hostages, I conceive it needless and dilatory. I expect that the treaty will begin by eight of the clock this evening and end by twelve; during which time only will I grant a cessation. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The trumpeter by whom the message was sent was at first refused admittance; it was nine o'clock when the despatch reached the Governor. His reply was given immediately.

(13.) For General Cromwell.

Kilkenny, 26th March, 1650.

SIR,

Yours of this instant I received, and do hold the time appointed for the treaty and cessation of arms to be too short. Major John Comerford, Capt. David Turnball, James Cowley, Esq., Recorder of this city, and Edward Rothe, Merchant, are the commissioners appointed by me, who will meet such commissioners as you fix on at the place by you appointed by six of the clock to-morrow morning, or sooner, if you please, so as hostages be sent to me for their safe return; for without hostages the gentlemen will not go. The reason that I conceive the time to be short is because your trumpeter came not hither till nine of the clock this night; so, as I conceive, the business cannot be ended in so short a time. I have commanded mine to forbear acts of hostility during this treaty, and I desire that you do the like. I rest, Sir, Your servant,

WALTER BUTLER.

(14.) To the Governor of Kilkenny.

27th March, 1650.

SIR,

The reason of the so late coming of my answer to you was because my trumpet was refused to be received at the north end of the town; and where he was admitted, was kept long upon the guard.

I have sent you a safe-conduct for the four commissioners named by you; and if they be such as are unwilling to take my word, I shall not, to humor them, agree to hostages. I am willing to a treaty for four hours, provided it begin by twelve of the clock this morning; but for a cessation, the time last appointed being past, I shall not agree unto it to hinder my own proceedings.

Your servant,

O. CROMWELL.

The Commissioners were sent out soon after from the city, with a warrant for a treaty, signed by both the governors of the city and castle of Kilkenny, "appointing and authorizing Major John Comerford, Captain David Turnball, James Cowley, Recorder of Kilkenny, and Edward Rothe, Merchant, to treat and agree with the Lord General Cromwell, or such as he shall appoint, touching the yielding up to the said Lord General the city and castle of Kilkenny, and the conditions whereupon they shall be given up."[1]

The same day, March 27th, a breach was made with the pickaxes, in the wall adjoining the Franciscan monastery, to make a way for the horse and foot to enter. There is a piece of comparatively modern work in the old town-wall, at the angle where the Bregagh joins the Nore; probably this was the spot where the breach was affected. The townsmen, who were guarding this part of the city, also began to forsake their posts. Fortunately the governor at the head of a troop of horse, came up, and beat off the enemy, killing most of those that were near the spot.

That night a party, consisting of eight companies of foot under Colonel Gifford, was sent across the river to take possession of that part of the town. The attempt proved successful. They next tried to cross St. John's bridge, fire the gate, and thus effect an entrance into the city. Though they advanced resolutely, yet they lay so open to the enemy's shot that they were repulsed, with the loss of forty or fifty men.

Cromwell, in the meantime, was preparing to erect a second battery. The governor, seeing the weakness of the garrison, few in number, and exhausted by continual watching at their posts, and despairing of further aid, determined to carry out Lord Castlehaven's orders, viz:—That if he was not relieved by seven o'clock on the evening of the 27th inst., he should not, through any false notion of honor, expose the inhabitants to be massacred, but rather make as good conditions as he could by a timely surrender. A parley was beaten, a cessation of hostilities was agreed on, and at noon next day, March 28th, the town and castle were delivered up. The same day, Ireton arrived with 1,500 men to aid the besiegers. The following were the conditions of surrender:—

[1] Captain Frewen was unhappily killed during the treaty, there being no cessation.

Articles of agreement between the Commissioners appointed by his Excellency, Lord Cromwell, Lord Lieutenant General of Ireland, for and on behalf of his Excellency, of the one part, and those appointed Commissioners by the respective Governors of the City and Castle of Kilkenny, of the other party. March 27th, 1650.

1. That the respective Governors of the city and castle of Kilkenny shall deliver to his Excellency, the Lord Cromwell, the Lord Lieutenant General of Ireland, for the use of the State of England, the said city and castle, with all arms, ammunition, and provisions of public stores therein, without embezzlement, except what is hereafter excepted, at or before nine of the clock to-morrow morning.

2. That all the inhabitants of the said city of Kilkenny, and all others therein, shall be defended in their persons, goods, and estates, from the violence of the soldiery, and that such as shall desire to remove thence elsewhere, none excepted, shall have liberty so to do, with their goods, within three months after the date of these articles.

3. That the said Governors, with all the officers and soldiers under their respective commands in the said city and castle, and all others who shall be so pleased, shall march away at or before nine of the clock to-morrow morning, with their bag and baggage; the officers with their attendants, their arms, and with their horses not exceeding the number of one hundred and fifty horses; and their foot soldiers to march out of the town, two miles distant, with their arms, and with drums beating, colors flying, matches lighted, and ball in bouche; and then and there to deliver up the said arms to such as shall be appointed for receiving them, excepting one hundred muskets and a hundred pikes allowed them for their defence against the Tories.[1]

4. That the said officers and soldiers shall have from his Excellency a safe-conduct six miles from the city of Kilkenny; and from thenceforward a pass for their security out of his Excellency's quarters; the said pass to be in force for six days from the date of these presents, they marching, at least, ten miles each day, and doing no prejudice to quarters.

5. That the city of Kilkenny shall pay £2,000 as a gratuity to his Excellency's army; whereof £1,000 to be paid on the 30th of this month, and the other on the first day of May next following, to such as shall be by his Excellency hereunto appointed.

6. That Major John Comerford and Mr. Edward Rothe shall remain hostages, under the power of his Excellency, for the performance of the said articles, on the part of said city and garrison of Kilkenny.

7. Lastly, for the performance of all and singular the premises the parties have hereunto interchangeably put their hands, the day and year first above written.

JAMES COWLEY, JOHN CUMERFORD,
EDWARD ROTHE, DAVID TURNBALL, O. CROMWELL.

The author of the *Aphorismal Discovery* says, "The surrender was entirely owing to the conduct of the citizens; if the governor were pleased, and the citizens loyal, he might have kept the town for

[1] During the rebellion of 1641 the name of Tories was given to such persons as at first preferred to remain neutral, but who ultimately — perhaps urged by their loss of property and consequent distress — took up arms with a view of reprisal or revenge on those by whom they had been reduced to absolute ruin. English and Irish, Protestant and Catholic, Republican and Royalist, were alike their common enemies; and, being joined by men of desperate fortunes, they united themselves in bodies and became formidable gangs of free-booters, who harassed the regular troops of all parties without distinction. Croker's *Hist. Researches*, p. 52; London, 1824. It was applied by the opponents of Charles I. to his party, under the idea that he favored the Irish rebels. By an easy transition it became the distinctive appellation of the party who wished for the widest extension of the royal prerogative. Some derive it from *Tar a Righ*, Come, O King, a cry used by the Irish adherents of Charles I. Titus Oates used to call any one who opposed him a Tory.

a twelvemonth, if a straiter siege were not laid unto. But the base cowardice and disloyal townsmen betrayed both the gentlemen and the city, and did capitulate with the enemy. Which agreed upon, the gates were opened for him, and all unknown to the governor. No mention made in the said capitulation either of him or any of his party, all his now remedy was, seeing the enemy had the city, to defend the castle, thereby to force a quarter for himself and his soldiers, which being put in execution until the enemy thought the last of evils to grant him and his an honorable quarter of both lives and arms; which projected, both city and castle were yielded."

Cromwell found "the castle exceedingly well fortified by the industry of the enemy; being also very capacious, so that if we had taken the town, we must have had a new work for the castle, which might have caused much blood and time."

After describing his successes in detail, he concludes his letter by a demand for supplies: —

"I may not be wanting to tell you, as to renew it again, that our hardships are not a few; that I think in my conscience, if moneys be not supplied, we shall not be able to carry on your work. I would not say this to you if I did not reckon it my duty so to do. But if it be supplied, and that speedily, I hope, through the good hand of the Lord, it will not be long before England will be at an end of this charge; for the saving of which I beseech you help as soon as you can. Sir, our horse have not had one month's pay of five. We strain what we can, that the foot may be paid, or else they would starve. Those towns that are to be reduced, especially one or two of them, if we should proceed by the rules of other states, would cost you more money than this army hath had since we came over. I hope, through the blessing of God, they will come cheaper to you; but how we should be able to proceed in our attempts without reasonable supply, is humbly submitted and represented to you. I think I need not say that a speedy period put to this work will break the expectation of all your enemies. And, seeing the Lord is not wanting to you, I most humbly beg it, that you would not be wanting to yourselves.

"In the last place, it cannot be thought but the taking of these places, and the keeping but what is necessary of them, it must needs swallow up our foot; and I may humbly repeat it again, that I do not know of much above two thousand of your five thousand recruits come to us."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SURRENDER OF KILKENNY.

Bravery of the Garrison — Dr. Rothe — Churches profaned — Ecclesiatics put to death — The Market Cross — St. Canice's Cathedral — The Windows — The Ormonde Monument — F. Lea, S. J. — Ormonde and the Bishop of Clogher.

KILKENNY surrendered on the 28th of March, 1650. As the garrison marched out of the town, with their commander, Sir Walter Butler, at their head, they were complimented by Cromwell for their bravery: he said that they were gallant fellows; that he had lost more men storming that place than at Drogheda, and that he should have gone without it were it not for the treachery of the townsmen. Writing from Carrick, April 2d, he expresses "to his loving brother, Richard Mayor, Esquire," his great satisfaction at the success of his arms. "The taking of the city of Kilkenny hath been one of our last works; which indeed, I believe, hath been a great decomposing of the enemy; it's so much into their bowels."

The inhabitants who remained behind, owing to the timely surrender, escaped many of the calamities that befell the other places captured by the Puritan army, though "for the securing of their lives, estates, and goods from the violence of the soldiery, they were forced to pay £2,000 to Cromwell for the making good of that quarter."[1] Dr. Rothe,[2] the bishop, availing himself of the terms of the treaty, that the clergy should have liberty to go elsewhere, quitted the city with the garrison. Not that he feared danger or cared for his own life — he had often given proof of his readiness to run any risk for the welfare of the flock.[3] When the plague appeared in the city, he rose from his bed, to which he had been confined for more than a year by excruciating pains, and he had himself borne on a litter from door to door, in order to minister with his own hands the consolations of religion to those of his flock who stood in need of them. He had not gone more than a mile outside the walls, when he was seized by some stragglers from the victorious army and robbed of all he possessed. The news of Rothe's capture was at once despatched to

[1] Petition of the Irish inhabitants of Kilkenny; see p. 306, antea.

[2] An interesting account of the Rothe family, by the Rev. J. F. Shearman, is given in *The Confederation of Kilkenny*, p. 330. At Jenkinstown there is a portrait of Dr. Rothe, and also some vestments which belonged to him. The Bishop of Ossory has a monstrance made by his order; of this there is a drawing in the *History of St. Canice's Cathedral*, p. 40; Dublin, 1857.

[3] Messingham says he was well versed in all sorts of learning, an eloquent orator, a subtle philosopher, a profound divine, an eminent historian, and a sharp reprover of vice. *Florilegium Insulæ Sanctorum*, p. 87; Paris, 1624. A list of his works is given in Ware's *Writers of Ireland*, p. 122.

Cromwell. He gave permission to have the aged prelate[1] brought back to the city and handed over to his kinsfolk, that he might pass the brief remainder of his life among them.[2] Another and a more probable account is that given by Dr. Fleming, then archbishop of Dublin, when announcing Rothe's death officially a few months later. He says that he was dragged from the carriage in which he sat, a tattered cloak covered with vermin was given him, and he was cast into a loathsome dungeon, where he expired after a prolonged martyrdom.[3] He died on the 20th of April, in the seventy-eighth year of his age and the thirty-second of his episcopate.[4] His remains were laid in the family vault in St. Mary's church, after the usual obsequies had been performed without any hindrance. Some years before, in more peaceful times, he had erected a tomb in the cathedral of St. Canice, where he hoped his bones might be laid after his course was run;[5] here his friends strove hard to have him interred; but owing very probably to the fact that Colonel Axtell's regiment was quartered in the sacred edifice, they could not carry out their pious intentions. Strange to say, this monument escaped the fury of the Puritans, though they destroyed the s mptuous tomb of the Ormondes. It was partly demolished later by the ill-judged zeal of John Parry, the Protestant bishop of Ossory.[6]

Catholicity was flourishing in the city of Kilkenny, when the Puritan army, like a devastating torrent, overturning everything in its course, appeared before the walls. As soon as they got possession of the city, they impiously profaned the churches, overthrew the altars, destroyed the paintings and crosses, and showed their contempt for everything sacred. The vestments, which had been for the most part concealed, were discovered and plundered by the soldiery. The books and paintings were cast into the streets, and either burnt or taken away as booty. Dr. Patrick Lynch, of Galway, writing on the 1st of May, 1650, to the Secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda, says that a report had reached him of cruelties that had taken place in the city of Kilkenny, and of a number of priests, religious, nobles, and merchants, who had been put to death there.[7]

There is a tradition still current in Kilkenny, that after the surrender of the town, some distinguished ecclesiastics took refuge

[1] In his "Petition to the Confederate Council," August 1st, 1649, he speaks of himself as "old and bedrid." See *Account of the Carte MSS*, p. 83.

[2] The family mansion of the Rothes was in the Coal Market, Kilkenny; the entrance to it was by Wolf's Arch. *Kilk. Arch. Journal* for 1849, pp. 45 and 133.

[3] In *Spicil. Ossory*, vol. i. p. 340. Dr. Fleming's letter is dated June 5th, 1650.

[4] He was promoted to the see of Kilkenny in 1618, in his forty-fifth year. For many years previous he had been Vicar-General of Armagh. His name appears in a list of students at Douay, in 1613. See *Calendar of the Carew MSS.* (1603–24), p. 286; London, 1873.

[5] Robert Rothe in his will, executed in 1619, directs that he should be buried "in ye Chapel of the B. V. Mary and St. Michael, Kilkenny, where his father and grandfather are interred."

[6] He held the see from 1672 to 1677. He was succeeded by his brother, Benjamin Parry, who held it only nine months. See Ware's *Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 429.

[7] The ecclesiastics who survived were banished, for in the *Langton Memorials* it is said: "Bishop Phelan was our first Catholic bishop in the diocese of Ossory since the year 1549; at which time all our clergy were expelled by the Parliament and the usurper Cromwell."

from the violence of the soldiery in a secret chamber of the Dominican friary attached to the Black Abbey. None knew of their place of concealment except a few trusted friends, among whom was a woman named Thornton, who engaged to supply them every night with milk. This woman, for a bribe, betrayed the secret, and indicated to the Cromwellian soldiers where their victims could be found by spilling the milk along the road from the outer gate to the spot where the entrance to the secret chamber should be sought. The consequence was that the ecclesiastics were dragged from their concealment and put to death. Their betrayer received a grant of land as her reward.[1]

F. Archdeacon, S. J.,[2] in his *Theologia Tripartita*, a work published in 1678, describes the manner in which the soldiers displayed their fanaticism: "There stood, and still stands, in the market-place of Kilkenny,[3] a magnificent structure of stone, of elegant workmanship, rising aloft after the manner of an obelisk. It is supported by four lofty columns, which bear the weight of the whole superstructure. You ascend it on the four sides by flights of stone steps; and above all, on the highest point, was placed a sculptured figure of the Crucifixion.[4] After the occupation of the city by Cromwell's soldiers, some of them, who were particularly remarkable for their impiety, assembled in the market-place, armed with their muskets, and directed many shots against the symbol of the Crucifixion, in order that they might fully complete their irreligious triumph; this their persecuting fury at length accomplished. But behold! the wrath of an avenging God quickly pursued the authors of this sacrilege. A mysterious malady seized on them, and effected them so, that none survived beyond a few days." Another writer, whose name has not come down to us, says, "Seven soldiers of the Parliamentary army, like seven unclean spirits, set on it. After firing at it for some time, they broke off the ligher portion of it, and returned in triumph to their dwellings. But behold! of the number, six died immediately after, three on that same day, and three on the day following. The seventh was on the point of death; I know not whether he escaped. These facts became known to the whole city, and served to confirm the Catholics in their veneration for the cross, and to terrify, in no small degree, the heretics, its enemies."

The church of St. Canice was the special object of their pious

[1] A family named Thornton still resides within a few miles of the city, and to this day they are frequently upbraided with the alleged treachery of their ancestors.

[2] He was born in Kilkenny, in 1619. At the age of twenty-three he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Mechlin. For many years he taught philosophy, theology and Scripture at Louvain and Antwerp. He died in the latter place in 1690. Besides the above work, which has been frequently reprinted, he wrote a *Treatise on Miracles* and an *Epitome of the Life of St. Patrick.*

[3] Between the Butter Slip and the Tholsel, in the middle of High Street, and in the centre of the market. It was erected in 1335.

[4] A drawing of this cross is given in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, vol. i. p. 92; and in the *Kilk. Arch. Journal* for 1853, p. 219, the latter taken from an old drawing in the collection of the late W. Robertson, Esq. Here, in 1335, many were marked on the naked flesh in the sign of the cross with a red-hot iron, that they might go to the Holy Land. Clynn's *Annals ad ann.* Rinuccini, too, speaks of it in his *Nunziatura*, p. 82. An address in Latin was read to him by a youth in front of it as he was entering the city. It was taken down by order of the Coporation in 1771.

wrath. We have already seen that, in the earlier part of the siege, the assailants had attacked the quarter of the city where it was situated, and had succeeded in effecting an entrance there and establishing themselves within its walls. After the surrender, the aisles were converted into stabling for the troopers' horses. Colonel Axtell's[1] regiment was quartered in it for a considerable time. Eight years before it had been taken possession of by the Catholics, Dr. Griffith Williams,[2] the Protestant bishop, having fled at the breaking out of the rebellion. It was then solemnly reconciled for the Catholic service by Dr. Rothe, in presence of the members of the Supreme Council and of the prelates assembled in the city. Bale, whom Rothe calls "an image-breaking debauchee"[3] (*iconoclastes ganeo*), had sold the gold and silver vessels, and demolished the altars and statues of the saints. Rothe devoted all his energies to repair these injuries, and succeeded so well that he merited the eulogy of the legate Rinuccini. An inscription still extant in the cathedral records the gratitude of the people for his zeal.[4] Williams thus laments over the disasters that had befallen the noble edifice: "The great and famous and most beautiful cathedral church of St. Keney (Canice) they have utterly defaced and ruined. They have thrown down the great roof of it, taken away five great and goodly bells, broken down all the windows, and carried away every bit of glass, which, they say, was worth a very great deal; and all the doors of it, that hogs might come and root, and the dogs gnaw the bones of the dead; and they broke down a most exquisite marble font, wherein the Christians' children were regenerated, all to pieces, and threw down many goodly marble monuments that were therein, and especially that stately and costly monument of the most honorable and noble family of the House of Ormonde,[5] and divers others of most rare and excellent work, not much inferior, if I be not much mistaken, to most of the best, excepting the Kings', that are in St. Paul's Church or the Abbey of Westminster. Rothe says of the painted glass, put up by Bishop Ledrede:[6] "The choir of the cathedral of St. Canice is ornamented with colored glass, in which the whole life, passion, ressurection, and ascension of our Lord are most skilfully depicted. Such is its beauty

[1] Axtell was one of those who signed the warrent for the King's death. Cromwell made him governor of Wexford, and later of Kilkenny. In 1660 he was condemned to death with the other regicides still surviving, "for being commander of that black guard, that cruel and bloody guard, as the Attorney-General called it, that surrounded the High Court of Injustice which condemned the King to die." See the *Indictment of the Regicides*, p. 181; London, 1724.

[2] Williams was Protestant Bishop of Ossory from 1641 to 1672.

[3] An interesting account of Bale's "godly career" in Ireland is given in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, vol. i. p. 569; Dublin, 1865.

[4] The inscription is given in Graves' *History of St. Canice's Cathedral*, p. 293; it is set on an elaborate Renaissance monument, bearing the arms of the Rothe family, or a stag trippant gules, by an oak tree vert, with the motto, "*Virtuti non audacia.*"

[5] It was erected in memory of Thomas Butler, surnamed the Black, tenth Earl of Ormonde, who died in 1614. He was buried in the choir of St. Canice's cathedral.

[6] Clynn (*Annals*, p. 13) says he was consecrated on the 8th of the kelands of May, A. D., at Avignon, where the Pope then dwelt. About 1334 he began the repairs of the cathedral, which had been much injured by the falling in of the belfry in 1322. He died in 1360.

and splendor, that when the iconoclasts of modern times, in the reigns of Edward and Elizabeth, destroyed the sacred pictures, and though that unclean drunkard, Bale, broke and profaned all the statues of the saints which he could lay hands on, yet neither he nor the two other intruding bishops who succeeded him touched these windows." Yet these, too, were demolished by the bigots.

In the account of the Jesuit Mission from 1641 to 1650, some further details are given of the state of the city during the seige: —

"Father Patrick Lea, a man held to be a saint by all who knew him, was employed in the service of those who were struck down by the plague. He was well versed in all kinds of learning, even in the knowledge of medicine; for this reason he was asked by the citizens to undertake that duty. But owing to his ardent temperament and his zeal for the salvation of souls, his life was not a long one. Not only did he continuously hear the confessions of the plague-stricken, give them Holy Communion and Extreme Unction, and bestow on them all the spiritual aid they needed, but. besides, he was unceasing in attending to their bodily wants, supplying them with medicines and food and cleansing their sores. It happened that a poor man, whom he was attending, died. The body was spreading contagion all around. Father Lea took up the corpse in his arms and carried it to a neighboring cemetery, and, making a grave, buried it there. Owing to the heated state in which he was, and to the contact with the corpse, he was stricken down by the fatal disease on the 24th of March, 1650, to the great grief of the cititens.

"A few days after his death the city was taken. Our Fathers sought to avoid the danger in various ways. One of them took up a weapon, and passed out with the soldiers who were leaving the town. Another acted as servant in the house of a certain nobleman, and when waiting at table, often poured out wine and ale to the enemy. A third, in the disguise of a merchant, remained behind in the city, and employed himself in consoling the Catholics.

"Meantime the army of the heretics entering the town, overturned the altars and profaned the images, crosses, and all the other sacred things. They destroyed our house and oratory, sparing nothing that they believed belonged to a Jesuit. The sacred furniture had been hidden away; yet it was found and plundered. The books were thrown out into the street and burned. The soldiers who were struck down by the plague were put into our house, which was turned into a hospital, and profaned everything."

After the capture of Kilkenny, Ormonde, Castlehaven, and the Bishop of Clogher met in Westmeath to consult with the gentleman of that county about the King's interests. Ormonde set before them the following queries: 1st. Whether they were able to raise such forces as would be sufficient to engage Cromwell? 2d. In case they were not able to fight, whether it were not necessary with all the force they could muster to fall on the English quarters, and there burn and destroy all they could, that the enemy might not be able to subsist? 3d. If this was not feasible, whether it was not most convenient for them to join in some proposals of peace for the whole kingdom, or every one for himself, to make his own particular application? The last expedient was much approved by some; but most of them, knowing they had little claim to good conditions, preferred to attack the English in their quarters, and thus protract time until they should have an opportunity of escaping.

Mightier than the Sword.

DIP (if you will), your pen in gall,
And write of men with a truth sarcastic;
Manners and morals,— censure them all,
With a bitter zeal, with a humor drastic;

Let your quill, like the scalpel, pierce
The spot where Society's ulcer burrows;
Or track, like a lancet keen and fierce,
The shrinking sore to its hidden furrows;

But never a heart will you move or win
By the spiteful thrust of your witticism;
Never a sinner will cease from sin
Because of your scathing criticism.

The pen that governs, the pen that rules
All hearts with its sweet, persuasive power,
Is the one St. Francis left the Schools,
De Sales' bequest, Geneva's dower;

Which traced these words on the scroll of Prayer,
(Serene and temperate, brave and sunny),
"A gallon of vinegar will not snare
As many flies as one drop of honey!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Chastity and Public Life.

WE do not write on this subject for the purpose of influencing votes in the Presidential contest. The subject has entered the struggle, and in consequent discussion there has appeared and been advocated a theory that would take all opprobrium from unchaste action and tend to demoralize public sentiment. No person having the virtue of the people at heart can consider such a result without concern. For this reason we write.

It is broadly asserted that the chastity of a person holding public position need not be considered; that a person who is regardless of that virtue may, nevertheless, be most competent and trustworthy in public life. History does not sustain those who so judge. Scriptures, the history of the church, profane history are full of warning to the contrary. The instances of Samson, David, Solomon and Herod in Holy Writ suffice to show how crimes of this kind are visited not only upon the criminals themselves, but upon the people intrusted to them.

In church history the persecution of St. John Chrysostom, the kingdoms placed under interdict, the schisms and heresies caused by lustful rulers, notably the defection of England from Catholicity, are sufficient illustration. In profane history we note wars caused by such crimes, numberless intrigues leading to petty persecutions, oppressions and death of citizens. Any one who is at all familiar with the principal events of history from the Trojan war in the dimness of fable down to our own century can easily recall facts without number that are to the point, so that it can be asserted with all probability that nothing else has so changed the face of empires and caused such desolation as unchastity in public men. It can thus be seen that chastity in public life is a matter of grave concern, and how flippant is the talk of those who wish for partisan purposes to create a different impression.

But this is not all. The most important point is the demoralization of public sentiment. There is, necessarily, an abhorrence of known impurity because of the disgrace, misery, despair and other afflictions that are brought about by unchaste action. It is this abhorrence that leads so frequently to the speedy lynching of those who have had a share in such crimes. If there is one barrier, beyond the grace of God, to a deluge of impurity, it is the public disrepute that attaches to those who are guilty of the crime. It can thus be seen that it is not hypocrisy and inconsistency to punish those who are publicly known to be guilty of crimes that are secretly committed by many other persons with impunity. It is simply regard for a barrier to immorality. Those who are guilty of such crimes feel their own degradation and seek the darkness. The reasoning of some persons would take away all the opprobium and give the criminal impunity in the noonday sun. The same reasoning carried out would take all these crimes from the penal code and let every such criminal go unpunished from the court-room. Everybody can readily understand what would become of society in such a state of affairs. Those who are acquainted with the dangers to youth in the general laxity of customs as to associations of young men and young women in this country, the dances and night-walking so common, the early freedom from parental restrictions, so that in general when children attain the age of about eighteen years, parents almost as a rule do not know the whereabouts or companionship of young folks, cannot without concern see disrepute lifted from criminal actions and criminal associations.

T. F. MAHAR, D. D., in *Catholic Universe*.

TWENTY MEN have so far been implicated in the Dublin scandals. They are all men who have occupied respectable places in the community. Among them are stockbrokers, justices of the peace, castle officials, two doctors and several soldiers. Warrants have been issued against several men who have fled from Dublin.

The Basis of Popular Government.

FENELON spoke from his generous heart when he said, "I love my family more than myself, my country more than my family, and the whole world more than my country." Unfortunately, the converse of this is true of men in general, who love themselves first, their families next, then their country, and the whole world hardly at all. Hence the inefficacy of arguments intended to show that abuses in which an age takes delight will bring harm to posterity. Those who prefer the lower to the higher self will make no sacrifices for the good of their descendants, as one who is indifferent to the living will surely be unmindful of the dead and the unborn. We care nothing for ancestors who are a few degrees removed from us, unless their lives furnish food to our vanity, and it is not probable that any man is made unhappy by pondering on the destiny that may await his great grandchildren. Declaimers against the evils of the age, who predict the not distant downfall of the state or of civilization, alarm no one, because few have faith in such forbodings, and fewer still care to trouble themselves about the condition of mankind a hundred years hence. The masses of Europeans and Americans are not at all concerned for the welfare of the population of Africa and Eastern Asia; they are too far away. And times separates even more than space.

Here in America, to within a quite recent date, we have been so wholly under the influence of unreasoning optimism and youthful self-complacency, that prophets of evil have appeared to us to be simply men of unsound mind. As a people we have been, and probably still are, believers in the fundamental error that denies the original taint in man's nature; and hence we are persuaded that, in a society like ours, where the restraints, oppressions, and injustices of past ages have ceased to exist, the tendency to higher modes of thought and conduct, to purer and worthier life, is as irresistable as the laws of nature. The enthusiasm with which men hailed the advent of democratic rule, and the promise of boundless good to the race with which the new order of things was ushered in, together with a knowledge of the terrible and indescribable evils that unjust laws and tyrannical governments have brought upon mankind, were sufficient to blind them to the common facts of personal experience, and to hide from philosophers a truth known to every mother and every nurse, that man is born not only weak and ignorant, but with such a tendency to what is vicious, that each generation of children, if left to the impulse of their will, would inevitably relapse into barbarism. The bent of human nature is toward what is beneath, and the natural course of society is downward. If we consider the history of our race, we find emergence from barbarism to be the fortunate lot of exceptional people, who by some divine impulse, are borne upward, and reached a certain height of civilization, hasten to descend, not, indeed, along the rugged paths of heroic daring and self denial by which they mounted the summit, but in the open and easy way of sensual delights. Among the most privilged

nations, only the smallest number attain to excellence, and their high endowments, whether moral or intellectual, depend upon unceasing effort. The great body of their fellow-countrymen are held to be civilized on account of their association with these better specimens of the race, just as a vulgar man is called noble because he descends from ancestors who are believed to have been really so. Few men love the best, or seek the highest, or strive to shape their lives upon the model of exalted ideals; and the truly excellent, whether in conduct, literature, or art, is never popular. The crowd neither follow in the footsteps of the noblest characters, nor read the best books, nor love the masterworks of genius. It may, indeed, be said to be a law of human nature that attraction from below is stronger than attraction from above. The multitude live in the senses, not in the soul; and the life of the senses is contact with material objects. Hence the fatal tendency to superficial views of life and to low notions of conduct. How long and patiently must not a man labor to bring his natural endowments to some kind of perfection? And the moment he ceases to toil marks the beginning of degeneracy. But this tireless struggle is hard to weak nature, and the multitudes yield to the current, and are carried farther and farther away from the heights their young eyes looked up to with hope, all aglow with the light of ideal worlds. The same law prevails in families. But very few rise to eminence, and they, having produced two or three men of mark, break up and are lost in obscurity.

It is difficult to understand why we should imagine that there is in human nature a principle of indefinite progress. There is, indeed, in the world to-day more knowledge than there has ever been, more wealth, more comfort, more liberty; but, apart from the fact that all this is in great measure attributable to the influence of Christianity, which was accepted as a supernatural faith, supplying supernatural motives and helps, the essential quality of human life lies elsewhere than in knowledge, wealth, comfort, and liberty. Men and nations fail, not for lack of these, but for lack of moral strength. Conduct, to use a current phrase, is three-fourths or four-fifths of human life; and man is to such an extent a moral being that failure in conduct is essential, hopeless failure. The sense of life, of its goodness, its joyousness, its inestimable worth, springs from right-doing, not from fine thinking, or the enjoyment of political freedom, or the possession of wealth. Pure hearts are glad, and they who tread the paths of duty find God's world sweet. This is not a theory, but a truth that all men may verify by actual experiment, and to it the unvarying testimony of the past bears witness. That moral life is joy, peace, and gladness, contentment, fulness of life, is the teaching of all the greatest thinkers of the world; and it is also the actual experience of every human being who walks obedient to the voice of God's stern daughter, Duty. This is not to say that right-doing necessarily makes people happy, but that it gives them a deeper sense of the value of life and of its sacredness, a better insight into the goodness of all things, a knowledge that evil is accidental, and in no way able to deprive a man of the blessedness that comes of being in conscious harmony with the eternal laws of God's universe. To be morally right is to be absolutely right, because

the infinite truth of what is, is more nearly revealed to the conscience than to the intellect; and the more closely we conform to the law within, the more God-like does the whole world external to ourselves grow to be. In this way moral excellence, awakening the deep and boundless harmonies that sleep within the soul, brings us near to the heart of love and creates faith in immortal life. When character is the result of conformity with eternal laws, we feel that this union is everlastingly true, good, and fair; and hence that our real self belongs to an order of things that is imperishable. Therefore, the good are strong, and so, happy, since weakness is misery.

Just as right-doing leads to completeness of life and to belief in life everlasting, so wrong-doing begets a disesteem of life and unbelief in man's God-like destiny. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," are the words of those who fail in conduct. The more we live in the senses, the less becomes our faith in the value and duration of life. Hence the recklessness of those who have thrown aside moral restraint, and the fatal facility with which they take their own and others lives. Thought, to be true and healthful, must complete itself in act. It is not, therefore, its own end, but aims at something beyond. In the same way faith, hope, and love tend to action, to morality, to righteousness; and thus from all sides the truth is borne in upon us that the test of human worth is to be found in character, and not in a cultivated mind, or a brilliant imagination, or in beauty of body, and much less, of course, in things that are purely material, as money and machinery. Progress, then, is not possible where there is moral decadence, since conduct is three-fourths of life, and character the real test of man's worth. The literary excellence and refined civilization of the age of Augustus and Louis XIV. were not only wholly powerless to arrest the decay of Roman and French society, but served rather to hasten its dissolution; and history testifies to the truth that the possession of wealth destroys the virtues by which it is created.

If we turn to our own country, and to what, unfortunately, we must still call an experiment, to determine whether the best possible kind of government may become an enduring fact, we cannot fail to perceive that, to be able to form an enlightened opinion as to the success or failure of this noblest effort at self-government ever made by mankind, the truth that I have here sought to develop must be borne in mind. Human worth is moral worth; man's proper measure is character; conduct is three-fourths of life; right-doing brings the deepest and most lasting content and gladness to the heart of man, and thus creates a sense of completeness and harmony that nothing else can give. Righteousness is strength. As the physical forces of the boundless universe work together in every drop of water to give and maintain its form and nature, so the infinite power that makes goodness the best, cooperates with every man who obeys conscience, to uphold and confirm his heart. Goodness of life tends to length of days, to health, to success. Man lives by faith, hope, and love; and fidelity to conscience keeps him close to the clear-flowing fountain head of faith, hope, and love. To think finely is well; to dream nobly s also good; and to look with a glad heart upon the beauties of the universe gives delight; but not in doing any of these things, but in

doing right, lies the worth and goodness of life. And this great principle affects families and nations as it affects individuals. Conduct leads a whole people along the rugged and difficult ascent of progress; and, without it, neither knowledge, nor wealth, nor numbers, nor machinery, nor fertile soil, nor healthful climate, nor all these together, with whatever else there may be that is good and helpful, can save them from decadence and ruin. Whether alone or one of a multitude, man fails not for lack of anything else than virtue.

That a democratic form of government ought to be the best, the proverb, "If you wish a thing done, do it yourself," would seem sufficiently to prove. Again: Since the end of government is to promote the welfare of all the governed, and since each man is more than any one else interested in his own behalf, and since interest in a subject or a cause awakens attention and begets intelligence in matters therewith connected, it would seem to follow that to give to all men a due degree of influence in the government is the surest way to promote the welfare of all. And this conclusion gains weight, when we reflect that whoever hopes more from his own industry and merit than from fortune and favor, is a natural republican. On the other hand, there seems to be no doubt but the government of the best men is really the best government; and, since this is so, that a democratic government, where the people are corrupt, is necessarily a bad government, because the vicious will not only not elect the best, who will not stoop to their level, but, by virtue of the law of affinity, will choose the baser sort of men. It was this kind of democracy that repelled Landor — "Because," said he, "I have always found it more jealous of merit, more suspicious of wisdom, more proud of riding on great minds, more pleased at raising up little ones above them, more fond of loud talking, more impatient of calm reasoning, more unsteady, more ungrateful, and more ferocious; above all, because it leads to despotism through fraudulence, intemperance, and corruption."

As the liberty of criminals means license, so the freedom of the immoral means corruption. Declaimers are fond of affirming that man naturally loves liberty, when the truth is, he only naturally hates restraint. Liberty is obedience to law; and is it not absurd to assert that men are naturally obedient to law, when religion, education, civil authority, criminal codes, and other means have to be continually employed to enforce respect for authority? Do savages, barbarians, and children love the moral restraint without which it is not possible even to think of liberty? Have not men in all ages called liberty the opportunity to seek their own interests, and gratify their passions by inflicting wrongs upon their fellow-beings? All virtue is rare, but love of liberty is a rare virtue, the flower and fruit of a life-long devotion to rectitude, to unselfish purposes and aims as large as the love of Christ. Let us not imagine, then, that a free government such as ours rests upon the natural instincts of the human heart. We love the highest when we see it; but the low cannot see the highest, and only the best know the best.

Our great good fortune lies in our infinite wealth of opportunity. Whoever feels within himself force of mind or heart or body, finds

work to do that brings reward; and as he moves forward, avenues open out at every step that lead or promise to lead to much that men most eagerly desire. Through these thousand channels the flood of energy finds outlets, and catastrophies are avoided. But opportunities diminish with the growth of population and the development of the country; and with the whole world rushing in upon us, we shall soon have to find a way to control destructive agencies that our physical resources and sparse population now render comparatively harmless. We must now prepare to meet this emergency. By the end of the century we shall have nearly a hundred million people; our wealth will be greater than that of any other nation; our machines will be the most perfect; and the comforts of life will here be within the reach of larger multitudes of men than have ever enjoyed them. All this will come like the leaves in spring-time, and like the fruit in summer; but numbers do not constitute excellence, and machinery does not fashion souls, and comforts do not nourish heroes. If the outcome of our civilization is simply to be the greatest possible number of well-clad and well-fed human beings, there is little need of giving serious thought to such a lubberland of mediocrities, and we may as well agree with Renan, who thinks us farther removed from true social ideals than any other people, or with Carlyle, who maintains that the stupendous feat we have hitherto accomplished is to bring into existence in an incredibly short time more millions of bores than ever made earth dismal before.

To develop the highest man, and, if it may be, multitudes of the highest men, is in every way more desirable than to dig gold or build railways; and if we are to stand in the van of all the world, we must have other proofs to show than our money, our corn, our numbers, and our machines. "The end of all political struggle," says Emerson, "is to establish morality as the basis of all legislation." It is manifest that our politics have become essentially immoral. Neither party dares to touch any question that is higher or holier than that of tariff or no tariff, looking upon a wretched financial problem as the only vital interest for a people who lack not money, but virtue. The eternal principles of justice and morality are ignored, and our electoral contests have degenerated into mere struggles for office; and to suggest that conscience ought again to assert itself in American politics, is to make one's self ridiculous. And all the while the evidences of moral decadence stare us in the face. There is the general decay of faith in God and in the worth of life, that is the unfailing mark of weakening character and sinking morality. Nothing is longer certain for us but what we see or touch, so that the whole ideal world, which is our only true world, is become a dream; and the young start out in life with no higher aims than to get money or office. Nothing is left among us that is venerable, or great, or divine. We look upon God's universe with the spirit of irreverence in which the author of "Innocents Abroad" beheld the shrines of religion and art in Europe and Asia. Our smartness renders us incapable of admiration, of awe, of reverence. We know what the stars are made of, and think them not more wonderful than an electric light.

The press of our great cities is the chronicle of our life. What does it record? Murders, suicides, robberies, thefts, adulteries, fornications, divorces, drunkenness, gambling, incendiarism, fraudulent bankruptcies, official peculation, with now and then a collision of trains and destruction of life and property by mobs. This fills the news columns. In the editorials we meet with reckless assertion, crude generalization, special pleading, ignorant or dishonest statement of half-truths, insincere praise and lying abuse of public men, frivolous treatment of the highest and holiest subjects — all thrown into that form of false reasoning and loose style, which is natural to minds that have not time to learn anything thoroughly. And this half-mental and half-bestial brothel-and-grog mixture, brought from the great cities by special trains to every household, falls like a mildew upon the mind and conscience of the people, taking from them all relish for literature, all belief in virtue, all reverence for God and nature, until one may doubt whether we have not lost the power of intellectual and moral growth.

We have no one institution great enough to inspire the love and enthusiasm that are the soul of national unity. Our public life regards material interests alone; our theory of education is narrow and superficial, aiming chiefly to develop smartness, the least desirable quality of mind, and more sure than any other to foster vulgarity; and thus we have no ideal to elevate and guide us, or fill us with faith in our destiny. In the meantime, the manners of Europe threaten us, and we are permitting the rapid growth of social customs that are helpful enough to tyrants, but pernicious in a democratic republic. Austere manners lead to political liberty and uphold free governments, and a people given over to sensual delights, to foolish frolicing and dissipation, love license more than freedom; and, if you but give them wine and a show, care not what master rules over them. The Puritans of New England had the truest instinct of political liberty, and that instinct made them serious, earnest, austere, averse alike to childish gayety and to loose conduct. It were better for us, if our liberty is dear to us, to have the Puritan Sabbath than the Pagan Sunday of parts of Europe. "Let the passion for America," says Emerson, "cast out the passion for Europe." There must be brought into our public life something to appeal to minds and consciences as well as to interests; for it is the disgrace of a nation that its chief concern should be a question of money, and that the significance of political contests should lie in the emoluments of office; and while this state of things continues, the best men will remain aloof from the struggle, and leave the direction of public affairs in the hands of the baser sort. We need an ideal to which all noble minds and generous hearts may rally, and this ideal here in America at the present day can neither be intellectual nor religious; it must be moral. We are too essentially practical to be deeply interested in intellectual truth, and our religious divisions are so various and so far-reaching, that a great national regeneration springing from a common faith is not now possible; but there is still left in the mass of the people a deep moral earnestness, which, if it can be called into action, may yet lift the whole nation to higher and purer life. Our

two great parties are the principal obstacle in the way of such a movement. It is not possible to arouse the American people thoroughly, except through political agitation, and both these parties, which have become simply mills to grind the people's corn to make bread for office-holders, oppose the whole weight of their organized power to every honest effort to bring about a moral reformation; and so long as the multitude is led by them, our worship of majorities will throw an air of quixotism over every attempt to stem the torrent of corruption. The welfare of the nation demands that the one or the other cease to exist; that a new party, springing from the deep yearning of multitudes for purer and nobler national life, and upheld by the enthusiasm inspired by high moral aims and purposes, may take its place. But the Democratic party is neither open to ideas, nor subject to death; and our hope now seems to lie in the defeat of the Republican party in November. This party originated in a righteous indignation against slavery, which it abolished, and at the same time strengthened the bonds of national unity. It has done its work, and now bars the way to other conquests. Multitudes of its adherents perceive this, and they are waiting for its death-knell as the signal of hope.

The limits of this article do not permit me to discuss the problems that the new party will have to solve. They will relate to moral rather than to material interests. There is, first of all, the question of education. The dread of religious teaching in the common schools has deprived them of moral influence, and they cultivate a faculty instead of forming men. Then there is the question of the liquor traffic. The most hideous phase of our political life is that which comes of its association with bar-rooms, and the remedy for American pauperism is not a wage or rent theory, but economy and sobriety. There is, also, the question of woman suffrage. The experiment will be made, whatever our theories and prejudices may be. Women are the most religious, the most moral, and the most sober portion of the American people, and it is not easy to understand why their influence in public life is dreaded. They are the natural educators of the race, and they and their children are the chief victims of drunken men; and since men have been unable or unwilling to form a right system of education or to find a preventive of intemperance, there can be no great harm in giving in these matters at least an experimental vote to women. Then there is the question of the licentious and obscene press, as unlike a free press as a sot is unlike a true man, which is a more deadly and insiduous poison than the adulterated liquor that a deluded people pay for the privilege of drinking.

With us, material interests take care of themselves, since the whole energy of the people turns upon the development of our physical resources; and hence the duty of those who have faith and hope in the destiny of America lies elsewhere. In the presence of a whole people thinking chiefly of money; talking of it, yearning for it, toiling, lying, cheating, to get hold of it; adulterating food and drink to make it; displaying it in all its vulgar glitter in their homes and equipages and on their bodies; discussing and solving all problems, even questions of the soul, from a financial point of view; making

money the measure of the value of time; determining the worth of education by the power it develops to amass wealth, and even going so far as to hold a man's money the nearest equivalent of himself,— in the presence of such a people there is need of power to proclaim, as with the voice of God, that the goodness of life lies in right-doing, and not in lucre.

"That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital; and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death."

RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill., in *North American Review.*

The Battle in Belgium.

ON Saturday last the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, by eighty votes against forty-nine, overthrew what are egotistically called by the Liberal Press here and on the Continent "the educational reforms" of the late Liberal Ministry. The large attendance of members — there were only seven absent — showed that the question at issue was regarded as a crucial one; and a crucial one undoubtedly it is. At the last elections the Ministry was tried upon its educational policy, and on that policy it was signally beaten. Under the law passed in 1879 every Commune is obliged to maintain a secular school, though all the children of school age may have Catholic parents and be attending a Voluntary school. By the new Bill the Communes will be allowed to subsidize Voluntary schools under certain stringent conditions, one of which is that there are not twenty parents found to object to their doing so. In the majority of Belgian villages the secular school is almost empty, and where this is the case it has naturally been a great consolation to the Radicals to remember that though the Catholic population will not let their children enter its doors they are obliged to pay for keeping them open. The senseless tyranny of the arrangement has roused the resistance of the people, and their will has been embodied by the new Ministers in what even an English Protestant paper — the *Guardian* — admits to be "a very moderate measure."

Moderation, however, is thrown away on the party of self-sufficiency and of petty tyranny which in Belgium as in so many quarters of the Continent, as well as in our own colonies, and, nearer home, at our very doors, has fought and truckled to get a footing in the schoolroom, to the exclusion of everybody else. Even the better sort of secularists, in Belgium as elsewhere, seem to be suddenly bereft of any sense of fair play in presence of the priest on the threshold of the schoolroom — the schoolroom which is, above everything, the anteroom of the Church. M. Emile De Laveleye, for instance, recently wrote a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in explanation of the wonder-

ful electoral victory obtained by the Catholics in Belgium, as he understands it. Of course, he said nothing about the bitter, unscrupulous persecution of the Christian religion which aroused even the Jews to indignation; nor does he allude to the squabbling among themselves for the spoils of office by professional demagogues, who care more for their own interests than for the interests of the State. But he acknowledged that "overtaxation" had a good deal to do with the defeat of his friends, and so especially had the attempt to force the compulsory school law upon districts where the clergy and the majority of the people were opposed to it. We expected from him just a little indignation that the feelings of a majority should have been thus ignored. But no — his great and only anxiety is to regain for the Liberals a portion at least of their lost power. He has suddenly become an advocate for the representation of minorities. We did not hear anything about the justice of minority representation when they were in power. If Catholics had but mentioned the subject or whispered a desire for such representation, they would have been ridiculed and their petition rejected with contempt. But now, when Liberals are out and Catholics and Conservatives are in, the case is entirely changed. That which before would have been rejected with scorn is now urged as matter of justice and of right.

Nor is this by any means the most characteristic proposal that has been made. Here, in England, where the Government has been in office nearly five years, Mr. Gladstone is indignant that the Lords or anybody should try to force on him an appeal to the country before the full time. But when the Belgian Government has been in office for only as many weeks as Mr. Gladstone has been in Downing Street for years, the defeated faction in Belgium — those great friends of Constitutional freedom — cry out for a dissolution, and all because one by-election in Brussels itself has reversed the vote which the rest of the country gave at the last general election. With this demand no Minister but a craven, who would not deserve to have again entrusted to him responsibilities which he was so timorous to assume, could possibly comply. But the tactics of the Liberals have not ended with the rejection of this particularly modest and patriotic demand. They have proceeded to parade the streets, after the most approved method of "legislation by picnic;" and this amusement palling a little, and being, moreover, capable of enjoyment by their opponents as well as themselves, they have proceeded to petition the King not to put his sign-manual to a Bill — which, let it be remembered, a decisive majority of the representatives of the people have approved. An anti-Clerical Government in office — whether in Brussels or Paris — we know only to well; but an anti-Clerical Opposition, writhing under defeat, has never been more pitifully exposed to public view than is this which is now beside itself with disappointment in the capital of King Leopold. All M. De Laveleye's fine theories of representation of minorities — where are they now, when even the universal theory of the representation of a majority is thrown to the winds — as well as half-a-dozen other theories which are supposed to be especially dear to the anti-Clerical party — when it holds office? For the present, and for a

long time to come, we hope it will have an opportunity to learn the modest manners which it is always ready to enjoin on its foes when they are the victims of popular caprice at the electoral polls.

London Weekly Register.

The British Premier on Ireland.

MR. GLADSTONE said at a recent meeting :— "Now, gentlemen, I don't assert to you that the Irish question is altogether settled, but, gentlemen, Parliamentary and political difficulties are one thing, and social difficulties are another. Social difficulties destroy the peace and comfort of private life and break up the relation of classes, families, and men throughout the country. With these social difficulties, under the able guidance of Lord Spencer, the Irish Government has manfully, and, I trust, effectually grappled. There may again be outbursts of crime, but nothing, I believe, like what we have had to contend with is to be feared in the future of that most interesting country (hear, hear). A Parliamentary and political difficulty there will be. I have no doubt — none whatever — that the organization of what is termed the Nationalist party in Ireland will for some little time disturb the actions of our Parliamentary system. There will be time wasted ; there will be measures obstructed ; there will be a good deal of trial of temper ; perhaps now and then a Ministry will be overturned, possibly a Parliament dissolved ; but rely upon this, gentlemen, — I don't gratuitously, and without consideration, undertake the office of a prophet — rely, gentlemen, upon this, that so long as you continue to pursue a course of justice and liberality towards Ireland, although you may still have a residue of trouble handed over to you from the mistakes of former generations, yet nothing can happen in Ireland which will abate the strength of this mighty empire, nothing which can seriously trouble its imperial action. Under no circumstances can it happen that Ireland can be dissevered in her fate and fortune, and it would be the greatest misfortune if she could, but never can it happen, that she will be dissevered from Great Britain."

The *Dublin Freeman's Journal* replies : — "Under no circumstances, declares the Premier, can it happen that Ireland can be dissevered in her fate and fortunes from England." This may be. We have always held that the true interests of the two countries lie in a union based upon mutual interests, and cemented by mutual self-respect. But if Mr. Gladstone means to convey that the present relations between the two countries will continue to subsist, that Ireland will continue to be governed and its affairs administered by statesmen who are not ashamed to avow that at the most critical period of her history they were in absolute ignorance of her true condition ; by others who display ostentatious indifference of her wants and wishes, and rule her by force alone, as if she were a conquered country ; then we venture to tell him that he is as mistaken in his estimate of the

political situation as he was in his estimate of his land legislation fourteen years ago, and that he is as ignorant of the forces with which he has to deal as he declares he was in 1880 of 'the severity of the crisis that was already swelling upon the horizon in Ireland, and that was shortly afterwards to rush upon them like a flood.'"

Must One be a Democrat to be a Catholic?

A MISUNDERSTANDING REMOVED.—"It is even said that some of the most sagacious of the Catholic clergy welcome the indications that in the present break-up of parties the Catholic vote is not likely to be so solidly given for a single political organization as in the past. They have not liked it that the Catholic Church should be so generally associated in the public mind with a single party. They have been irritated by the unjust suspicions to which such solidity gave rise, and would gladly see them removed."—*N. Y. Sun, Sept.* 12.

Upon the above the *Buffalo Catholic Union and Times* remarks: The present Presidential campaign, however it may terminate, will be attended with one result that must be gratifying to Catholics. The groundlessness of the impression that the Catholic Church is identified with any political party, or seeks the ascendency of either of the rival organizations, will be well understood. There was a serious misunderstanding in the minds of many in regard to the attitude of the Church in American politics, and it is not surprising if it sometimes awakened bitter prejudice.

Catholic and Democrat

were regarded as almost synonymous terms. Although the Catholic clergy protested against the charge of dictating to their congregations how they shall vote, the fact was apparent that they did vote the Democratic ticket, and the suspicion remained that they did so in obedience to the wishes of their pastors. Thus Catholics, lay as well as clerical, were placed in a false light before their Protestant fellow-citizens. The laity were supposed to vote blindly and slavishly in the interests of Rome, while the clergy were thought to have nothing so much at heart as the political orthodoxy of the voting element in their congregations.

A Not Unnatural Mistake.

If Republicans have at times said harsh things of the Catholic Church, we must in candor admit that they were not altogether without provocation. They saw a powerful Catholic element uniformly arrayed against them at the polls, and they very naturally suspected that there was some mysterious connection between the religion and the politics of those who composed it. Yet Republican officials have displayed quite as much liberality in matters affecting the interests of the Church as those of the Democratic party, and not unfrequently even more.

Few are so ignorant as to believe that there are no Know-Nothings in the United States outside of the Republican party. Know-Nothingism flourished in States in which Republicanism never gained a foothold, and a large element of what is left of it, is hidden under a very thin veneering of Democracy.

All the Catholic Church desires is fair treatment, and she is quite willing that her children should *vote according to the dictates of their own judgment*.

Borneo.

THE Prefect Apostolic of the Borneo Missions is collecting for that benighted people in London.

The Rev. Father Jackson was appointed Prefect Apostolic of Borneo about three years ago. He, with a few priests, arrived at Sarawak, where they were most kindly received by the Rajah and Ranee Brooke; king and queen of that country, and by the other European residents there. The Fathers on their arrival at Borneo were ignorant of the languages spoken by the natives. They separated to explore the interior in order to find suitable stations or centres for missionary work. Several of the Fathers had to be carried back from the interior in a dying state, owing to the privations they had to endure and the swampy country through which they had to travel. The inhabitants of Borneo are a most barbarous and uncivilized people, they have neither gods nor religion. Some of the tribes are passionately addicted to head-hunting, whence they derive the name of head-hunters, that is, they kill men, in order to obtain possession of the skulls, which they preserve as treasures. The men are tatooed, and have hardly any clothing. They never go out without their spear and shield. The races of the interior lead a nomadic life. On the coast of Borneo the missionaries found many Chinese who have come to that country for commercial purposes. The missionaries resolved to establish some stations amongst them, which might serve as a basis for their operations in the interior. This plan has been crowned with success. During the three years the Fathers have been in Borneo, they have also succeeded in founding a school for Dyak boys in the interior; the Fathers, by the grace of God, hope to train these boys as catechists, and make them in some degree the future apostles of Borneo. F. Jackson is also very anxious to acquire the means to establish a convent of nuns, and maintain them in Borneo, as it is impossible for priests to work among the women of the East on account of their peculiar customs, and without the conversion of the women the work can hardly be a permanent one. Money is also required to take out some priests who are ready to start if money can be found for their maintenance. Address Rev. THOMAS JACKSON, Prefect Apostolic of Labuan and North Borneo, St. Joseph College, Mill Hill, London, N. W.

Gossip.

"NOBLEST things find vilest using." And certainly it is a rigorous destiny that Gossipred should have come to signify one of the worst of social vices. There is something venerable in the pious confabulation of godfathers and godmothers over caudle-cups and postle-spoons: but there is something murderous in the conspiracy of Gossips. It may be that the christening of an infant may have usually let loose a flood of small talk, and volumes of charitable hopes that the son may be better than his father, and the daughter less intolerable than her mother. This mixture of detraction and prophecy is the original sin of gossiping: and it has descended with rapid propagation to all races and languages among Christian men.

There are many varieties in the Gossip kingdom. First, there is the Harmless Gossip, who, being good-hearted but empty-headed, talks incessantly in a kindly, bird-witted, scatter-brained way of all sorts and conditions of men. Such a one cannot talk of subjects scientific, literary, or historical, for he knows nothing about them; nor of things generally, for he is habitually unobservant; but his whole talk is of persons. What such a one has done, is doing, is about to do, would do, or will do: and what such another has said, or is saying, and so on, through all the moods and tenses: how Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament as a supralapsarian, but has gone over to the social democracy: and how no Duchess of Sutherland would ever have in her wardrobe less than 144 pocket-handkerchiefs, every one of which cost twenty-five guineas: how Sir Wilfrid Lawson in early life tried to be a Dominican, but was sent away because of his hard drinking and contagious melancholy. Such gossips are, however, as free from guile or malice as they are from common sense or discernment of what in men or things is credible, probable or possible. Nothing comes amiss to them. Gossip they must, by a second nature. If they have anything to say, they will say it; if nothing, it is all one; they buzz on amiably, *sicut chimœra bombitans in vacuo;* amiable, buzzing creatures, the bluebottles of social life.

There is next the Unconscious Gossip, who repeats all he hears to all he meets, with no greater perception of the fitness of time, place or person, than he has of colors in the dark. What somebody told him he tells to everybody; mostly to the person who ought last to hear it, and whom it most concerns. The unconscious gossip is an adult *enfant terrible* — a sort of *pétroleur* or *pétroleuse* on a large scale, sprinkling society with petroleum, believing it to be as harmless as salad-oil. Such innocents have not even the vice of curiosity. They have not sufficient perception of either the eternal or the transient relations of things to excite curiosity, or to make them conscious of the social explosions, earthquakes, conflagrations they are daily causing. The law against arson ought to be extended to such unconscious incendaries. Their only plea at bar is: "Who could have ever thought that the

man I met in the train was accused of the crime or afflicted with the unhappiness of which I told him? I did not even know who he was."

To these must be added the Professional Gossip. This is a kind known to the Clubs. He knows everybody; is particularly intimate with the people you are talking of; he saw them yesterday; or is going to dine with them, to meet the Russian Ambassador, to-morrow. He puts no handle to any man's name: they are his familiars and clients, patients, and penitents, Lords, Commons, and Lions. They all consult him; tell him everything, do nothing without him. He was called last night after twelve o'clock by telegram to Hawarden Castle or to Alnwick, but was not able to go, being sent for from Buckingham Palace. He knows the outline of the Land Bill; and how many Peers will be made to carry it; and who are to be made Peers. Such gossips have one fatility. Their prophecies never come to pass; and of their secrets, what is prophecies never come to pass; and of their secrets, what is true is not new, and what is new is not true. Each day wipes them out; but they are like tales of fiction, a pleasant excitement for the moment. Such gossips are not malicious. They are too well pleased with themselves to bear ill-will. A quarrel, or even a duel now and then, they may create without meaning it: but they make it up by sacrificing themselves, which costs them nothing, and they begin again the old trade with new capital.

But Gossipdom has inner *bolge* or circles less innocuous. As we enter further, we encountered next the Malignant Gossip. Of this kind there are two sorts — men who murder the reputations of others, and women who throw the vitriol over it. They have an ear always wide open to catch all the evil that is said, truly or falsely, in the world. Their ears are spread in the dark, like the nets of bat-folders: nothing escapes them. It is enough to be ten minutes in a room with them, to see the rent in every man's coat, or the wrinkle in every woman's temper. As a sponge sucks in water, so these malignant gossips draw in, by affinity, all malignant histories. They have, too, a laboratory in the brain, and a chemical acid by which all that is malignant is at once detected, and drawn out for use in a concentrated form. Such men are man-slayers: for to a good man and an honorable man a fair name is dearer than life. And such women are domestic *vitrioleuses*, more guilty than the male malignants, as the nature and dignity of woman is mercy, tenderness, and compassion. The distortion of their nature is therefore more intense.

There remains one more kind — the Mendacious Gossip. We put him last, not because he is necessarily worst, but because he makes more havoc, and provides, both willingly and unwittingly, weapons and vitriol for the use of the malignants. For such gossips by no means are always conscious or intentional liars. They have gasping ears, and itching tongues, and wandering wits. They are never sure of what they hear, and never accurate in what they repeat. They magnify, and multiply, and put carts before horses, and all things upside down, first in their own minds and next in their histories. They would not misrepresent if they knew it, nor do mischief if they were aware of it; but all their life long they do mischiefs of lesser or greater

magnitudes. They are not false, for they have no intention to be untruthful; but they are not true, for a great part of what they say is false. With all their good intentions they are dangerous as companions, and still more dangerous as friends. But there is another kind of mendacious gossip, who knows that he is inventing, inverting, exaggerating, supplementing with theories and explanations of his own, the words and actions of other men. The Italians call such a man *nomo finto.* He is a living fiction; and all he touches turns to fiction, as all that Midas touched turned to gold. He is reckless of the name and fame and feelings and dignity of other men, having none of his own: and he is hardly conscious of the pain he inflicts, though he would still inflict it even if he could feel it himself: for in him the malignant and mendacious gossip meet in one brain — and a miserable brain it is. *Quisque suos patimur manes.* Self is our worst scourge.

H. E., CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

Month of the Holy Souls.

IT has been said that the sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be released. We love to linger over the fond memories we keep of those loved ones who have departed from our side, even though the recollection brings a pang. We recount over and over again to ourselves every little incident, be it ever so trivial, connected with the departed ones; we recall their every word, their every glance; we gaze repeatedly at the tokens they have left us — yes, even amid the gay throngs of the living, we often turn aside and dwell upon the sorrowful remembrance of the dead. Many of our readers will, oftentimes during this memorial month, amid surroundings calculated to inspire joy and hope, and complete forgetfulness of past sorrows — amid the gentle prattle of childhood, the hearty, boisterous mirth of youth, and the cheerful converse of manhood — turn away and wander in spirit towards the grave of some dear departed one, ever and anon heaving a long-drawn sigh which, if it had voice, might find utterance in the words of the poet: —

> Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!

There is the feeble, decrepit octogenarian, to whose sad lot it has fallen to see all who were near and dear to him blotted one by one from life's page. How keenly shall he, in his friendless solitude, realize the harrowing significance of that pregnant line: —

> All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

There are those, too, to whom the recurrence of this "month of the remembrance of the dead" brings with it a pang more poignant, perhaps, than most other earthly affections can bring. The children of

the Church may be said to be the only true lovers of the dead. What matters it to the departed one that he or she is sincerely regretted by many loving relatives and friends, and that his or her memory will never fade from their minds? If the dead one have been so exceptionally holy and virtuous during life as to enter Heaven immediately after death, such knowledge will be of very little import indeed; while if the deceased has lived the life of ordinary mortals, will the soul's sufferings be assuaged or in any degree lessened by the consciousness of such a fact? But Catholics remember their dead in a practical manner. "We have loved them during life; let us not forget them in death." Catholics remember the dead in their prayers; for "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins."

Dr. Johnson on Purgatory.

THE opinion of the great English moralist, Johnson, a sound Tory, and ultra High Churchman, appears to have been the same as Widow Woolfrey's. The following passage occurs in his life, by Boswell, Vol. I, page 154:

"That he [Dr. Johnson] in conformity with the opinion of many of the most able, learned, and pious Christians in all ages, supported that there was a middle state after death, previous to the time at which departed souls are finally received to eternal felicity, appears, I think, unquestionably from his devotions. In his prayers and meditations is the following passage: 'And, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful in me, I commend to Thy fatherly goodness the soul of my departed wife; beseeching Thee to grant her whatever is best in her *present state, and finally to receive her to eternal happiness.*'"

Again, in another part of the same life, the following dialogue occurs. Verily the good Doctor would astonish the High-Church party of the present day:

BOSWELL *loquitur.*— I had hired a Bohemian as my servant while I remained in London, and being much pleased with him, I asked Dr. Johnson whether his being a Roman Catholic should prevent my taking him with me to Scotland.

JOHNSON.—Why, no, sir; if *he* has no objection, you can have none.

BOSWELL.— So, sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholic religion?

JOHNSON.— No more, sir, than to the Presbyterian religion.

BOSWELL.—You are joking.

JOHNSON.—No, sir: I really think so; nay, sir, of the two, *I prefer the Popish.*

I proceeded:—What do you think, sir, of *Purgatory* as believed by the Roman Catholics?

JOHNSON.— Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of

opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and that, therefore, God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering; you see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this.

BOSWELL.— But, then, sir, their *Masses* for the *dead?*

JOHNSON.— Why, sir, if it be at once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for *them* as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life.

BOSWELL.— The idolatry of the Mass?

JOHNSON.— Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass; they believe God to be there, and they adore Him.

BOSWELL.— The worship of saints?

JOHNSON.— Sir, they do not *worship* saints; they invoke them; they only ask their prayers.

BOSWELL.— Confession?

JOHNSON.— Why, I don't know but that is a good thing; the Scripture says: "Confess your faults one to another"; and the priests confess as well as the laity.

Catholic Temperance

WILL now have a missionary ready to do battle for the good cause, and teach and preach its truths whenever the necessity demands. More than a year ago The *Catholic Review* announced that a liberal Catholic gentleman of Chicago had placed at the disposal of Bishop Ireland a handsome fund to be employed in securing the services of such a temperance organizer. It was not easy to secure a competent worker not otherwise engaged. The zealous priest to whom Bishop Ireland first offered the post was obliged to decline. At last heaven has made possible the acceptance of the post by a great missionary, known far and near, one whose war record made him friends everywhere, and whose missions in time of peace have ranged from the Gulf to the Hudson. The Very Rev. Father Cooney, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, was urged by Bishop Ireland to take up this great task. He has done so. We rejoice that he has, for he is a man whose eloquence has already done ample service to this vital reform.

Catholic Review.

THE REV. JOHN HENNESSEY, D. D., of Dubuque, Iowa, will represent his Grace, the most Rev. Peter R. Kenrick, D. D., Archbishop of St. Louis, at the coming Plenary Council.

Our Young Folks.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE SNOWDROP.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GYPSY'S REVENGE.

DERMOT and Snowdrop slumbered long and peacefully. The poor children were so tired after their rambles over the hill-side, so worn-out with anxiety and fear, that when they at last found themselves on the road to the castle they were only too glad to indulge in a quiet nap.

The big van, with its load of chairs and baskets, rumbled heavily over the stones, jolting up and down in a most unpleasant manner. But the children did not feel this, and slept as calmly as though they were at home in their own little beds. They were perfectly happy in their great arm-chairs, and had nothing to trouble them or keep them awake. Nita had promised that Sally should not go near them, and that she herself would tell them when they arrived at Kilteen. And so, unconscious of all harm, the little ones slumbered on.

But suddenly Snowdrop awoke with a start, to find herself being borne quickly through the air. A pair of strong arms were round her, a hot breath passed over her face, and then she was laid upon a pile of cushions in a strange, unknown place. But Dermot lay asleep beside her, and quite reassured, she closed her eyes and dropped off to sleep again. After a little time, however, she looked up once more, wondering greatly where she could be. Something unusual in the whole place seemed to strike her, and raising herself on her elbow she looked about.

"Where am I, I wonder? I never saw this room before. What can have happened? Oh, now I remember; Dermot and I got into the big van with the baskets all over it. But this isn't like it one bit. Is this another part of it; or, oh, dear! am I dreaming? This feels just like a steamer. It is exactly like the one that Polly and I came over in; only, oh, how it rolls! Dermot, Dermot, wake up, and tell me where we are."

But as Snowdrop turned to wake her cousin, a harsh, angry voice sounded in her ear, and the black eyes that had frightened the children so much when they first entered the van, glared at the little girl more wildly than ever.

"Lie down," hissed Sally, and Snowdrop shrank back in terror at her approach. "Do not say a word, or — or," and she shook her fist at the frightened child. "You are sailing far, far away from those you love. Sally the gypsy has had her revenge. The van was slow, but it was fast enough for me. Nita was soft and tender-hearted, ha, ha! but Sally was clever. I cheated her as she never thought to be cheated, and now, now they may find you who can." And she laughed aloud.

"How merry that woman seems," said one of the passengers to a friend; "she must be a good sailor to laugh in such a way on board ship."

"Yes, and the poor child is green with fright," remarked the friend. "I suppose she was never on a steamer before and feels nervous; but it is cruel of the woman to laugh at her."

"Poor dear, she does look terrified," said the other, kindly.

Then feeling their eyes upon her, Sally ceased laughing, and muttered something under her breath. "Go to sleep, dear," she said aloud; "go to sleep, and you will feel the journey less."

Then a handkerchief was thrown over the little girl's face, and with a gasp and a sigh she fell into a deep sleep. And when Snowdrop again woke up, she felt Dermot's arm around her, and heard Dermot's voice uttering wild words of anguish and alarm.

"Where are we, dear?" she asked, dreamily, then started in surprise to find that they were in a large station, through which crowds of men and women were rushing in hurry and confusion.

They seemed to be quite alone, for no one spoke to them or noticed them, and Dermot sat on the end of a large trunk, and sobbed and wept as though his heart should break.

"Dermot, dear, why are you so unhappy?" she said, putting her little cheek against his. "What brought us here to this strange place?"

"Oh, Snowdrop, dear, Snowdrop, dear, we are stolen away. That dreadful gypsy has carried us off in our sleep. We came along in the train, Snow, and we shall never, never, get home any more;" and he wept more bitterly than ever.

"But Uncle Jim will soon find us," said the little girl, bravely. "We'll write and send him our address, and he'll soon come after us. Where is this place? Are we far from Kilteen?"

"Why, yes, I should just think so," cried Dermot. "We came along hours and hours in the train. I was awake, but Sally looked at me so dreadfully that I was afraid to speak; there was no one in the carriage with us, so there was no use. You slept soundly all the way, dear, and I was very glad. This is Euston station."

"Euston! Why, then we are in London. That's the very station Polly and I started from when we went to Ireland," cried Snowdrop, joyfully. We are not lost at all, dear, for papa and mamma live in London. Let us go off and look for them."

"Oh, but here is Sally coming back for us; she would not let us go to them. Look how fierce and angry she is. O Snow, she may kill us, she may kill us."

"Dermy, Dermy, I thought she had left us here. I cannot, I will not go with her," and the child clung to her cousin, whilst big tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Now, then, youngsters, move off, and let the man take my box," said Sally, coming up with a porter. "Dry up your tears and follow me."

"I can't, I can't," sobbed Snowdrop, and she tried to hold Dermot back.

"We must go, dear," he said with a kiss; "indeed we must."

"Must we, must we? Oh, Dermy, I am so dreadfully frightened."

"She shall not touch you, dear," he said bravely; "I promise you that."

"Well, are you coming?" cried Sally; "or do you want me to drag you along?"

"We are coming," answered Dermot, quickly. "Let us be brave, dear Snow, and show her we are not afraid."

"I will try, Dermy; I will try."

So choking back their tears and clinging together in silent despair, the children followed the woman out of the station.

The big trunk was hoisted up on the top of a cab, and some parcels and bundles were pushed inside. Then Sally ordered the little ones to enter, and scrambled in after them herself. The porter slammed the door, the woman muttered something in his ear, which he repeated to the driver, and the cab rattled off over the stones.

On they went, down wide streets and narrow lanes, every turn seemed to increase the children's sorrow, and lessen their chance of escape. Snowdrop wept silently at the bottom of the cab, but Dermot did not shed a tear, and tried hard to appear indifferent. But all the while his heart was burning with indignation and grief at being carried away from his home and friends. He was filled with horror and disgust as he looked at the odious woman who had stolen him, and a sudden longing came over him, to burst open the door of the cab and escape from her there and then. But Sally had her eyes upon him, and seeing what he was about, she put forth her hand, and catching him by the shoulder, pressed him back into his seat. Her grasp was an iron one, and screaming with pain the poor boy shook himself free, and shrank away from her in terror.

Snowdrop looked from one to the other with quivering lip and rising color; but she did not dare to speak. Great tears ran silently down her face, and putting her little hand in Dermot's, she nestled up as close to him as possible. Sally gave a grunt of satisfaction, and her black eyes flashed wickedly.

At last the weary journey came to an end, and the cab stopped with a sudden jerk that sent the parcels flying about in all directions.

"This is your new home," said Sally fiercely. "Take care and don't contradict anything I say."

Then, without waiting to hear their answer, she jumped out of the cab, and going up to a shabby-looking old house rang the bell. Several minutes passed away. The driver got off his seat, lifted down the trunk, and took out all the parcels, but still the house remained silent, no one came to open the door.

"Your friends are asleep, ma'am, I think," he remarked. "They must be well-to-do folks to lie so long of a mornin'; not that the 'osue looks like a place where rich parties would come to live," and he chuckled quietly as he looked up at the broken windows and dilapidated appearance of the place. "Come, missie," he said good-naturedly to Snowdrop, "jump out an' stretch your legs a bit an' you, too, littl man; you must be pretty stiff after your long journey," and putting

out his hand, he was about to help the children from the cab when Sally darted forward.

"Don't touch them," she cried. "Do you want me to lose them, after all my trouble."

"No offence, ma'am," said the man in surprise. "I'd be sorry to hear of their bein' lost, for they're as pretty a pair as I've seen this many a day. How you came by them, beats my comprehension, so it does."

"Mind your own business," she snapped. "There's the door open at last; carry the box into the hall."

As she spoke a chain was heard rattling inside the house, a key turned noisily in the lock, and an old woman put out her head, and looked cautiously up and down.

"What are you ringing for?" she asked, in a weak, shaky voice. "There's no one livin' in this 'ouse oney the caretakers."

"And it's the caretakers we want," shouted Sally. "Where's Sam that he's not here to take the luggage?"

"Sam, Sam," shrieked the old woman. "Why, is it you Sally; come all the way back from Ireland. I never knew you was comin'. Dear, dear, an' are these your brother's children? Well, they are a pretty pair, but not at all like the family, I'd say."

"Don't stand there talking nonsense," said Sally. "Where's Sam — is he out?"

"No, no. Sam! Sam! The poor boy's havin' a bit of breakfast an' doesn't hear," she answered. "We're upstairs now; we had to go because of the rats below. Sam! Sam!"

"Never mind; I'll look after him," said Sally. "Come you, youngsters, come with me," and catching hold of Dermot and Snowdrop she dragged them into the house

"See to the luggage, Goodie," she called back to the old woman; then hurried along up several flights of dirty, rickety stairs. The higher they went the faster she ran, and the tired children found it hard to keep up with her.

As they reached the top of the house, a loud, cheery voice was heard singing lustily in one of the rooms:

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me, me, me."

"You are mighty gay, my boy, and your song is a cheerful one," muttered Sally, stopping for an instant on the landing. "Gay and idle; but I'll soon change your tune," and giving the door a kick she burst it open and entered the room with a rush.

This apartment was small and stuffy, and the air so close and disagreeable that the children shuddered as they were swept across the threshold. It was also extremely dark, as several window panes were broken and stuffed with rags; those that remained were so thick with dirt that it was impossible for daylight to enter. There was little furniture, save a few chairs and a broken-down bedstead, and the place was filled with the smell of stale tobacco and freshly-fried bacon. At the farthest end of the room, close to one of the windows, was a table,

covered with a grimy cloth and the scattered remains of breakfast. Up in the corner, with his back to the door, his elbow on the table, sat a boy of about fifteen, with black curly hair, and a rough unkempt appearance. His feet, upon which were a pair of old tattered slippers, were stuck out before him on a chair, whilst in his hand was a short pipe, from which he took a long pull between each verse of his song.

"There was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee,"

he shouted quite unconscious of any one's presence in the room.

"Sam," cried Sally; and at the sound of her voice the pipe dropped from his hand, the song died on his lips, and he started quickly to his feet.

"Sally," he exclaimed; "I didn't know — I didn't expect —"

"No, I suppose not, you lazy fellow. Eight o'clock, an' there you sit eatin' an' drinkin' as if you was a lord. Get off with you, an' earn some money. My journey has cost me so much I haven't a penny for a bit of breakfast or dinner."

"Goodie has that," he answered, jauntily; "I gave 'er two bob yesterday. But I thought you were coming back rich; Goodie said your brother had left you a 'eap of money."

"Goodie knows nothing about it," she cried, angrily; "and I had these children to pay for."

"Holloa!" said Sam; "an'who are the kids?"

"Friends," she answered shortly. "Go your way and leave me and the kids alone."

"You've stole them," he cried, moving slowly towards the door. "O Sal, 'ow could yer?—'ow could yer? Poor little dears!"

"Poor little dears, indeed. You're as bad as Nita, with your soft-hearted words," she cried, laughing. "Get out and leave me alone."

"Nita!" he said. "Did she know yer was goin' to steal them?"

"She did and she didn't," she replied, in evident delight. "She would have stopped me if she could, but I was too sharp for her; I cheated her finely."

"'Ow Sally? Yer werry artful. But 'ow did yer cheat Nita?"

"This way," said Sally, seating herself by the table and beginning to eat up everything she could find. "When I saw these children and heard their name I told Nita I wanted to be revenged on their family, and she seemed to agree, and I thought she'd help. "I must think it over;" she said and stepped out of the van. Presently back she comes. "We must leave them at their home," said she: "I'd die rather than hurt them." I felt wild with rage, but I answered very quietly — perhaps she was right — humored her, in fact. Well, we jolted along, Nita fell asleep, and then what do you think I did?"

"Couldn't guess," said Sam.

"I dosed her with chloroform, and then I had it all my own way."

"Goodness! that was sharp. But where did you get the stuff?"

"It was Nita's own. She'd a toothache, and had got the stuff for it some days before. She slept soundly, and the children slept soundly, and I soon got them lifted into the boat."

"But the man that was drivin' the van. Wot were he about? Did he know yer wos stealing those poor creatures?"

"Not he. When he was carryin' the trunk into the steamer, I carried in the children, and he never knew anything about them. Ha, ha! it was finely managed."

"Finely managed, indeed. But it wos a wicked thin' to do, an' you'll suffer for it."

"Don't speak like that. You that I've taken care of and kept since I found you a lonely child with no one to look after you."

"So you did, Sally; and I'm grateful for your kindness to me. But I thought yer'd give up yer gipsy ways since yer left the camp out by 'Ampstead. Yer said me an' you wos to grow respectable an' onest, an' now you've been wickerder than ever. Why did yer take these children, Sal, an' 'ow's they to be kept?"

"They'll work," she cried. "and as to giving up gipsy ways that's rubbish. A gipsy is a gipsy whether living in camps with their people or in a house in London. I left the camp to humor you, my boy; but the chance of being revenged on Mr. O'Connor woke up all my gipsy feelings. These poor dears must work, and let's hope they won't be as idle as you."

"Work," he shouted, "those poor things with their fair hair an white faces? There's nothing o' the gypsy about them either in looks or manners, an' if you let them outside the door they'll be nabbed, as sure as yer name's Sally. The perlice 'll nab 'em 'an take 'em 'ome to their par and mar in no time, an' then you'll suffer; oh, you'll suffer."

"Hair's easily cut off, an' skins can be dyed. We'll make them more like gipsies to-morrow. Go your own way and mind your own business."

"Oh, I'll go my way, never fear. But, Lor', it'll be fine fun when the perlice nabs 'em;" and Sam bolted out of the room, nearly upsetting old Goodie, who entered at that moment, carrying a loaf of bread.

"Dear, dear, that boy's gone mad," squeaked the old creature. "His spirits is just wonderful. Listen how he sings," and she hobbled across the room and put the bread on the table.

"You've been spolin' him," said Sally; "his cheek is somethin' awful. But he must behave himself better if he means to stay with me."

"Dear, dear, you could never part with Sam. That would be somethin' strange"

"How do you know whether I could or not?" said Sally. "Give me some bread."

"I wonder if Sam is good or wicked," said Dermot to his cousin. "He seems a queer sort of chap," and he smiled as the great rough voice came sounding up the stair.

"Yes. But I'm sure he'll be kind," said Snowdrop. "He is going to tell the policeman about us, and then we'll soon get home," and a gleam of hope entered the child's heart and raised her drooping spirits.

"What are you two mumblin' about?" cried Sally. "I'll have no whisperin' where I am."

"Dear, dear, what a pair o' beauties," said old Goodie, kindly. "I'd no idea your brother would 'ave such fine children; so fair, too, an' he an' 'is wife as black as sloes."

"Children don't always take after their parents," growled Sally. "So don't you make a fool of yourself."

"No, no; of course not," said Goodie. "An' now, my dears, come over an' eat a bit; you must be faintin' with hunger."

"Yes, we are hungry," answered Dermot, briskly.

The old woman's good-nature and Sam's words about the police had comforted him immensely; so he took his seat at the table with alacrity.

"Ere's some nice bread and milk for you, my pretty dears," said Goodie; "an' there's a nice little piece o' butter, too."

"Don't you get spoilin' them," cried Sally. "I didn't bring them here to be pampered," and darting an angry glance at the children she flounced out of the room.

"Sam, Sam," they heard her shouting at the top of her voice; then she ran quickly downstairs and all was silent.

"I am so glad she's gone," whispered Snowdrop to Dermot. "So glad, so glad!"

"So am I; but I wish it was forever. She'll soon come back."

Then catching the old woman's eyes fixed upon them, they relapsed into silence, and applied themselves diligently to the bread and milk.

CHAPTER XIII.

DERMOT'S REPENTANCE.

ALL through the long day the children were shut up together in the dark, stifling room. As soon as they had finished their breakfast, Goodie put on an old battered bonnet, and hobbled off down stairs. But in a few seconds they heard her come panting up again, in a state of breathless haste.

"Sally says you're not to stir from here, till she allows you," she cried, then shutting the door with a bang she locked it and hurried away. And so for the present there was not the slightest chance of the little ones getting out of their wretched prison.

At first they were really glad to be left alone, and began to lay wonderful plans as to what they should do, and how they should escape. But as the hours went slowly by, they grew sad and lonely, and longed for some one to come in.

"Oh, Snow, dear Snow, how wretched it is here," cried Dermot. "How different from Kilteen, our own dear home."

"Yes, very different, indeed. But, Dermot, I do wish we had never gone for that picnic, but just stayed quietly in the garden."

"So do I. But, Snowdrop — it — it wasn't the picnic; it was all that horrible short cut that we took. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Why did I ever run away from nurse? And, why did I take that short cut?"

"You ran away from nurse because those O'Briens laughed at you; don't you remember?"

"Yes, of course, I do. And, oh, I know now — it was all my conceit — and — and vanity that got us lost and — stolen."

"Your — what uncle called your 'rock ahead?'"

"Yes; my biggest fault. What papa told me I should pray and fight against — and there — and there I didn't. And now, O Snowdrop dear, you see how unhappy it has made us both," and burying his face in his hands, Dermot wept bitterly.

"Oh, don't cry, Dermy — don't cry. God will take care of us and take us safe home. I'm sure He will, so don't cry. Let us think and think what we can do, to get away from here."

"But what can we do? Look how they lock us up so that no one will see us."

"Yes, that is the dreadful part of it; and just think how angry my papa and mamma would be if they knew their little Snowdrop was shut up in this horrible room. If they would only let us out we might meet them, and then they would soon take us away from Sally."

"Yes, wouldn't that be splendid! I do wish we could manage to slip out the next time Goodie opens the door. We might, you know, if we were quick."

"No; I don't think we could. And then, I don't know where papa and mamma are; they have left the house we used to live in; and, O Dermy, London is such a big place."

"So it is — so it is. Oh, why was I conceited — why was I conceited? Snowdrop, if I ever get home, if I ever get out of this hole, I'll never be conceited again — never. I'll never think I know the way anywhere or that I can do anything — or —. And those O'Briens may laugh at me till they are sick, I shan't mind."

"No, dear," said Snow, mournfully. "But when shall we get home? When — when?"

"Well, dear, I've been thinking. Sam didn't seem to like Sally stealing us, and maybe he might help us to get away."

"But how?"

"Well, if he would just give me a piece of paper and an envelope, and tell me the name of this place, I could write to papa, and then he would soon come over for us."

"Yes, yes, let us ask Sam when he comes back," cried Snowdrop, feverishly. "He looks good-natured. Oh, how I wish he would come in. Dermy, Dermy, I just long to get out of this dreadful room."

"Poor little Snow! I feel so wicked, dear, when I see you sad. Will God ever forgive me for my bad, bad conduct?"

"Yes, dear, indeed He will; and, O Dermy, we must pray hard and ask our heavenly Father to save us from these cruel people. Mother says God is very good; and loves little children so much; so I know He will help us, I know he will," and putting her arms round her cousin she kissed him lovingly.

"Why, there is Sam, I declare," cried Dermot. "Listen! that's his voice, I'm sure. Dear, but he is fond of that old song 'The Jolly Miller.'"

"Perhaps he's come to open the door and let us out," cried Snowdrop, eagerly. "If he does, I think my heart will break with joy."

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me,"

shouted Sam, on the stairs, and in a moment the key turned in the lock, and the noisy young gentleman entered the room.

"Hullo, you two kids," he cried, "'as she left yer there all day? Vell, she's a rum 'un. But, see 'ere, I've brought yer somethin' ce;" and out of his pocket he produced two small pork-pies, rolled in a piece of paper.

"Oh, thank you — thank you," cried the children. "But we are ngry — we couldn't eat anything. We want to ask you — oh, pl don't refuse us! We want to ask you to let us go away from here. Please do let us out," and clasping their hands, they raised their eyes imploringly to his face.

"Of course, you'd like to get away," he answered; "an' I'll do what I can to help you. Eat your pies, for you've had nothin' all day, I hear. Sally's been away with her pals, an' poor Goodie 'ad no money. She took hevery sixpence from 'er. Spent all her hextra coin bringin' yer from Hireland, were she ought to 'ave left yer at 'ome. I'm sorry she stole yer, down right sorry: but I couldn't, I daren't open the door an' let you out."

"Well, if you can't do that," said Dermot, "will you give me a sheet of paper and an envelope? I want to write to my papa and tell him where we are."

"Lor' bless yer simple little 'eart," cried Sam. "Do you think I could do such a thin,' an' get poor Sally run in for dear knows how long? No, no, you'll get no paper nor pens from me. If you gets away it must be haccidental like. Sam's not the boy to peach on them that's been good to him. But have you no frens in Lunnun?"

"Oh, yes," cried Snowdrop; "my papa and mamma are in London, only I don't know where."

"That's mighty strange then," said Sam, scratching his head, "an' will make it werry 'ard for yer to get found. But there must be no writin'. If yer trys to do such a thing Sally will pack yer off to another place where yer'll be far worse treated nor yer treated here. So just yer be quiet an' peaceful, an' somethin' may turn up. Heat yer pies now, for that's all the supper yer'll get."

"Thank you; it was kind of you to think of us," said Snowdrop.

"But, Sam, how are we ever to get to my papa and mamma if you won't let us write, and we are kept locked up here all day."

"That's wot I call a question to the pint, missy," said Sam, seating himself cross-legged on the floor, and taking out his pipe. "But you're going to be metamorphosed to-morrow mornin'."

"Oh, Sam, will that hurt?" asked Snowdrop, in alarm.

"Lor' love yer, no. That's just a tidy way of sayin' yer'll be changed."

"Changed!" cried Dermot.

"Yes, changed," said Sam, taking a pull at his pipe. "Yer see,

I go hout with a hinstrument wot's called a French pianer, an' Sally thinks if missy 'ere was dressed as a Hitalian girl an' you as a Hitalian boy we might pick up a little money. Childer always draws the coin. I'm gettin' big now, an' nobody looks my way. But a sweet critter, like missy there, would be sure to get money."

"Why, that would be begging," cried Dermot angrily. "We are not beggars. I am a gentleman's son. I shan't beg, and I shan't go out with you and your French piano."

"Werry well," said Sam carelessly: "yer can sit up 'ere in thi' 'onsome drawring-room all by yerself, an' miss all chance of findi's, yer frens."

"Oh, no, Dermot dear, come out — come out," cried Snow/ "We shall look up and down every street, and maybe we mig/body meet papa and mamma. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"Yes, dear; — I'll go if you wish, Snow — and I do hope we may meet them."

"I dessay you do, for it would be werry nice and uncommon likely," said Sam, with a chuckle. "But yer pride 'll 'ave a fall, young master, I'm thinkin'. If Sally 'eard yer say yer wouldn't beg she'd give it to yer. An' mind yer, 'er 'and is a 'eavy one. I've felt it myself, so I know;" and springing to his feet, Sam put the pipe in his pocket and went off. He locked the door carefully, and ran down stairs, singing as gaily as ever.

When night came on, Sally and Goodie returned. They both looked cross and angry, and the little ones clung together in alarm, when they saw them enter the room.

"Oh, there you are? Don't keep starin' at me, you foolish creatures," cried Sally. "Take them out of my sight, Goodie." And the old woman seized the children and drove them off before her.

Dermot was pushed into a wretched garret all by himself: and having cried and sobbed for hours alone in the dark, he at last lay down on a heap of straw in the corner, and fell asleep.

"Get yer in there," said Goodie, "an' if yer not in bed when Sally an' me comes down yer'll catch it," and Snowdrop found herself in a big wild room without carpets, curtains, or even a chair.

But side by side stood two miserable-looking beds, and into one of these the unhappy child crept without waiting to take off her clothes. And before closing her eyes, Snowdrop said the prayers she had learned at her mother's knee, adding another little one of her own, craving for help and protection. "O dear, good God, let me find my papa and mamma very soon." Then a feeling of peace came over her, and she forgot her troubles in the deep, happy sleep of childhood.

The next morning the children were, as Sam had said, completely metamorphosed. Snowdrop's long fa r curls, that her mother loved so well, were cut off by Sally, and the little girl was too frightened to complain. Then her pretty coat and cashmere frock were taken away, and she was told to dress herself in some strange-looking garments that were thrown to her with a laugh. Without a word Snowdrop put them on, and had the articles been cleaner the costume would have been picturesque and charming.

There was a crimson petticoat with rows of braid, a low black

bodice showing a white chemisette; an apron made of a striped material of many colors, and a square of linen that was pinned, as a sort of cap, upon her little cropped head.

Dermot's change of clothes was more miserable, and could never, at the best of times, have been pretty. The poor boy shivered as he dressed, and felt thoroughly ashamed and disgusted as he left his garret, arrayed in the dirty rags.

The children met on the stairs and rushing into each other's arms, bemoaned their hard fate and cruel treatment.

"Snowdrop, Snowdrop, is it really you? Oh, my dear, how strange you look!" cried Dermot, gazing sadly at his little cousin. "And just look at the sight they have made of me. Anybody would take me for a beggar now. Oh, what would mother say? What would mother say? But I gave Sam some fine kicks when he was making me put them on, I can tell you."

"Oh, I was too much afraid even to speak," whispered Snowdrop. "If I moved a little bit the wrong way, Sally gave me a pinch or a slap."

"Poor little Snow — I'd — I'd like to punch her ugly old head. I don't believe we'll ever get home now. No one would ever know us dressed up like this. I — feel such a sight — I — and you, Snow — oh, no one would ever recognize you."

"I don't think any one could," said Snowdrop. "But if I see mamma I'd know her in a minute; and I'll shout, and jump, and call till she looks at me, and then — Oh, Dermy, it sets me wild to think of it."

"Yes, so it does me. But come in and try and eat something now. Sam is going to take us out soon. I'm very glad, for we shall be able to talk better as we walk along, — and then, perhaps —— Who knows what may happen?" And they went into the sitting-room to look for some breakfast.

"Now then, young uns, 'urry hup," cried Sam. "Finish your bread and milk, an' come along. We 'ave a long day's tramp before us an' the sooner we start the better."

"We are ready," said Dermot, and taking his cousin by the hand, he drew her down the stairs.

"When the hall-door was opened and the children found themselves in the street, they clapped their hands and uttered cries of delight.

"Oh, how lovely it is to be in the fresh air again," said Snowdrop, joyfully. "Isn't it delicious, Dermy?"

"Yes, indeed, it is. I think I should have died if I had stayed another day in that frightful room."

"Sam, Sam," cried the little girl, "don't bring us back to this place any more. Take us away where we'll never see Sally or Goodie again."

"I wish I could, missy, I wish I could; but I'am bound to Sally, an' I must keep ye till yer frens turn up."

"That will never happen — never," replied Snowdrop, mournfully; and the look of joy went out of her face as she followed Sam and his piano down the street.

Useful Knowledge.

THE value of crushed ice as a dressing for burns and scalds, first pointed out by Sir James Earle, is confirmed by Dr. Richardson. The ice, after being reduced by crushing or scraping to a fine state of division as dry as possible, is mixed with fresh lard into a paste, which is placed in a thin cambric bag and laid upon the burn. This is said to banish all pain until the mixture has so far melted that a fresh dressing is necessary.

SHOULD PARENTS SCOLD.— It has neither reason, religion, common sense nor experience to recommend it, while there are reasons, many and weighty, to justify its total abolition, so that one thorough scolding perpares the way for two or three more. It sours your temper provided it is sweet, which is a question, if you are prone to scold; and thus the more you scold, the more you will have to scold, and because you have become crosser and your children likewise. Scolding alienates the hearts of your children. Depend upon it, they can not love you as well after you have berated them as they did before.

ROUND SHOULDERS.—More than thirty years ago I got a habit of being round shouldered. In trying to find a remedy, the following plan, which grew out of my knowledge of anatomy, came in sight. Hook the fingers of the hands; raise the elbows as high as the shoulders and pull like a shoemaker. The muscles about the shoulder blades, to keep them in place, are thus strengthened, and in a short time enabled to fulfill their proper office. When lying on the back press the head on the pillow so as to raise the chest up from the bed on which you are reclining. This strengthens the muscles that should hold the head erect. When standing or sitting where the head can press against something solid, repeat the operation. By a little thought at other times to use these muscles, the difficulty may be overcome.

HOW TO COOK WATER.— I must tell you the old story of how the late Charles Delmonico used to talk about the new hot water cure. He said the Delmonicos were the first to recommend it to guests who complained of having no appetite. "Take a cup of hot water and lemon and you will feel better," was the formula adopted, and the cup of hot water and the lemon juice in it take away the insipidity For this anti-bilious remedy the caterers charged the price of a drink of their best liquors — twenty-five cents or more — and it certainly was a wiser way to spend small change than in alcohol. "Few people know how to cook water," Charles used to affirm. "The secret is putting good, fresh water into a neat kettle, already, quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it right off to use in tea, coffee or other drinks, before it spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water is all in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs only left in the kettle — bah! that is what makes a great many people sick, and is worse than no water at all." Every lady who reads this valuable recipe of a great and careful cook should never forget how to cook water.

HOW TO TREAT BUGS.— Although bedbugs are conveyed in many ways, I think the most common is in laundried clothing. It is the habit of many laundresses to put the clothes upon their bed as they are ironed, the warmth of which attracts the bugs, and they are secreted in the folds of the clothes. I speak from experience when I say they can be totally exterminated. It is necessary to begin to look for them early in March, and a thorough examination must be made every week during the spring and summer. Let the bedsteads be well washed with strong soapsuds; if the case is a bad one, take the bedstead to pieces and thoroughly examine every part. When sure they are clean, rub every crack and crevice, with a strong solution of alum in water. Dissolve a quarter of a pound of alum in a quart of water. Keep a bottle of the water constantly on hand and apply with a feather. If rooms are ceiled the boards should be well washed with alum water and then whitewashed. If there are crevices which cannot be penetrated with a feather use a syringe. Perseverance seems to be the motto of the little pests; but if their motto is followed, and a liberal supply of alum water used, I have no doubt they will be exterminated.

The Humorist.

A FASHIONABLE young lady says she always enjoys the transatlantic voyage because she makes the acquaintance of so many swells.

THE ship-building interest on the Clyde may be said to resemble a stone thrown against a street lamp for the reason that it makes Glasgow.

BABY said to his mother, who had false teeth: "Mamma, you are very lucky." "Why, my dear?" "Because, if all your teeth ache you can pull them out at once."

IN nearly all countries cows of flesh and blood with coverings of hair are so common as to be unnoticeable; Russia is the only land that can boast of her Moscow.

HUSBAND (at table:) "Yes; more meat. One constantly thinking requires more food than others." Wife: "Of what are you constantly thinking?" Son: "Of something to eat, I guess."

DURING the last voyage a dog in charge of the butcher gave utterance to his grief in the usual canine way. A passenger remarked that it was a bark on the sea. "No," responded another, "it is the moaning of the tied."

ROBERT, a bashful young student of Cupid, recently summoned up enough courage to escort a young lady home. At the breakfast table next morning his father said: "Well, my son, did you go home with any of the girls, last night?" "Yes," said Bob. "Who was she?" Robert hesitated, but finally blurted out, "I thought it was Annie Warren; but when we got to the turn of the road she went into Ella Ham's house." "But I should think you might have told by the sound of her voice," said his father. "Neither of us said a word," said Bob, blushing and stammering.

"Auf a dramp cooms along unt vants to hire me out on my varm," said old Sweltzercase. "I oxamin his clodings, more pardicular his bantaloons. Auf dey vas batched in vront, unt I some work hat, I gif him a chob, but auf dey vas batched pehint on der sot do n blace of his preeches, I told him I don't no vork got at bresent, but he can a leedle vood sawn vor his preakfast. Oh, I told you, de man who hart vorks don't vear on his preeches pehint. You chust put dot in your pibe unt shmoke it."

A COLORED man called at a house and rang the bell, and as it was answered, he asked, "Has you a cull'd lady doin yer washing dis mawnin'?" "No, sir," was the reply. "I do not employ colored ladies to wash for me." He went away in a puzzle, and returned in a few minutes and said; "I reckon I made a bit of a mistake. Has you an ole black woman washing for you?" "Yes, sir." "Named Lindy Tibbets?" "Yes, that's her name." "Den I like to spoke to her. I dun forgot dat she's a wash woman on Monday an' a cull'd lady de odder six days in de week, and dat's whar de mistake come in. Please kin I spoke wid yer ole black woman?"

LOBSTERS IN IRELAND.—An Irish Munchausen turned up at a Boston restaurant in the humble capacity of a waiter. The guest had been served with a small lobster. "Do you call that a lobster, Mike?" "Faix, I believe they do be callin them lobsters here, sur. We call 'em crabs at home." "Oh," said the diner, "you have lobsters in Ireland?" "Is it lobsters? Begorra the creek is full of 'em. Many a time I've seen 'em when I lepped aver the strames." "How long do lobsters grow in Ireland?" "Well," says Mike, thoughtfully, "to spake within bounds, sur, I'd say a matter of five or six feet." "What! five or six feet! How do they go around the creek?" "Bedad, sur, the creeks in Ireland are fifty or sixty wide," said the imperturbable Mike. "But," asked the guest, "you said you have seen them when you were over the streams, and lobsters here live in the sea." "Shure I did, sur, we're powerful leppers in Ireland. As for the say, sur, I've seen it red with 'em." "But look here, my fine fellow," said the guest, thinking he had cornered Mike at last, "lobsters are not red till they are boiled." "Don't I know that?" said Mike, "but there are boiling springs in the old country, and they swim through 'em and come out already for ye to crack open and ate 'em.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1884.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE MASS.— A learned bishop says, that "he who hears Mass daily will have a happy death." St. Thomas and the theologians teach that a single Mass gives greater honor to the Blessed Trinity than the homage of all the angels and saints of heaven put together.

TWENTY THOUSAND GIRLS.—We give elsewhere a very interesting synopsis of the Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor. The report shows conclusively that it is the children of our foreign-born citizens that are furnishing the labor element of those industries in Boston in which female labor is employed.

THE NEW SEMINARY.— The new Ecclesiastical Seminary of St. John, Brighton, was solemnly blessed by the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams on the 18th of September. The Seminary opened on the 22d. The faculty is constituted as follows: — Very Rev. John Hogan, SS. D. D., President; Rev. Chas. P. Rex, SS., S. T. D., Treasurer and Professor of Sacred Scripture; Rev. P. P. Chapon, SS., S. T. D. Professor of Moral Theology; Rev. Father Bray, SS., S. T. D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology; Rev. Louis S. Walsh, S. T. L., Professor of Church History and Rubrics. The domestic department is in charge of members of a religious brotherhood specially trained for the work.

DEDICATION.— The new Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass., the Rev. T. J. Conaty, pastor, was solemnly dedicated on Sunday, Sept. 21st, the Feast of St. Matthew, by the Rt. Rev. Patrick T. O'Reilly, Bishop of Springfield. Rev. Charles J. Burke, of North Adams, delivered the sermon. The Church of the Sacred Heart is one of the most beautiful in the Springfield Diocese. Its speedy erection is due mainly to the untiring efforts of its zealous pastor, Father Conaty. The building is erected in Gothic style, with the exterior walls built in brick, and liberally trimmed in yellow Nova Scotia sandstone.

MITCHEL'S JAIL JOURNAL.— A sixth instalment of these interesting papers is unavoidably crowded out. That and the following article will complete the series.

BOSTON COLLEGE.— The number of students the present term exceeds that of any other period. On the 24th of September, 241 had already been booked, and more anticipated.

THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS dedicated the new Church of St. Bridget, Maynard, Mass., Rev. M. J. McCall, pastor, on Sunday, Sept. 22. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father McKenna, O. P.

ON Sunday, Sept. 28th, the new church at Bondsville, Mass., Rev. B. McKeany, pastor, was dedicated by Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield. Rev. P. J. Garrigan, of Fitchburg, preached the dedication sermon.

CORNER-STONE.— The corner-stone of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Bridgeport, Conn., was laid on the 21st of September by the Rev. John Synott, of St. Augustine's Church, same city, in the absence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop McMahon, who is at present in Europe.

The sermon of the day was preached by the Rev. Fr. Hartz, of Waterbury, Conn. The Rev. D. J. Cremin, is the pastor of the parish, which bids fair to be one of the most flourishing in the Diocese.

JUDGE MCCAFFERTY FOR GOVERNOR. —The People's or Butler Party, in convention assembled, have nominated Judge McCafferty of the Municipal Court, Boston, for Governor of Massachusetts. Matthew J. McCafferty was born in Ireland, January 17, 1829, and when a mere baby came to this country with his parents, who settled in Boston for a time, where he was sent to the public schools. In 1852 he began the study of law in the office of Brown & Alger, a well-known Lowell law firm. He subsequently, through the munificence of Gen. Butler, who had taken a deep interest in him, was enabled to take a course at Holy Cross College, Worcester, paying back the money advanced when he had earned it. During the years he was struggling for an education, he occasionally replenished his purse by working as a machinist, spending some months in one of the machine shops of Worcester. It was while there that he spoke at a "ten hour" meeting and lost his job in consequence. In March, 1857, he was admitted to the bar and took up his residence in Worcester. Soon after he became identified with the famous Emmet Guards, becoming their captain. At the outbreak of the war he was not of their number, but at once offered his services and went to the war as their second lieutenant. At the end of their term he was mustered out of the service. But in the fall of 1861 he went to the front again as major of the 25th regiment. After the close of the war he resumed the practice of his profession. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1876, 1877 and 1878, serving as chairman of the committee on probate and chancery and as a member of the judiciary and other important committees. In 1880 he was the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Worcester district. Major McCafferty was appointed by Gen. Butler Judge of the Municipal Court, Boston, January 17, 1883.

THE LAVAL UNIVERSITY.— The grave question so long at issue between the cities of Quebec and Montreal, in Canada, has just been definitely settled, after a thorough inquiry by the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. By this decision of the Holy See the decrees of 1883 are confirmed, in virtue of which the University of Laval is recognized as the sole Catholic University in Canada, and regret is expressed that the Medical Faculty of Montreal should not have effected a fusion with that of the Quebec University. Taking into account, however, the present situation of Canada, the Holy See has determined to let these schools of medicine, with their hospitals, remain *in statu quo*.

ENTERED THE NAVAL ACADEMY.— Ignatius Ingoldsby Murphy, son of Colonel Charles J. Murphy, of New York, was one of the successful thirty-seven, out of eighty-seven candidates who passed the last examination to enter the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. The examination was unusually severe. The appointment was given by the Hon. Felix Campbell, member of Congress from Brooklyn, to Rev. Father O'Reilly, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, of that city, who chose Col. Murphy's son for the honor. The boy is a bright and ambitious fellow, and we feel sure he will gradually win favor. He is a lineal descendent on his mother's side of Theobald Wolfe Tone. He received a sound training at Manhattan College, N. Y., conducted by the Christian Brothers, under the able presidency of Brother Anthony, who took much interest in preparing him for his examination.

A TOUCHING COINCIDENCE.—From Lucerne comes an account of a touching coincidence, the details of which are vouched for by several persons in the vicinity. Two Englishmen — one of them being Mr. Brandt, the consul, who had occupied a villa on the borders of the lake for about twenty years — met a few days ago, after a separation of many years. They were out walking, chatting over the days of their former friendship, and parted, Mr. Brandt to regain his villa, and his friend to return to his hotel. When the latter reached his room he ordered a cup of coffee. As he raised the cup to his lips he fell back dead in his chair, having been seized with an apoplectic fit. The porter was immediately sent to convey the fatal news to Mr. Brandt. Before he had proceeded half

way to the consul's residence he met the latter's servant, to whom he commenced to describe the object of his errand. "Great heaven," interrupted the servant, "I was going to the hotel to announce to the English gentleman there, the sudden death of Mr. Brandt, who also succumbed to a fit of apoplexy." It was ascertained that the two friends had died at the same moment.

HIGHEST POSITION UNDER THE CROWN.— The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: The appointment of an Irishman to the highest official position under the Crown, is another reminder of the extent to which our country owes both the creation and the preservation of her empire to those not born within the borders of England. Of the Viceroys of India, the first, Lord Canning, was English; the second, Lord Elgin, Scotch; the third, Lord Lawrence, Irish; the fourth, Lord Mayo, Irish also. The fifth, sixth, and seventh, Lords Northbrook, Lytton, and Ripon, were English, but now the appointment of the Earl of Dufferin re-establishes an Irishman on the Viceregal throne. Hitherto it has been a common joke that "our only general" and "our only ambassador" were both Irishmen, and it is, to say the least, not a little significant that the administrators selected to fill the most difficult and important posts in the empire should be Irishmen. Sir Hercules Robinson, on whose courage and sagacity the future of South Africa depends, is Irish, like Lord Dufferin. Yet Ireland itself is governed by two Englishmen. Unfortunately, all these Irishmen on our service over sea are men of the minority in Ireland, and the majority would prefer to be governed by an Englishman rather than by an Irish landlord. The Irish question will not have been really solved until it is possible to make an Irish Nationalist Secretary of State for Ireland.

THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S.— An important work has just been brought to a successful conclusion in Rome, in the complete renewal of the leaden envelope of the dome of St. Peter's Church. It has occupied twelve years, and has cost over 200,000 lire (£8,000). The original covering was applied to the dome in an imperfect fashion, which made continuous repairs a necessity; and at last it was determined to strip off the whole envelope and substitute a new one on a better system. New lead was imported from Spain and mixed with the old lead, in the proportion of one part old to two parts new. The total weight of the new cover is given at 354,305 kilograms; and if it were spread out flat it would occupy an area of 6,152 square metres, or about an acre and a half.

PEOPLE'S PARTY.— Judge McCafferty has been nominated by the People's Party for Governor of Massachusetts.

A PLUCKY WOMAN. — An amusing tale, at the expense of M. Paul Bert, is going the round of the foreign papers. It seems that that notorious enemy and persecutor of the Catholic Church was lately dining at the table of a Catholic family near Lourdes, France. The ex-Minister of public instruction had the bad taste to seek to amuse the company by various jocose remarks in derision of Lourdes and its devotions. Among other things he declared that he himself had visited Lourdes, and had actually experienced a miracle in his own person — a miracle *á la renverse*, that is to say, he had gone to the grotto thoroughly well and hearty, and had come away very unwell! M. Bert remarked that his joke was received in silence by the company, and the hostess immediately said: "From a person who enjoys our hospitality I should have expected that he would not forget the rules of propriety so far as to make a mockery of the religious convictions of his host." Thereupon the lady and her daughters rose and left the table. It is hardly necessary to add that the ex-Minister felt himself obliged to follow their example, and lost no time in escaping from the house, after having in vain requested to be allowed to make his farewell to his hostess.

FATHER CURCI has written a letter to the *Unita Catholica* of Rome, expressing his submission to the Vatican and condemning all passages in his three latest works which can be construed as inveighing against the faith, morals or rights of the Church. He further expresses the hope that he may be restored to the Pope's favor.

THE RIGHT REV. HENRY COSGROVE was consecrated Bishop of Davenport, Iowa, on the 14th of September, by

Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago, assisted by Rt. Rev. J. Hennessy, Bishop of Dubuque, and Rt. Rev. J. O'Connor, Bishop of Omaha. The See of Davenport, embracing the Southern half of Iowa, was established and Right Rev. John McMullen, of Chicago, appointed its first Bishop. After a short but successful term of labor Bishop McMullen died July 4th, 1883. Word came from Rome in July that his successor had been nominated by the Holy Father — Henry Cosgrove, twenty-five years a devoted priest of Davenport, and during Bishop McMullen's term the Vicar-General of the diocese.

THE NUMBER of students at Boston College is now 476. It is an edifying sight to witness this fine solid body of students marching into chapel every morning to assist at Mass preparatory to beginning their studies for the day.

PREMIER GLADSTONE has promised the ministers of the Free Church of Scotland that if a distinct majority of the Scotch members returned to the House of Commons at the next election were pledged to disestablish the Church of Scotland, the Government will carry out the popular will.

A SUM of twenty thousand pounds will shortly be sent to Cardinal McCabe according to the terms of the will of the late Mr. James Scanlan, of Pollockshaws. It is intended to establish a religious institute in Dublin, to be known as the Scanlan Institute.

M. J. COURTENAY has just published a volume of religious statistics which contains very instructive facts. According to him, the Protestant Christian Mission "for the Conversion of Jews and Turks" in Palestine has been working thirty years, spending more than two and a half million francs of money, without being able to convert *one single Mohammedan*. And another body, the London Missionary Society, has been working five years and spending more than 150,000 francs, without converting *one single Jew!*

IT is quite probable that an arrangement will be made at an early date by which the Queen's colleges of Cork and Galway shall become Catholic colleges endowed by the state. The Belfast college will continue to be controlled as it is now by the Presbyterians and Trinity College by the Episcopalians.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN in the course of his reception at the Philadelphia cathedral, alluding to the great turnout, and the danger there was that the object of so much honor might be assailed by pride, used this beautiful language: — Ah, dear brethren, you know how far from the truth is such a description. The Church, while she exalts the office, ever humbles the man. The higher we mount into her hierarchy, like one ascending a great mountain, the vaster seems the horizon of responsibility that circles us, the deeper the precipices that yawn beneath us, the more lonely the vast solitudes that we tread, the greater the firmament of God above us, and the more insignificant our individual selves!"

THE MOST REV. DR. HEALY, lately appointed Coadjutor to the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert, was consecrated in the Cathedral at Sligo, which is said to be the finest in Ireland, in presence of a large assemblage of bishops and priests, and a multitude of the people. The procession was a impressive sight, and rendered more picturesque by the warmly colored lights descending through the deep-stained glass windows with which Sligo Cathedral is peculiarly enriched. The Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Bishop of Galway, preached on the occasion, taking his text from Acts xx. 28: "Take heed to yourselves and to the whole flock wherein the Holy Ghost has placed you, Bishops to rule the Church of God, which He has purchased with His own blood." In the course of his sermon Dr. Carr referred to the sufferings of Irish bishops, clergy, and people in past times, and the strong ties, knit by mutual suffering for God, that had always bound them together. Having described the virtues and labors required from a bishop of the Catholic Church in every land, he went on to point out the special relations between the Irish bishop and his flock in the past and in the present. After the Consecration the congregation were allowed to see the "Episcopal Canon," the work significantly given to Dr. Healy by Cardinal Newman, with a most complimentary inscription from that venerated English-

man. An address was presented to the Bishop by the laity, expressing in ardent terms their admiration and affection for their new prelate, a great part of whose earlier life was spent in labors for the welfare of the people of Sligo. His Lordship made a touching and impressive reply, which told plainly that the bond of love between him and his flock was a strong and genuine one. A presentation of a carriage and horse has just been made to Dr. Healy by the laity of Sligo.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.—Her Majesty possesses an immense fortune. The estate of Osborne is at least five times as valuable as it was when it was purchased about forty years ago. The Balmoral property now extends over 30,000 acres. Claremont Her Majesty purchased outright three years ago for £78,000. Probably its market value is not much under £150,000. The Queen also possesses some property at Coburg, and the Princess Hohenlohe left her the Villa Hohenlohe at Baden, one of the best residences in the place. With regard to personal property, Mr. Nield left the Queen over £500,000, and the property left by the Prince Consort is believed to have amounted to nearly £600,000. The Queen must also have saved a vast sum out of her income. Application will be made to Parliament on behalf of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales: but the country will not be asked to provide for the younger members of the Royal Family. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are already wealthy, and on the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha they will migrate to Germany; but the Connaughts, Albanys, Christians, and Battenbergs will look to the Queen for provision; and so, also, will any of the younger children of Princess Alice who may happen to make poor matches. It will be seen, therefore, that the Queen will have plenty to do with her fortune; and although in the event of Her Majesty's death the country would provide for Princess Beatrice, yet she will naturally occupy an important place in her mother's will.

REFORM.— When a great furore was being raised about "national reform" in Italy, and when the reformers went to Pius IX. for advice, said: "Very well; let each man of us begin by reforming himself."

THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION is the largest associated temperance body in the United States. At its Fourteenth Annual Convention recently held in Chicago there were 600 delegates from all parts of the country, 200 of whom were prominent clergymen. The Secretary's report enumerated 612 societies, and a membership of 39,643,—a gain for the year of over 3,000 members.

A GRANT recently made to the College of Maynooth provides a new set of prizes to be connected with the name of the late well-known and revered John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam. An estate in Galway, value £200 a year, was bequeathed by the Archbishop to his nephew, the Very Rev. Dr. Thomas MacHale, of the Irish College at Paris, and Dr. MacHale has assigned the property to the trustees of Maynooth College to provide remuneration prizes for the ecclesiastical students in training there. The rate of the prizes will be £10. Students of the Diocese of Tuam will have preference over others. The prizes will be called the MacHale prizes.

THE THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL OF THE CHURCH in the United States will assemble at Baltimore on the second Sunday in November.

CONSUMPTION OF TOBACCO.—The following are some tobacco statistics for 1883: "In the German Zollverein the consumption of tobacco was 731,391 metric cwts., of a value of £2,121,450. In addition to this, 5,959,140,000 cigars were consumed, representing a weight of 751,307 metric cwt., and a value of £12,463,450." Turning to France we find the following figures, not including the sales of tobacco on the frontiers nor the use in the army:

	Kilogrammes.	Value.
Havana cigars . .	36,619 . . .	2 million francs.
French cigars . .	3,606,861 . . .	2 "
Cigarettes	893,720 . . .	17 "
Tobacco for pipes,	14,737,000 . . .	171 "
Snuff	6,737,000 . . .	78 "
Tobacco for chewing	703,000 . . .	9 "

It is also stated that the total consumption was 35,621,834 kilos of a value of 371,217,489 francs. That is to say the consumption per head of population is 945 grammes, or very nearly 2 lbs., and the value thus smoked is 9 francs 70 cents, or about 7s. 9d. per individual.

AMERICANS IN CANADA.—Miss A.—Yes, I have just returned from Canada. I had a lovely time. Met everybody in the best society. Miss B.—You like the Canadians, then?" Miss A.—Oh, I did not associate with Canadians, but Americans. The American society there is just splendid. I had such lovely rides with Mr. Minks, the rehypothecator, and Mr. Finks the ex-financier, and I nearly fell in love with Mr. Pinks, the handsome young embezzler, and I just wish you could have seen Mr. Binks, the eminent defaulter, lead the german; he is just too sweet for anything.

MGR. CAPEL paid a visit to Grammar-School children No. 53, in East Seventy-ninth street, N. Y. About 900 children were marshalled in the main room to do honor to the distinguished visitor, and they sang songs, among them, the "Star Spangled Banner." At its conclusion he asked permission to put a few questions to the scholars.

"What do you understand by 'land of the free'?" he asked.

A bright little miss promptly responded: "America, where all are free to do as we please."

"And what do you mean by 'home of the brave'?" continued Mgr. Capel.

"I know," lisped a little tot from the rear of the room, raising her chubby hand to make herself seen; "because we whipped the English." And the great man's face assumed a smile, while the teachers stuffed their handkerchiefs in their mouths to smother their merriment.

THE SEXES.—The new Census figures for Great Britain, giving the relative proportion of the sexes are very striking. Out of a total population of 26,000,000, females are in excess of males to the extent of nearly 700,000. Yet, at birth, the males are in a majority. Within a year the balance turns the other way, and so continues until the period between ten and fifteen years of age, when the males are again the greater number. But the ascendency is only temporary; and in the next five years the strength of numbers is with the female sex, who retain this position until the close. In the advanced periods of life, the numerical superiority of the gentler sex is especially manifest. At the figure of "ninety-five and upwards," says the *British Medical Journal*, we find the females more than twice as numerous as the males; while of the 141 persons who are recorded as having attained the age of "100 and upwards," 97, or 68 per cent. are females. The ladies can evidently join in the old marching song of the Rifle Brigade, "I'm ninety-five, I'm ninety-five"—with more truthfulness than the shorter-lived males of Britain.

THE LATE GENERAL SHIELDS.—The committee appointed to aid in raising funds for a momument to General James Shields by James Shields Post No. 69, G. A. R., meets weekly at the Westminster Hotel, New York. Between $3,000 and $4,000 is required for the monument, which will be erected at the grave of the dead hero, at Carrollton, Mo. General Shields took part in three wars, and was Senator during his life from Illinois, Missouri and Minnesota. Circulars and subscription books will be sent to each Grand Army post. Colonel John Beattie is treasurer, and the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank will be the depository of subscriptions.

"THE THUNDERING LEGION."—The number of students who attended the twenty-three colleges under the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in the United States during the year lately closed was about 5,700. The numbers in each of the colleges were as follows: Georgetown University, Georgetown, D. C., 207; Loyola College, Baltimore, Md., 118; Boston College, Boston, Mass., 250; Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y., 267; St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, Ill., 265; St. Francis Xavier's College, Cincinnati, O., 280; Detroit College, Detroit, Mich., 217; St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., 300, St. Francis Xavier's College, N. Y. City, 419; St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N. J., 92; Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., 170; Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C., 144; St. Charles' College, Grande Coteau, La., 133; College of Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, La., 320; St. Joseph's College, Springhill, Ala., 174; Las Vegas College, Las Vegas, N. M., 206; Marquette College, Milwaukee, Wis., 130; Creighton College, Omaha, Neb., 264; College of the Sacred Heart, Prairie du Chien, Wis., 110: Sta. Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal., 261; St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, Cal., 702; St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kan., 203; University of St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo., 308.

CARDINAL MANNING, in a recent address in London, said .— "The Catholic Church at this moment triumphs in every place, and perhaps there was never a time since the beginning, when the Church was so widespread as it is at this moment: there was never a time when all the Bishops and pastors of the Church were so united to their Head, and there was never a time when the faithful throughout the world were so closely united to their pastors, never was there a time when the unity of the Catholic Church was so manifest than at this day."

FRIGHT.— Apropos of the cholera visitation in France, a story is told of how the Empress Eugenie acted when there was a terrible scare at Amiens, owing to cholera. It is a well-known fact that almost as many people die of fright when the scourge is at its height, as from the disease itself. Well, the story goes that the Empress went to Amiens and at once proceeded to visit the patients at the hospital, and, sitting with them on the edge of their beds, talked to them and told them to be of good courage. Suddenly a lily-livered priest rushed in saying: "Oh, your Majesty, will you believe it, two hours ago my vicar was breakfasting with me, and now is dead." Awful terror all around, of course. "That is good, *very* good," said Her Majesty calmly. "Good!" cried the astonished priest, "how can that be good?" "Yes, that is very good," replied the Empress; "for whenever the cholera becomes so violent as that, it always ceases." The effect of the statement was extraordinary, and was a remedy for cholera far beyond any doctor's drugs. I have seen a man die suddenly of cholera, and his friend say, "Oh, I was standing by him, I must get it too; I'll be dead before night. Oh dear! Oh dear!" etc., and although that man was in perfect health at the time, he was dead before night, and I firmly believe that it was brought on entirely by fright, and any doctor who has studied Asiatic cholera in the East, will confirm me in what I say.

THE *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* is not many years in existence, yet four of its editors have already become bishops: the present Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Moran; the late Dr. Conroy, Bishop of Ardagh and delegate of Canada; Dr. Carr, Bishop of Galway, and Dr. Healy whose consecration was announced recently. The new editor who has succeeded the Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert is the Very Rev. Robert Browne, Vice-President of St. Patrick's College.

THE TERCENTENARY OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.— The 4th of November this year will mark the three hundredth anniversary of the saintly Archbishop of Milan. Cardinal Monaco la Valetta, the Vica of Rome, has ordered the rectors of all ecclesiastical colleges to celebrate the feast of St. Charles this year with great solemnity, and so show their devotion to one of the chief models of all priestly and Episcopal virtue. In Milan itself Monsignor di Calabiana, the Archbishop and successor of the saint, is making special arrangements for a solemn novena and triduum. The crystal coffin, containing the miraculously preserved body of St. Charles, will be exposed to the veneration of the faithful, and pilgrimages will take place from nearly all the parishes of the archdiocese, many of which were visited episcopally by the great Borromeo himself.

SEWING MACHINES. — All in want of first-rate sewing machines at moderate prices are referred to the advertisement on another page.

TERRIBLE DISCOVERY. — A horrible discovery is reported from Lisnagoorua, some six miles from Fermoy. A farmer named Broderick, when cleaning out his well, which had run dry, found at the bottom of it the skeletons of three grown persons. A large flag, missed from the mouth of the well several years ago, was placed over the heap. A local doctor examined the remains. The skulls lay apart, dissevered from the trunks. The skeletons were pronounced to be those of two females and one male. Most searching inquiries are being instituted by the police. There were also found in the well remnants of articles of wearing apparel, and these it is believed will lead to some important disclosures. The mystery has created a most profound sensation in the district. It is surmised that the remains are those of a family named Sheehan, who were supposed to have emigrated to America some years ago. A rumor prevails that they were made away with by members of their family, who were anxious to obtain possession of land held by them. Others believe them to be the remains of a Mrs. Walsh, her son and daughter, who mysteriously disappeared some years ago.

THE JESUITS have won a suit against the Italian Government. When the Order was suppressed on the 7th of July, 1866, in Naples, livings were refused to the Jesuits because they had been already suppressed there by Garibaldi in 1860. The Fathers applied lately for their livings, which were refused; but on a further appeal to the Supreme Court they won their case, and the Government will have to pay a round sum for the years already elapsed — about half a million.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE, who has been grieved by the sorrowful accounts given him by Mgr. Robert, Bishop of Marseilles, has sent to that Prelate a sum of twenty thousand francs to assist the poor and suffering in the cities of Marseilles and Toulon.

THROUGH the exertions of that splendid Irishman, T. M. Healy, M. P. for Monaghan, Mr. Gladstone has been induced to make a grant of $500 to the mother of Phillip Maguire, who was murdered by a gang of Orange rowdies in the county of Cavan near Monaghan few months ago.

JUDGE FLANAGAN, of the Irish Landed Estates court, has finally accepted the offer of Mr. Parnell, on behalf of the Irish Land Purchase and Settlement company, for the purchase of the Kilclooney estate, comprising upward of 2,700 acres, in the county of Galway, the property of Mr. J. J. Bodkin, for the sum of £43,300 The company will immediately begin to carry out the migration plan on this property. The experiment will be watched with great interest.

BISHOP IRELAND SAYS: "I believe I can do more good in preaching, and advocating the cause of Temperance than were I to preach ten thousand sermons on other topics."

The committee of claims of the U. S. House of Representatives, have allowed the claims of the Christian Brothers at St. Louis of $200,000 for the occupation of their colleges by Union troops during the rebellion. This result was brought about by Mr. O'Neil, a Catholic member of Congress.

MESSRS. NOONAN & CO., of Boston, will publish in time for the holiday trade "Stories for Stormy Sundays," a collection of tales for children. It will be uniform with "Wrecked and Saved," and other popular juvenile books issued by this firm.

MR. GEORGE MOORE, son of the late George Henry Moore, the author of "A Modern Lover," is about to publish a book on Castle Life in Dublin. There is a coincidence in the fact that the book is announced so soon after the recent revolting revelations, but it was planned months before they were made public. Mr. Moore has studied castle society during a long residence in Dublin, and the results of his observation will be given in the forthcoming volume. The book will be looked for with considerable interest.

BESIDES the second volume of the Pontifical edition of the works of St. Thomas of Aquinas, just issued from the press of Propaganda, which volume contains: "Commentaria in octo libros physicorum Aristotelis ad Codices manuscriptos exacta, cura et studio Fratrum Ordinis praedicatorum.— Accompanied by an introduction, a copious index, and an alphabetical register, the recent publication is announced at Florence of the sermons of the Venerable Mother Blessed Humility of Faenza Abbess of Vallombrosa, in the 14th century, who died in 1310. The saintly religious, as she herself declares, had received no literary training, she was ignorant of the simplest rules of grammar, hence whatever she wrote was wholly by Divine inspiration, under the direction of Our Blessed Lady and of her special Patron St. John the Evangelist, who, her biographers say, favored the holy Nun with frequent visits. These sermons, collected and published by the President-General of the Benedictines of Vallombrosa, are pronounced a rare treatise of mystic theology. They bear the title: "Sermones s. Humilitatis de Faventia Abbatissae Ordinis Vallis umbrosae — nunc primum in lucem editi—a D. Torello Sala — monacho eiusdem Ordinis—Forentiae ex of officina Calasantiana, 1884.

IN the first eight months of 1883, no less than 88,577 emigrants left Ireland; in the same period this year the number was only 57,476, which shows a decrease of over 31,000.

WHO ARE THE LORDS?—John Bright answered the question at a meeting of 20,000 persons at Bermingham, England: "They are the spawn of the blunders, the wars and the corruption of the dark ages of our history. They have entered the temple of honor, not through the temple of merit, but through the sepulchres of their ancestors. They are no better than their fathers; some of them are worse, for their privileges have produced ignorance and arrogance." The reform of the House of Lords, he declared, was urgent and inevitable. The creation of new peers to pass the Franchise bill would only get rid of the present difficulty. What was wanted was the limitation of the power of the lords. "Shall the people submit, or will they curb the nobles as their fathers curbed the kings of England?" But notwithstanding all this tall talk, Mr. Bright's remedy does not appear to be very heroic. "He would allow the peers to retain their present powers during the first session that a bill should be presented them, but he would absolutely preclude them from vetoing the Franchise bill or any bill the second time."

IN the ecclesiastical Province of Boston, comprising the Archdiocese of Boston, and the Dioceses of Hartford, Portland, Burlington, Springfield, Manchester, and Providence, there are over 1,700 Sisters who have charge of sixty-two convents, nineteen asylums, one hundred and five schools, and eleven hospitals.

ABBE OLLIVIER, one of the parish priests of Arles, has lost his life while fulfilling his parochial duties amongst the cholera-stricken patients of that town. Monsgr. Forcade, Archbishop of Aix, officiated at the funeral, afterwards spending several hours in the cholera wards of the hospital.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN has just paid a very marked compliment to the Irish priesthood by according the high distinction of the degree of Doctor of Divinity to the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, President of Maynooth College. Louvain University has always been famous for theology. It once had nearly 6000 students, and has honorably resumed the position of which it was deprived by the persecutions of the revolution, and to which it was restored some dozens of years ago. The honor conferred on the President of Maynooth reflects credit on the university conferring it, and on the learned head of the chief ecclesiastical college of Ireland.

THE ENGLISH COMMITTEE having charge of the fund for assisting Irish emigration give notice that the improved condition of affairs, the prospect of a good harvest, and the lessened demand for labor in America, render a temporary cessation of the work advisible. In three years 9482 persons have been aided to emigrate, at an average cost per head of £7 4s. 6d.

THE VERY REV. FATHER ANDERLEDY, General of the Society of Jesus, has received a brief from the Holy Father, in which his Holiness accords a Plenary Indulgence to all the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin on the occasion of the third centenary of its canonical establishment, which will be celebrated on the 5th of December next.

DARK HORSE.—It is generally supposed that the term "dark horse" is of American origin. But Thackeray used it in his "Adventures of Phillip" before it became current in this country, and in exactly the same sense as we employ it. "Well, bless my soul," Phillip is made to say, referring to some mysterious candidate for the House of Commons, "he can't mean me. Who is the dark horse he has in his stable?"

MR. GEOFFREY O'DONOGHUE, the eldest son of The O'Donoghue, M. P., who was arrested some time since at an illegal drill, has come from the Kerry Assizes with all his colors flying. He was indicted before Lord Justice Fitzgibbon for having, in April last, assaulted one William Clarke, and for attempting to rescue one Michael Tangney from the said William Clarke, a sergeant in the Royal Irish Constabulary. Mr. D. B. Sullivan addressed the jury in a long and eloquent speech for the defence. There was applause in court at its conclusion, and when the jury returned a verdict of acquittal, Mr. O'Donoghue was cheered lustily on leaving court.

Personal.

LORD DUFFERIN has been appointed Viceroy of India, in place of the Marquis of Ripon, resigned.

REV. W. J. HALLEY has been appointed Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati.

THE Rev. P. J. Halley, lately of Plymouth, Mass., has been transferred to Wakefield, Mass.

MR. E. DWYER GRAY, M.P., has been appointed a member of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes.

THE Pope has conferred the degree of Master of Theology upon Rev. Father Higgins, of St. Joseph College, Somerset, O., who is the first person in this country thus honored.

MARY FRANCES XAVIER LEESON has been elected reverend mother of Mount St. Mary's Convent, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Rev. Mother Mary Frances Xavier Warde.

THE Holy Father has nominated the Rev. Abraham Brownrigg, Superior of the Missionary Priests, Enniscorthy, to be Bishop of Ossory, in succession to the Most Rev. Dr. Moran.

MRS. BRIDGET FARLEY celebrated her 103d birthday on August 10, at West Stratford, Conn. She was born in Ireland, and came to this country in 1820. Her physical condition is good, and she does more or less housework.

AMONG the British scientists at Montreal was Father Perry, the Jesuit, who has been for twenty-five years the director of the observatory at Stonyhurst, England, and was at the head of the Government expedition to the Kerguelen Islands to observe the transit of Venus in 1874.

THE Abbé Liszt is now at Bayreuth, and was present at the last representation of *Parsifal*. The Abbé is now in his seventy-fifth year, and still enjoys robust health. His sight is failing; but there is happily no truth in the report that he has become blind.

THE will of the late Lord Petre has not been yet proved, but it is stated that the total personality is £200,000, and that the bulk of this sum goes to Mgr. Lord Petre the eldest son. Mgr. Lord Petre is not a Jesuit but a secular priest, and although two or three members of his sacred profession have been peers of the realm since pre-Reformation times he will, we believe, be the first Catholic clergyman since that period to sit in the House of Lords. He will, no doubt, be found on the side of the Administration.

THE betrothal of Miss Eva Mackay, step-daughter of the Bonanza Silver King, to Prince Colonna, has been, it is announced, celebrated with great pomp at the villa of her aunt, near Rome. The bride-designate became acquainted with her future husband last winter. Paris is doubtless disappointed at having failed to secure for one of its sons a prize which does not depend for its value on wealth alone, but is recommended by sweet qualities of temper, person, and character.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP. — We take the following from the current number of Mr. Labouchere's paper, *London Truth:* "Cardinal Manning is a very good man, but also a very astute man. He loses no opportunity of associating himself with the philanthropic movements of the day, and thus conveying the impression to the public mind that the Catholic Church is on the side of reform and progress. Some years ago, when the agricultural laborers held a great demonstration in Exeter Hall, his Eminence was the only Christian minister on the platform. He is a familiar figure at the gatherings of the Hospital Sunday Fund. The other week he took a prominent part in the National Temperance Congress at Liverpool, and a few days ago he spoke at Stafford House on behalf of the Society for Befriending Young Servants. Nor does he lose any opportunity of helping forward the movement for providing better dwellings for the poor. In all this, however, there is surely the true Christian spirit, and it would be well if Protestant ministers, instead of fighting so much over their creeds, their millinery and their church properties, would practice a little more 'pure religion and undefiled.'"

Political Opinion.

"WHO owns the Irish vote?" asks the Rochester *Post-Express*. No one, thank Heaven — No one! — *Buffalo Catholic Union and Times*.

POLITICAL OPINION. — The Boston *Globe* nominates the Hon. Patrick A. Collins, M.C. of Boston, for Attorney-General in President Cleveland's Cabinet. We second the nomination. — *Irish-American*. — We third it.

"THE hope of the Irish race in America lies very largely in the capability of the Irish to assume an independent attitude in American politics." — *Bishop Ireland*.

Irish-American: — ONE reason why they call Blaine a "plumed knight" the fact may be that while in office he always feathered his own nest.

THREE hundred New York politicians went to a clam-bake. They ate 35,000 Little Neck clams, 3,000 lobsters, 800 watermelons, 2,400 pounds of spring chicken, and other viands appropriate to the occasion. Their appetites had been sharpened by the news from Maine.

IN a letter to the Hon. Patrick Maguire, editor of the Boston *Republic*, General Edward S. Bragg, of Wisconsin, contradicts the story that he said in the Democratic National Convention that the Irish might go. "In the Chicago Convention," he writes, "I made no mention of nor did I allude to our Irish-American population in any manner whatever. I have never entertained such ideas nor uttered such words, and anyone charging them upon me must do it through ignorance or from pure malice."

Catholic Columbian: — WE believe that Patrick Egan, President of the Land League, was about right when he deprecated the mixing of Mrs. Parnell in the politics of this country. Her son is leader of a grand party in Ireland and has warm supporters in both political parties in this country, and hence it would be indiscreet, to say the least, for him to make the appearance even of joining issue with either party. We hope, too, that Mrs. Parnell will not again enter the political arena, or express opinions that may compromise her son or destroy his influence in Ireland or America.

THE REPUBLIC. — *Catholic Columbian:* We are of those that believe that the United States' Government will outlive political parties of whatever character, and that as far as its perpetuity is concerned, the election or defeat of no man or men can in any way affect it. It is, therefore, the height of absurdity for rival parties to indulge in such predictions, and it only shows the shallowness of their reasoning and the desperation of their cause to attempt a defense of their insane croakings. The republic has stood at the grave of many a party and will live to see and take part in the funeral pageant of many another.

THE POLITICAL UPHEAVAL. — *Boston Daily Globe*, Democratic: It is already plain that the lines upon which classes, sections, bodies of men and political parties are accustomed to divide, will be well nigh obliterated this year. There is scarcely one of them, even at this early date, that is not already partly covered with the shifting sands of varying interests. Independents break off in large numbers from the Republican party; independent organizations find themselves broken up with varying opinions; labor organizations are divided; the temperance people are at odds in several States among themselves; the foreign vote is more broken up than it has been for years; the Germans are leaving the Republican party en masse, and there are a few defections among the Irish population from the Democratic to the Republican standard; the number of doubtful States has increased and it grows larger as the weeks go by; the Republicans think they can carry some of the Southern States, and it appears very probable that some of the old-time Republican States of the North will go over to the other side. There is no estimating the extent to which this breaking up of old lines will be carried, because it comes from a variety of causes. There is a different reason for almost every division and split-off from old associations. Plainly, it will affect very much the distribution of votes. But this upheaval of things, and the breaking up of old lines of division, is the best thing for American politics, and the most encouraging thing that has happened for a long time.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD, from the creation to the present day. Part II, Church History. By Rev. B. J. Spalding, with Preface by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria.

Here is a book not only for the school, but the family. It contains 716 pages, is profusely illustrated, is well printed and in every way one of the best books on Church History yet published in this country. The society deserves much credit for the handsome manner in which the book is issued. It should be in every Catholic family.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

LIFE OF ST. CLARE OF MONTEFALCO, Professed Nun of the Order of Hermits, of St. Augustin. Translated from the Italian of the Most Rev. Lawrence Tardy, formerly Vicar-General of the Augustinian Order. By Rev. Joseph A. Locke, O. S. A. Permissu Superiorum. 12mo., cloth, gold and ink side. $1.00.

We have every reason to hope that this biography will prove both useful and agreeable to the English-speaking public. St. Clare's case is an extraordinary one. She died in the order of sanctity in the year 1308, and within eighteen years from her death the entire process of her canonization was completed, and nothing remained to be done but for the Holy Father to issue his declaration. This he determined to do; but the circumstances of the times, not his will, interfered, and the canonization of St. Clare was reserved for our own day. Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., in the decree of her canonization, dated September 11, 1881, says: "It has happened by divine disposition that this virgin, who was most devout towards the Cross and Passion of Our Lord, should be raised to the supreme honors of the altar, so that through her example and prayers the love of the Cross and a zeal for it might be revived in the hearts and habits and daily life of Christians." It is with the intention of contributing towards the realization of this holy hope that the translator has undertaken to render into English this little work. Apart from this, however, the biography of St. Clare will well repay perusal, containing as it does the record of a noble and saintly life, rich in the highest and holiest examples of virtue, and made surpassingly grand by the extraordinary endowments of Heaven.

John A. Boyle, Boston.

The Catholic Child's Bible History. A Text Book for Schools, Old and New Testament. Compiled by the Sisters of Mercy. Illustrated.

This is a text book for the young. The matter has been carefully compiled from the best Bible Histories, and arrayed with a view of rendering he subject at once simple and interesting. Instead of the catechetical style, the plan adopted is that of placing the various subjects prominently before the learner, while to each chapter is annexed a set of questions on its contents for the exercise of the pupil's memory. The book is substantially bound.

ALL of the above books can be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OGILVIE'S HANDY BOOK of Useful Information, is the title of a modest little book of 128 pages we have just received, which contains more information of practical value than many books that cost from $2.00 upwards. It contains statistical tables of practical value for every department of human effort, and we can assure our readers that they will find something of great value in this book.

It simplifies the art of Reckoning, and is worth its weight in gold to every Farmer, Mechanic and Business man, especially those not thoroughly versed in figures. Shows at a glance, the correct answer to nearly 100,000 business examples in all kinds of Grain, Stock, Hay, Coal, Cotton Merchandise, Interest, Wages, Measurements of Lumber, Logs, Cisterns, Tanks, Graneries, Wagon beds, Corn cribs, Cordwood, Hay, Lands, Carpenters', Plasters', Bricklayers', work, etc. It also teaches entirely new, easy and practical rules for Rapid business calculations, which even a child can comprehend. The Political, Historical, and Biographical information alone, is worth double the price of the book. It is bound in handsome leatherette, flexible covers, and will be sent by mail for 25 cents; or bound in silk cloth for 50 cents, by J. S. OGILVIE & Co., Publishers, 31 Rose Street, New York.

A MEMORIAL VOLUME OF THE THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL.—The Baltimore Publishing Company, having received the approval of the Most Reverend Archbishop, will issue a volume on the approaching Council, and it will be in all respects a book which every Catholic should possess. The volume will contain the Pastoral issued by the Apostolic Delegate, the names of the archbishops, bishops, and other members, of the theologians and of the officers of the Council; authentic reports of all sermons from manuscript or stenographic reports, which will cover nearly the entire ground of Catholic dogma and practice; also a full record of such action of the Council as may be deemed of a public nature. The work will be handsomely illustrated with portraits of His Holiness, Leo XIII., of the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Baltimore, and of all the archbishops, bishops, and prelates who may attend the Council's sessions, with such other embellishments as will make it a book of universal interest and edification. It is only necessary to call our readers' attention to this important publication; we feel sure that every one of them will desire to obtain the volume, when it is issued in all the luxury of type, paper, and binding.

IT IS not only in the Vatican Library and Archives that Catholic savants are at present actively engaged at work. The British Museum, also, has been, during this month, a centre of attraction for several workers. The well-known Abbé Martin, of Paris, has been collating various valuable Greek manuscripts of the New Testament, including the Famous Codex Alexandrinus. Abbé Martin has made certain very important discoveries regarding the history of the Greek text of several of these famous MSS. We have had the pleasure of hearing from the learned Abbé an account of the interesting theory which he has been led to form regarding the variants of the ancient codices; and should his researches corroborate his theory, there is no doubt that he will have effected a complete revolution in New Testament textual criticism which will shake to their foundations the most modern critical editions, such as those of Tischendorff and the recent Anglican revisors. During the past three weeks, Professor Lamy, of Louvain, also was busily at work at the Museum on the Syriac Manuscripts of St. Ephrem.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Waiting for the Sun to Shine Again," Song by Ida E. Hutchings. "Just for the Old Love's Sake," Song by Mrs. Henry Shield. "Your Kind, Loving Mother at Home," Song by P. Fallon. "Be Happy To-night Good Neighbors," Male Quartette by C. A. White. "Susan Brown's Wedding," Song by Sam Lucas. "He was a Pretty Soldier," Song from Nitouche by Hewe.

Instrumental: "The Blue Stocking Opera, by Lecocq; "Potpourri," by C. D. Blake. Guitar Album, by W. L. Hayden viz: No. 1. "When The Leaves Begin To Turn," by C. A. White; No. 2. "The Yorke," Polka Mazurka by Strauss; No. 3. "Beggar Student Polka," by Millocker; No. 4. "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star," by McEvoy. Also C. A. White's Songs arranged for Guitar by Hayden, viz. "A Sailor and His Lass," "The Magnolia of Tennesee," "Birds in Dreamland," "Little Fairy Polka," "Little Fairy Galop," and "Little Fairy Schottische," all by L. Streabog. "The Snow Bell," and "Wild Rose," for Piano by A. Jungmann. "Harps of the Angels," "Caprice," by Juliar Vasseur. "Joyous Hearts Mazurka," by C. D. Blake. "The Blacksmith in the Woods," Idyl for Piano by Michaelis, arranged for four hands by C. D. Blake.

Books: "Kinder Album for Piano," by Louis Kohler. "Dancing and Prompting, Etiquette and Deportment of Society and Ball Room," by Prof. Bonstein. "Hymns and Harmonies for Catholic Sunday Schools and Homes," compiled by J. F. Loughlin, a very valuable little book for the purpose. "International Piano Method," and "International Organ Method," both by C. D. Blake." Julius Eichberg's collection of Standard Modern Violin Music," Vol. 1. 24 Nos. with Piano accompaniment. A very useful work. All issued by Messrs. White, Smith & Co.

Richard A. Saalfield, 12 Bible House, N. Y.

"With Cleveland we shall win the day," by J. P. Skelly. "Cleveland and Hendrick's Grand Victory March," by J. J. Freeman. "You Ask Me to Forgive the Past," by Edw. Greene. "Better Luck To-Morrow," by Henry Martyn. "Amotori Waltzes," by Frank Conway.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

REV. ANTHONY BRESLIN, of the Philadelphia diocese, died on the 27th of August, at the residence of his parents, Mount Carmel, Northumberland county, Pa. May he rest in peace.

FATHER JAMES MONAHAN, one of the best known Catholic priests in the diocese of Cleveland (and often called the "Grandfather of the clergy"), died at Niles after three days' illness, of cholera morbus. Father Monahan was born in Ireland, Dec. 8, 1822. He was ordained in St. Mary's Church on the flats, the first Catholic Church in Cleveland, Nov. 19, 1848. He was the first priest ordained by Bishop Rappe.

FATAL ACCIDENT.— An inquest was held at the Franciscan Convent, Ennis, on the body of the Rev. Father M'Dermott, O. S. F., Guardian of the Franciscan Convent, Limerick, who was killed at the Fergus Slob Reclamation Works on Thursday last week. It appears that two men were pushing along the line a wagon containing three tons of stones. It was going slowly and caused no noise. When it was within a couple of yards of the deceased he tried to get out of the way, but his foot slipped and he fell across the line, the wagon passing over his body. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

AFTER infirm health, for from three to four years, Rev. Michael J. Tracey, S. J., of St. Xavier College and Church, Cincinnati, Ohio departed this life, on the 21st of September. The immediate cause of his lamentable death was disease of the throat and lungs.

BROTHER.

THE death is announced from Dubuque, Iowa, of Brother Barnaby, of the Melleray Monastery, at the age of 90 years. He was one of the founders of the institution. It has been his home ever since it was built. He was the oldest member of the order of La Trappe.

SISTERS.

AMONGST the many victims of the cholera epidemic, we learn of the death of Miss Annie Moran (in religion Sister Mary Gertrude), one of the Sisters of the Convent of the Assumption at Marseilles. She was the twelfth member of the community who fell a victim to the disease, and the sad news has been communicated in a most sympathetic letter addressed by the Rev. Mother of the Convent in Ireland to the widowed mother of this devoted religious in Ireland.

SISTER of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, in the world Ann Moran, of the Ursuline community at Nottingham, O., died September 12. She was in the forty-ninth year of her age, and the 22d of her religious profession.

AT the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Sterling av., Cleveland, O., after a severe illness borne with exemplary patience, and fortified by the Holy Sacraments of the Church, Sister Mary Euphrasia Ahearn in the thirtieth year of her age and the eighth of her religious life.

DIED, August 27th, at the Convent of Sisters of Notre Dame, Berkeley street, Boston, Sister Julia of the Blessed Sacrament, in the third year of her religious profession, in the 24th year of her age. Her name in the world was Margaret Woods, Milltown, Me.

VEN. MOTHER MARY SERAPHINE VON PRONATH, Superior Western Province School Sisters Notre Dame, died at Milwaukee, on the 27th ult. May she rest in peace.

DEATH OF A GREAT RELIGIOUS.— There died at Manchester, N. H., on the 17th of September, Miss Frances Tersea Warde, known as Mother Frances Warde Xavier, the superior of Mount St. Mary's Convent in that city during the past twenty-two years, and the founder of the Order of Sisters of Mercy in America. She was a most remarkable woman, and the church owes more to her than to any other member of her sex, and will continue to revere her memory as long as the order of Sisters of Mercy has a place

in the hearts of Catholics. She commenced her career in 1829, when she entered the Convent of Mercy in Dublin, Ireland, on the feast of St. Andrew, and was under the instruction of Rev. Mother Catherine McCawly, who founded the order. The subject of this sketch took the white veil on the feast of the espousal of the Blessed Virgin, January 23, 1832, she being the first Sister of Mercy professed under the foundress. She then went forth from the Dublin convent and succeeded in establishing four convents in Ireland on a solid basis in a remarkably short period of time, which was the beginning of that remarkable success which followed. At that time the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor had just been consecrated bishop of Pittsburg, Penn., and was desirous of establishing the order of Sisters of Mercy in America. Mother Xavier was regarded as the person best qualified to undertake the great work, and at the earnest request of Bishop O'Connor she consented to make the trip, and in 1843 reached this country, accompanied by six companion Sisters of Mercy. The first convent in the United States was established at Pittsburg, together with schools and a hospital, and then Chicago was visited, in which city the work was duplicated. The journey to Chicago and return was made in a prairie wagon drawn by oxen, as those were not the days of extensive railroading. The journey was undertaken on the 7th of December and was made in ten days. Convents and missions, other than those at Pittsburg, were established at various points in Pennsylvania, and then Mother Xavier listened to a call from Bishop O'Reilley of Providence, R. I., and under her wise direction the order sprang up throughout Rhode Island. Convents were also established at Rochester, N. Y., New Haven and Hartford, and several orphan asylums and institutions of learning likewise. The next scene of operation was at Portland. Through the untiring efforts of Rev. Father McDonald, of Manchester, N. H., a noble foundation was made there, where Mother Xavier has lived for the past twenty-two years, Superior in charge of the one hundred and fifty Sisters of Mercy. This Manchester Mother-House has been singularly blessed and fruitful, and from it have sprung hospitals, asylums, and schools too numerous to be recapitulated; and not only in Bangor, Whitefield, Portland, among the Indians of Maine, and elsewhere near home, but also in New Jersey and Philadelphia, in Yreka and Omaha. On the 24th of January, 1883, the fiftieth anniversary of her taking the veil, was commemorated in Manchester, by a golden jubilee on a scale of magnificence seldom attained in such a celebration. She was the recipient of the utmost attention and respect, and innumerable costly gifts attested the heartiness of the feeling cherished toward her. Among those who took a leading part in the ceremonies of the day, were Archbishop Williams of Boston, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy of Portland. The deceased had been in failing health for a number of years, and her decline was rapid during the last few weeks of her stay on earth. Her age was 74 years. *Funeral*— The obsequies of the deceased Mother Superior took place at St. Ann's Church on the 20th inst., in the presence of one of the largest gatherings of the Catholic clergy and laity ever present in Manchester. Bishops Bradley, of Manchester, Healy, of Portland, and DeGoesbriand, of Burlington, were present, besides clergymen from all parts of New England. The Solemn Pontifical Requiem was celebrated by Bishop Bradley, and the eulogy was pronounced by Bishop Healy. During his discourse the Rt. Rev. speaker said that while warmth of devotion and strength of heart are by no means rare in women, there was in this woman's life a sacrifice and fortitude which man can never fathom. She was but a weak woman, but she had made for herself a name which lived throughout the whole country and throughout the whole world. He called upon those who had known her best, those who had been associated with her, to rise up and testify to her spirit of sacrifice, her courage and her strength. The burial took place at St. Joseph's cemetery, the remains being followed to their last resting-place by a long cortege.

LAY PEOPLE.

DIED at her parents residence, 22 East Canton Street, Boston, on the 23d, Nellie G., youngest daughter of Hon. Patrick and Mary Maguire, aged 18 years and 7 months. The funeral took place from the Cathedral on Thursday, the 25th, when a solemn requiem mass, at which a large congregation attended, was sung for her repose. Miss Maguire had for

some time been a sufferer from consumption, which dread disease neither the best medical skill nor the watchful care of her parents, who sought by every means in their power to counteract it, could baffle. She was a young lady of the most amiable disposition, and her untimely death is a sorrowful loss to her stricken parents and her grieving brothers and sisters.

MRS. MARY HICKEY, the venerable mother of Rev. Father E. M. Hickey, pastor of St. Xavier's Church, Parkersburg, West Virginia, passed quietly away, at the parochial residence in that city. Mrs. Hickey was in the 75th year of her age, and had been confined to her bed by illness of a severe character for some time. Since her residence in that city she has made a great many friends by her kindly disposition. She was a true Christian woman in every sense of the word, and received all the rich blessings of the Church before her death.

JOHN SWEETMAN died at his residence on Lake View avenue, Cambridge, Mass., at the age of 88. His death was caused by extreme old age, and was peaceful and quiet as sleep itself. Mr. Sweetman was born in the little village of Killeshandra, in the county Cavan, Ireland, about the year 1792. When quite young he removed to Edgeworth. In 1820 he emigrated to America and soon after went to live at Cambridge. Shortly after his taking up a residence there he was engaged by President Quincy of Harvard College as janitor. He held the position of Janitor of the Harvard Law School upward of thirty-five years. He was a staunch Catholic as most county Cavan people are.

DEATH OF EDWARD MACHALE.—Died on Sunday, the 17th of August, at his residence, Tubbernavine — the house occupied by father and grandfather for the past one hundred and fifty years, at the patriarchal age of ninety-two, Edward MacHale, last surviving brother of the late Archbishop of Tuam, Most Rev. John MacHale. For the past year the death of the venerable gentleman was expected. Between his illustrious brother and himself there was, in point of age, only four years difference. The younger survived the elder by three years, thus making the ages nearly equal. The late illustrious Archbishop lived ninety-three years: and his brother had now at his death attained the remarkable longevity of ninety-two years. These ages and those of father and grandfather, who were quite patriarchal in their time, are a proof of the naturally long-lived character of the family. Regarding the deceased, he was, during life, a quiet, plain, unaffected, honest man. He thought naturally, and not by art nor chance, he told out what he thought. He was, on account of his artlessness, liked by all who knew him; by young as well as by old. He excited neither the envy, nor the hatred of anybody, and was accordingly regarded with a natural benevolence by all parties. There was a great gathering of the Clan MacHale, at his death and obsequies, from Glenhest to Ballina, and from Belmullet to Castlebar. The remains were interred in the family burial ground, near those of his brother Thomas.

SPEAKING OUT AND WELL.— *Catholic Review.* While Catholics in America remember that they are here by no man's or by no party's sufferance, that they are strong by their own strength, still stronger by their mission and Helper, strong by their service to this land, and stronger by their loyalty to and love of this country, America, they have no need to dread the impotent threats which are whispered in secret lodges but are not spoken abroad in open day. Justice they will render to all men; justice they will exact from all men. No man's master do they wish to be; but no man's slave will they remain.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XII. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1884. No. 6.

The Poet Jesuit of Brazil.

ILLUSTRIOUS both in the annals of his country's literature and in the records of his religious order, it is strange that Joseph de Anchieta is so little known to the outside world. The reason of it, no doubt, is to be found in the unjust abuse that it has for so long a time been the fashion to pour on the devoted heads of the Jesuits. Their enemies have been untiring in efforts to misrepresent them, not only in Protestant, but in Catholic countries. The faults of every erring brother, are paraded as samples of the order; and where this distorted system could not be made to work, resort was had to invention pure and simple. But the cloud of abuse which obscured all but the brightest, such as St. Francis Xavier and St. Ignatius Loyola, is swiftly passing away; and among the lesser stars, the brilliance of Joseph de Anchieta will be found to be conspicuous in a galaxy not, I venture to say, to be rivalled in religious enthusiasm, genius, and learning among the sons of men. Judas was one of the Apostles of the Lord; but did that reflect dishonor on the others? So, the errors of any individual Jesuit must be referred to himself, not charged upon his order; and none yet has attempted to prove that there is one iota in the teaching of the order of Jesus that makes for wrong — and from unexpected quarters * comes the admission, in recent years, that there is much in it making for right.

The life of a poet is usually uneventful, and, except to the literary student, uninteresting. But the life of a Jesuit, and he a missionary, are sounds to rouse my untutored ear to attention, whatever they may convey to the votaries of modern culture and the quite too too utter intense. A bulky folio volume is scarcely large enough to hold the events of this heroic man's life. And in the official permit of publica-

* I mean here Mr. Gladstone's article in a *Nineteenth Century* of two or three years ago, on "Probability," in which that celebrated but misunderstood thesis of the Jesuits is defended.

tion, the reverend Licensers remark quite happily, that any attempt to ornament his actions by beauty of style, would be like giving light to the sun; "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily." The world, remarked another, so long as this book is withheld from publication, is deprived of much advantage. In the compass of a short paper, I purpose to set forth a dim outline of the contents of such a much-prized book.

Joseph de Anchieta, was born in the Island of Teneriffe, 1533. His poetic temperament manifested itself at an early age, and while at Coimbra, his fellow-students called him the Canary Bird. He was quite a boy when he discovered that passion was about to seize on and make him its prey. He therefore took the vow of virginity, and to read his awful struggles, which he sets forth all through life with a pure simplicity, unafraid of man's opinion, is at once pitiful and instructive. Joseph seemed to dwell habitually in the presence of pure and holy thoughts, and in that rare atmosphere, so far from the artificiality of the present age, no false shame could deter him from stretching forth a helping hand to his brother man, by baring the secret struggles of his own heart. Much is to be read there good for the guidance of us all, but the present is not the time.

The company of Jesus had just been formed by St. Ignatius Loyola, when, in 1551, being hardly seventeen, Joseph professed himself, and began the life-long battle of his existence. It was a time of extraordinary enthusiasm, when the noble company of Jesus proposed to throw itself into the gap, and redeem the losses of the Church. The occasion of those losses was the apostacy of Luther and his brother "reformers;" but the real cause, it was left to Loyola to divine,— viz: the criminal remissness of the clergy. There is something singularly grand, then, in the spectacle of this struggle between the poor Jesuits on one hand, and all the powers of the world on the other. For Catholic princes very often shut their ears to the stern and fearless rebukes of men whose only interests were on high. Nay, they were frequently worried by the importunate counsels of the Jesuits. It was as bad almost (to them) as if the old Apostles had come on earth again, in order to right some of their very wrong ideas.

Anchieta, in the twentieth year of his age (1553), inspired by the fervor of his brother monks, volunteered for active service, and was sent to Brazil. That great empire was at the time an unexplored province of Portugal. From extremity to extremity it was covered by an impenetrable forest, through which rolled great inland rivers. In the secret recesses of that forest, and on the marshy edges of those rivers, dwelt savage animals and reptiles, and no less savage men, fierce in

war, cruel in conquest, implacable as hate. Yet was the missionary astonished at his own happiness in being chosen by God to undertake this difficult and dangerous mission. At midnight the sailors saw him follow his enthusiasm by gazing on the shore and the ocean, and heard his frequent exclamation, — "Who am I that the Creator of all these should have selected me to serve Him?"

The account of his conduct on the ship reminds one of St. Francis Xavier. Six other Jesuits were with him, and he insisted on acting as the servant of these. While thus hampered by duties, and living humbly from day to day, he found time to minister to the whole crew. Everywhere, at sick beds and in every other vicissitude of ocean life, the simple monk was present, consoling, comforting, or exhorting. The example of his sweet and saintly life, no less than his words, touched the rough, honest hearts of the sailors. They left off their oaths and fights and drinking at the request of Father Joseph, and when the Jesuit left the vessel, be sure, many a manly eye was wet, and many a manly heart called down blessings on this angel unawares passing among them for a while like a vision.

His first point of settlement was at Priatininga, and from here he wrote many of those curious letters, from which, and from the testimony of those that knew him, his life was compiled. They are mostly addressed to the general of the order, St. Ignatius. We may be sure at once that comfort was at a minimum, but what did it matter to Anchieta? Among the things that will be apt to call up a smile and a tear, is one simple sentence where he tells how he acts as barber to the neighbors, and teaches Latin in the school! While on this subject it should be mentioned that Joseph wrote out the books necessary for the pupils of this school, so scarce were copies. At the same time he learnt the language of the savages so well as to make a grammar and vocabulary; they were the foundation of all that came after. He also wrote out a catechism for the use of the natives, whose children, in addition to being taught this first necessity, also learned how to read, write, etc. So great was their progress, that they were soon able to help him in teaching the younger generation as they came on. Every morning they sang when school was over as *Ladainhas dos Santos;* every evening the hymn to the Virgin. Thus, some time passed on in pastoral simplicity, the good monk surrounding himself with a growing congregation of converted elders, and training up the youth of the country round about in the right path. If we may trust accounts, it bade fair to become a modern Arcadia.

But in the midst of these prosperous employments, an infectious disease broke out among the natives. They, savage-like, charged it

upon the Jesuits, whose presence had irritated their devil-gods; the disease was a punishment on them for tolerating and embracing the faith of the Black Robes. Father Joseph sought to pacify them by symbolic rites, among which was a procession of the children and converts with crosses and lights. Then, in the absence of lances, he set to work with his pen-knife, and bled them all one by one. What the disease was we are left to infer, but the remedy of the Jesuit proved efficacious. The Indians then returned to their allegiance, blessing the hands that cured them, and prepared to receive spiritual aid from those who had so effectually assisted them in bodily ailment.

But there was a pestilence created by men more inimical to the progress of the truth than the pestilence of nature. To their honor be it said, the only voice that comes from that age protesting against slavery, is the united voice of the Jesuits. Every other order of men seemed as a body to reconcile themselves to it in some way, especially where the slaves were of the colored race. Here, as elsewhere, the powerful voice of the company was raised against Indian slavery. Their countrymen,— precious Christians as they were,— revenged themselves by endeavoring to thwart the attempts of the Jesuits to convert the natives. They represented the Jesuits to them as men who had entered the Church because they were cowards and skulked from war. This was a serious obstacle, and more. It was difficult also to make the natives, even when converted, abstain from eating human flesh. An old woman on her death-bed was visited by Father Joseph, and she followed the rites for the dying with all imaginable pious fervor. The Jesuit then asked her if he could do anything more for her in the way of spiritual or bodily comfort. She held back for a long time, and then almost with her dying breath preferred a request for a "well-crisped child's hand!" So strong was the ruling instinct even in death! Again, a tribe whom the Jesuits had converted, took a prisoner in battle, and in the heat of conquest determined to honor their nation by dressing and eating him opposite the Jesuits' door. The prisoner was bound, the fire kindled, when the Fathers sallied out, delivered the prisoner, extinguished the fire, and effectually prevented the crime. The repentant Indians immediately fell at the feet of the Jesuits, and confessed their guilt.

Pindobucu was the head chief of the Tamoyos, and his son Aimbiré one of the foremost leaders. Aimbiré was naturally more cruel even than the other aborigines. It was told of him, that when one of his twenty wives offended him, he cut her open and tortured her till she died. He had been taken prisoner by the Portuguese and bound; but he escaped by leaping over the side of the boat in which

they were carrying him captive, and swimming to the shore. His injury rankled in his heart, and thenceforth he brooded only on the means of revenge.

He soon had an opportunity to exert his malice. In 1556, partly instigated by a French adventurer, partly urged on by the oppression of their Portuguese masters, the Tamoyos and Tupis took arms. Nobrega and Anchieta went among the Tamoyos, with whom they were acquainted, in order to induce them to make peace. The savages knew they were good men, friends to the Portuguese, but also fatherly to the Indians. So they hospitably received and listened to the counsels of the Jesuits; after which, they made under a tree a chapel, with palm leaves, poor indeed, but clean and decent; and here the first Mass was celebrated among them, all of them attending with respect and awe.

The tidings that the Jesuits were employed among the Tamoyos soon spread among the allied Indians. Aimbiré, who was off on an expedition, at once hastened back to counteract their influence and destroy them if possible. This man called a meeting, and demanded of the Fathers that three Indians, who were with the Portuguese and were the enemies of the allies, should be given up to them for a feast. Father Joseph replied so well, addressing himself to Pridobucu, that no insult was offered him. He showed the unreasonableness of the demand, declared that it could not be granted, and ended by referring them to the Portuguese. Anchieta took care to warn his countrymen, and they refused to deliver the three Indians; but so treated the ambassador of the Tamoyos that he returned their friend. Aimbiré, deeply interested against the Portuguese, hastened to waylay these peace-makers and slay them. They saw him coming in his canoe, and suspecting his purpose, made for the house of his father, who was their friend. The old man was absent; and thus this asylum failed them. They were on their knees, making what they thought to be their last prayers, when the young savage, raging for blood, entered the door. Something in the attitude of these unarmed men, so calm, courageous, and devoted, touched even that implacable heart. His wrath was disarmed; and, awed by such a divine spectacle, he confessed his purpose, but avowed that he was now convinced such men could have no evil views.

When Aimbrié was pacified, arrangements were speedily made. But Father Joseph had to remain as a hostage in the hands of the savages, while an ambassador was sent for the final conclusion of the peace. Here he was subjected to much harsh treatment for a while, not only by a perpetual menance of death, but what was worse to him, by

being compelled to witness the most disgusting sights. To this we owe his great poem. He vowed to the Virgin to write her life in verse. But how could he sing the songs of Sion in a strange land, without either pen, ink, paper, or books? He composed his poem on the shore of the sea, and wrote it upon the sand! He concluded it, extending in all to four thousand one hundred and seventy-two lines, before his return. Then his first care was to fulfill his vow by committing these lines to paper. It was a wonderful effort of memory, rivalling what we so often hear about the Brahminical teachers of India, who handed on from generation to generation their sacred books entire, by means of this faculty. Here is the dedication of Anchieta's great poem :—

"En tibi quæ vovi, Mater sanctissima, quondam,
Carmina, cum saevo cingerer hoste latus :
Dum mea Tamuias præsentia mitigat hostes
Tractoque tranquillum pacis inermis opus.
Hic tua materno me gratia fovit amore,
Te corpus tutum, mensque regente fuit.
Sæpius optavi, Domino inspirante, dolores,
Duraque cum sævo funere vincla pati.
At sunt passa tamen merito mea vota repulsam ;
Scilicet Heroas gloria tanta decet."

Which may be rendered, translating freely : —

"Lo, Holy Mother, I did vow to thee,
While captive of the foe, a sacred song,
Praying the intercession of thy power
To pacify the hostile Tamoyos.
And thou didst grant this favor of thy love
Maternal, and didst throw about thy child
The shield of thy great prayer. Often, often,
I raised my hands, praying upon the Lord
To part my chains; but while I did presume
On mine own merit, deservedly I met
Repulse. Hence are these lines a monument
Of thy surpassing glory."

In a subsequent revolt of the Indians, about the Rio de Janiero, Nobrega and Anchieta advised the building of a fort on the spot. But the mere presence of Father Joseph, and his reputation for sanctity, was sufficient to quell the disturbance. And as his wisdom was serviceable to their enemies, be certain his then powerful voice was raised to secure justice and clemency for the poor, oppressed natives.

In 1569 he was chosen rector of the college of St. Vicenti. In one of his letters from here to his friends in Portugal, he speaks at length of his own health and manner of living. "We have no aperients here," says he, "or *regalos de enfermæria;* it has often been necessary to eat boiled mustard leaves, and the pulse of the country and such food as you may imagine. I instruct three classes, and fre-

quently when I am sleeping they disturb me with questions. By acting thus as though I were not an invalid, I have begun to recover. As a proof, you know I used to eat meat during Lent,— and now I fast during the whole forty days. At Piratininga I served as physician and barber to the Indians, bleeding them and curing them, when I had no hope of their recovery. Here at St. Vicenti, I have learnt another trade, which necessity taught me, viz., to make *alpergatas*.* I am a good workman, and have made many for the brethren. It is impossible to travel over these mountains with leather shoes." This letter is singed *Pauper et Inutilis Josephus.*

While at St. Vicenti, Joseph wrote comedies to supply the place of the scandalous dramas in vogue. One of them was called "Pregaçam Universal," because it was in two languages — in the language of the country and in Portuguese, so that all might understand it. "It was first acted," says the simple old chronicle, without the fear of modern criticism before its eyes, "out of doors, sub Dio. A heavy cloud hung over the spectators,— a tremendous cloud. Joseph bade them sit still and see the comedy. And behold, for three hours that the play endured, not a drop fell— but, as soon as the spectators got home, there was the terriblest storm of rain, thunder, lightning, and hail, ever seen or heard of in that country." The modern critic wasn't born; and his limitations not being familiar, men had a vast space in those days in which to speculate about the human and divine in man. Now, Father Joseph was so good a confessor, so learned an expositor of the Scriptures, so admirable a preacher, so acute a theologian, and so fine a poet, that it was suspected his wisdom was more than human. "What I myself think," continues the old biographer, oblivious of the literary animal of our epoch, "is this: that though his understanding was very strong, and his genius excellent, so that without a master he read the works of many others, yet the readiness and the clearness and the certainty of his replies in difficult cases, and the variety of his compositions, in which he illustrates every kind of knowledge, appears more than human." Father Gasper Sampares said that when Joseph was preaching on Trinity Sunday, he saw a bird, like a canary bird, perch on his left shoulder, and though Joseph drove him away, still he returned. Father Gasper thought it was probable that this was something not natural but divine.

Joseph poetized in four different languages — Spanish and Portuguese, Brazilian and Latin. The profane songs of all these languages he travestied into holy hymns. So successful were these, that along

* The *alpergata* is a sort of shoe made of packthread or rushes. It is still used by the Moors, as formerly by the poor mountain people of Spain.

the road the sweet songs of Joseph were sung by all travellers. In Latin, his greatest work, besides that dedicated to the Virgin, was the life of De Sa, third governor of the province; it was written in hexameters.

He was removed to Bahia (1578), and chosen Provincial. But very soon he became too infirm for his office, and resigned (1586). His death occurred in 1597. At the time he was settled in the Aldea Reritigba, where he had once been superior.

Thus ended the life of a truly great, and heroic man. Perhaps, in that good time coming when the Jesuits will no longer be bugbears to the worthy Mrs. Partingtons and the followers of Charles Kingsley, the value of his literary works will be appreciated. Meanwhile, they are dead — very dead. But though men mark it not, there is one fact staring you in the face, my friend, if you but open the pages of history — and it is this: In those parts of America where Protestants colonized, the Indians are gone. In those parts colonized by Catholics, the Indians are there still. Mind, I don't say that there were no cruel Catholics; I for myself heartily abhor the atrocities of Spanish adventurers. But with these Spaniards and Portuguese came certain humble Black Robes; and it is only fair to attribute the partial preservation of the Indians in Spanish and Portuguese America to those whose voice was most powerfully raised against the oppression of the aborigines.

HUGH P. MCELRONE.

AN UNUSUAL SIGHT.— There was witnessed at the Church of St. John, in Cincinnati, on Sunday of August 14, a sight that is very rarely presented anywhere — a priest at the altar offering up the Holy Sacrifice, attended by three sons, two of them priests. The celebrant of a solemn high mass on that day was the father, the Rev. Joseph Geobbels, of Mount St. John, Campbell County, Ky.; the deacon was the Rev. Bonifacius Geobbels, of the Capuchin Order, Milwaukee, Wis.; the sub-deacon, the Rev. Benedict Geobbels, of Indiana; and the master of ceremonies, Brother Joseph Geobbels, of St. Meinrad's Benedictine Abbey, Spencer County, Ind.

The venerable celebrant thus celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood. He is in his seventieth year, but still hearty and strong. His wife having died after a married life of twelve years, the bereaved husband concluded to study for the ministry. Two of his sons, named above, also became priests — one a brother, and a daughter, who was also present, is one of the Sisters of Notre Dame at Reading, near this city (Cincinnati). It was truly a remarkable event, and of much interest to the worthy father and his children.

Lough Sheelan.

I.

Fond mem'ry loves to dwell around the scenes of early days,
And wander by the lakes and woods that met our childhood's gaze,
And linger by the forts and knolls where whins and ferns grow,
And view the landscape far and wide where sparkling streams do flow,
By mossy banks and grassy meads whose wild flowers scent the breeze;
And listen to the song of birds and hum of busy bees,
And look upon enchanted spots where mystic treasures lie,
And where the ghosts and fairies haunt, and where the Banshees cry.

II.

Though some may say, waste not your time in dreaming o'er the past,
Live in the present, keep ahead, give thought a future cast.
All this we do, and yet can spare to view each happy scene,
And cheer our present labors by the thoughts that then had been.
The active mind is not confined to either time or place,
But scans through every age and clime, and wanders oft through space.
Then bear awhile, till I describe a scene of beauty rare,
Though not Killarney's lakes and isles, still with them might compare.

III.

From Finea to Mount Nugent, Lough Sheelan's wavelets play,
And dance and sparkle in the sun from morn till close of day;
Here tow'ring hills, that rise hard by, slope gently to the shore;
Church Isle and Castle Isle with their ivied ruins of yore,
And limestone hills on either side with ancient-towers crown'd,
While stately mansions, lawns, and groves, the entire lake surround
Here, too, a famous classic school, beneath tall, shady trees,
Where Brady taught the classics with clearness and with ease.

IV.

Here, the wanderings of the Trojans, and Cassar's Gaul Campaign,
Were studied and translated and oft studied o'er again;
And here the sturdy oarsman oft contended for the prize,
While gather'd crowds upon the shore looked on with eager eyes;
And many an hour the fisherman sits on its surface smooth;
The softly lapping waves alone disturb his solitude,
Save when the trout or other fish o'er surface nimbly rise,
Or the quick whir of waterfowl when started by surprise.

V.

These are but few of many charms that grace this pleasing scene.
To understand how fair it is, it needs must first be seen;

And though other scenes of nature to others seem more fair,
To me another place on earth with this cannot compare.
And now a thought steals o'er my mind, which sadly seems to say,
Where are the many careless youths, who by those shores did stray?
Some are at home and some have died, more left by cruel laws,
While many more exiled themselves to serve a holy cause.

P.C.

Mitchel's "Jail Journal."

VI.

THE voyage to the Cape was long and tedious, owing to adverse winds which drove the ship out of its course. Sickness, in the form of scurvy, prevailed to a great extent among the prisoners and soldiers; water and provisions began to fail, and the crew were put on half allowance of rations and drink. Tropical rain-storms, however, afforded them at times, a more plentiful supply of water. The following passage descriptive of the phenomena preceding a rain-storm in the "region of calms" may be set down here:

"A heavy shower is always a blessing to us, and I never knew so well before the exquisite luxury of a draught of cool, fresh water,—not even after a half-day's ranging over dry mountain tops, when I came upon a green hollow with its clear stream, or a well under the shade of some rock, hiding its diamond treasure from the thirsty sun. Sometimes I sit here for hours, watching the course of a black rain-cloud on the leaden-colored horizon, as it sails heavily on with freight of gracious waters, and makes the 'wine-dark sea' pitch-black beneath, hoping that the lazy, veering tropic breezes may bear it hitherward. I keep my fierce thirst to be quenched out of its dusky bosom, patiently eschewing the black ship-liquid and lime-juice, and lustfully eyeing the wealth of sweet-water that, 'kerchiefed in a comely cloud,' comes this way sailing like a stately ship of Tarshish, bound for the isles of Javan or Gadire, with all her bravery on. I have visions of crystal brooks, and my ear and brain are filled with the murmuring of the Roe and Bawn. I cherish and enjoy my raging thirst (hoping soon to drown the fiery fiend in such a rushing flood), and ingeniously torment it by thinking all thirsty thoughts — of gorged wolves lapping, with dry tongues, the fountain of black water, of caravans faring through calcined Syrian deserts — of the mariner who had to bite his arm and suck the blood before he could sing out — 'A sail! a sail.' But lo! now, three leagues off, or more, the disdainful rain-cloud stoops at last to the ocean, and lavishes her priceless treasure, to the last bright drop, on the ungrateful, unfruitful brine, — 'the wilderness wherein there is no man.' And what art thou, O man! that the bottles of heaven should decant themselves to thee? Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of waters may cover thee? Hath the rain a father? Or what hath begotten the drops of the dew? Not I. So I must quench my enemy with the ship-liquid, qualified with a little lime-juice and sugar, and, for that matter, a glass of brandy." Page 168.

After three months' helpless drifting about among the dark, glutinous-looking waters, of which Coleridge sings,—

"The very deep did rot — O Christ!
That ever this should be;
And slimy things did crawl, with legs,
Upon the slimy sea,"

a strong south-east trade wind sprung up, and the captain resolved to cast anchor at Pernambuco, Brazil, and lay in a fresh supply of provisions and water before setting forth on his voyage to theCa pe. Indeed to such a low ebb had fallen the ship's stock of supplies that serious alarm began to prevail among the passengers and crew. Mitchel takes note of the matter in his grimly humorous way: —

"I can perceive that the strong probability of making the port this time, is a great relief to the surgeon-superintendent, who has been extremely anxious for some days past. And well he may; if provisions and water should altogether run out, and the ship still far at sea, or be calmed off an unknown coast, with four hundred men on board, and three hundred of them desperate reprobates — discipline would soon vanish, and the question would be, which of the well-fed cabin people should be first, which last devoured. The parson is rather fat, and some days ago he imparted his anxieties to me with white lips. 'We shall have mutiny here,' said he; 'we shall have murder, and cannibalism, and everything horrible. I told him cannibalism was beginning to be rather common — that in Ireland people had been eating each other for some time, though lean — and I eyed his well-filled waistcoat. He shuddered visibly; said he trusted it would all end well." Pages 168, 169.

"If the inhabitants should at any time take a fancy to a slice of roast missionary, I hope you will disagree with them," quoth Sydney Smith to a brother parson about to depart for the South Sea Islands. It is to be feared that Mitchel was too grimly in earnest to think of ministering similar consolation to the fat parson above mentioned.

Our readers of scientific tastes, while they cannot help admiring the wealth of descriptive power, of poetry, humor, and pathos displayed in the extracts we have given from the "Journal," may, perhaps, be inclined to deplore the absence of "facts," such as tend to widen the domain of "useful knowledge." As Mitchel has something to say on the subject, we let him speak for himself: —

"I remember that the indefatigable Humboldt, while he wandered in South American woods, observed, amongst many other things, certain monkeys which always howled in the trees at sunrise, — it was in the llanos of Caraccas, — and that great man by multiplied observations, ascertained that the distance at which their howling could be heard was, as near as possible, "1705 yards." The preciseness and importance of this fact, has made it dwell distinctly on my memory, though I have forgotten many minor things. Now, to arrive at so satisfactory a result, the philosopher must have made repeated observations and careful measurement,— some mornings to windward of the monkeys, and again to leeward, and then calculated the mean. Cannot I, also, try to observe some phenomenon or other, marine or meteorological, and enrich science? Was it not the same Baron von Humboldt who had his 'cyanometer,' delicate instrument for measuring the *intensity of blue* in the sky? It was an invention of that great man's own, and he set much store by it. I do fear it is but unphilosophical to keep gazing up into this blue empyrean by day and night, like a beast, without having its intensity marked for me on a graduated scale." Page 171.

At length on July 18th, just three months since they set sail from Bermuda, the coast of Brazil loomed up on the horizon, the first glimpse of which, from the ship's deck, let Mitchel describe for us :—

"*July 18th.— Land!* A far-stretching, low-lying coast, within two miles ahead, thickly mantled with majestic woods down to the water's edge — tall, cocoanut palms, standing ranked on the very sea sands,— a stately, white-walled, high-

towered city, extending full two miles along the shore, built down to high-water mark, and seeming hardly able to make good its footing on the edge of that unconquerable forest. On both sides of it, the vigorous vegetable life seems to mingle with houses and convents, and push itself into the streets; and as the land gently rises beyond, I can see it deeply covered for leagues even to the tops of the distant hills, with the umbrage of untamed woods. But a hundred and twenty thousand human beings lead their lives in this city between forest and ocean; there are many great churches and monasteries of imposing Lusitanian architecture — great stores and quays, and in the harbor ships of all nations. It seems these forests are tracked by certain mule-paths, leading to pasture-prairies, and plantations of sugar, coffee, and tobacco, far inland of which Pernambuco is the port of export. On the ships riding at anchor, besides the Brazilian green and yellow ensign, I see the North American, the French, the English, the Dutch, the Peruvian, and on one vessel anchored about a mile from us, the yellow banner of Fever." Page 170.

The sight of real slaves born in servitude, their owners' property and saleable as such, sets Mitchel to moralizing after his usual characteristic fashion :—

"I surveyed them long and earnestly, for before this day I never saw a slave in his slavery — I mean a merchantable slave, a slave of real money-value, whom a prudent man will in the way of business, pay for and feed afterwards. The poor slaves I have been accustomed to see, are not only of no value, but their owners will go to heavy expense to get rid of them,—not imported slaves, but surplus slaves for export,— slaves with a glorious Constitution, slaves with a *Talladium* — a Habeas Corpus to be suspended, and a trial by jury whereby they may have the comfort of being rooted out of house and home, transported and hanged at the pleasure of the "upper classes." These slaves in Brazil are fat and merry, obviously not overworked nor underfed, and it is a pleasure to see the lazy rogues lolling in their boats, sucking a piece of green sugar-cane, and grinning and jabbering together, not knowing that there is such an atrocity as a *Palladium* in the whole world besides, the condition of slaves in any Spanish, Portuguese or French colony, is not by any means so abject as it was under the English and is under the Americans. To the exercise of power this Anglo-Saxon race always adds insolence. Slaves in Brazil are expected to work moderately, but are not treated with contumely. They are often admitted to the society of the families they serve, and lead in some measure the life of human beings. Is it better, then, to be the slave of a merciful master and a just man, or to be serf to an Irish land-appropriator? God knoweth. I do not pretend that I altogether like the sight of these slaves. If I were a rich man, I would prefer to have my wealth in any other kind of commodity or investment,—except, of course, the credit-funds." Page 190.

So many and such stirring scenes, following each other in such quick succession, like the sudden changes of kaleidoscopic views, had been compressed into this one year of Mitchel's life, that it is no wonder he should begin at times to doubt of his identity, and come to regard his experiences as some unsubstantial fabric of a vision, such stuff as dreams are made of. We picture him to ourselves in his quiet newspaper office inditing these fierce philippics, which created such a sensation at the time, against "The Englishman, calling himself Lord Clarendon, Her Majesty's General Executioner and Chief Butcher in Ireland ":— a turn of the slide, and he stands in the Green-Street Dock, in the clutches of human spiders weaving around him the deadly meshes of English law: then streaming out from Dublin on board the Government war-steamer, and watching the city spires and villas and the blue peaks of Wicklow fade into the infinite azure of the past: again, a convict in prison uniform, tossing restlessly on the plank-bed of his cell; once more, noting on board the 'Scourge' the naked arid hillocks, and

scraggy cedars of the Bermudas, or stoically philosophizing in the six-foot square dog hutch of the convict hulk; now becalmed in the sunless seas of the equator, and finally gazing from the deck of the vessel on the panorama of the stately, whitewalled, high-towered city of Pernambuco: —

"There is somewhat dream-like in this life I am leading. My utter loneliness in this populous ship amidst the strange grandeur of the ocean, and for so many days,— the continual bustle and work, with their incidental merriment or quarrelling, that naturally go on where four distinct communities are jostling each other — the sailors, the convicts, the soldiers and the cabin gentry (besides me who am a whole community by myself).— And the numberless questions that arise to be settled and interests to be reconciled almost within arm's length of me,— while for me no question or interest arises at all, but all my life is in the seeing of the eye only: — and then my objective familiarity with the faces, names, voices, and even characters of these soldiers who are forever talking, laughing and humming their tunes (the whole detachment have but three) before my window, while they know not the sound of my voice; — and then this wondrous rising liking an exhalation from the sea, of gorgeous forests and cities, and again their wondrous setting, — all this makes me feel like a man before whose entranced vision some phantasmagory is flitting by; they are ghosts, these sailors and soldiers, doing their ghostly business before me on the great deep for a season; and in the morning the cock will crow for me in some distant land, and I shall awake, and the whole rout of Atlantic Spirits shall vanish speedily, shrieking on the blast. Whereupon enter other ghosts.

"But do I learn nothing — find no room for thought in the movements and gibberings of those ghosts? In the actions and relations, external and internal of these four commonwealths, in the psychological phenomena of so many phantasmic men, is there, then, no light, no order, nothing but the chaotic stuff that dreams are made of? Here, also, is not my neglected education making progress? Even here there is pabulum for the soul, more or less,— and a harvest for the quiet eye to reap.

> *Βαθεῖαν ἄλοκα διὰ φρενὸς καρπουμενον,*
> *Ἐξ ἧς* (God send it!) *τα κεδνα βλασιάνει*
> *Βουλεύματα.*" (A deep fruit-bearing furrow through the mind, from which spring prudent counsels.)

"How do you refute Berkeley's philosophy?" some one asked of Johnson. "Thus, sir," quoth the sage, stamping his foot with great violence on the solid ground. The reader will note the inimitable touch of pathos at the close of the first extract given below, which scatters, as with a magician's wand, the mists of German metaphysics, and sets the doubter firmly on the substantial reality of things: —

"How do I ramble and rave, giving *carte blanche* to the pen of rigmarole! I have been talking like a member of the tract society; — and what matter? Why should I not talk so, if I say but the truth? One must not be afraid of anything, not even of becoming worthy to be admitted into the tract society. But I grow too discursive, and am ashamed, besides, on looking back over all the paper I have blotted, to find it such a monstrous mass of *egotism*. Even in a solitary dungeon a man ought not to pay himself so much attention, nor confide his egoisms even to his faithful private tablets. What am *I*, that I should listen to myself with such respect, and even take down my own remarks on paper? What am *I*? Why, am I not THE EGO — the very Ego meant and insisted on by Fichte. And is not that an important personage — rather, indeed, the only personage? I begin to doubt whether there is or ever was any *Non-Ego* at all — even Fichte himself — even the turnkey. I am the All. But my pretty little daughter! You, also, I think, art extant, somewhere in infinite space." Page 152.

"It is deep in the night. The wind roars wildly, and the waning moon shines in upon me with pale face through the shrouds. So I go upon deck to see the grim, white moon shine on the tossing manes of ten thousand breaking billows. A yellow summer moon streaming soft through the whispering tops of bowery trees on velvet swarded glades, is one thing — and this grim, white moon careering through torn and

rifted clouds, on a stormy night at sea, is quite another thing — though Euler's calculations, I believe, are said to be applicable to both. After all, the winter moon of these Southern oceans is no other than the harvest moon of Ireland, shining calmly into the room where my children are sleeping this blessed night. For we are not far from the meridian of Newry, though six thousand miles to the south; and I know that this white disk struggling here through antarctic storm-clouds, is the very globe of silver that hangs to-night between the branches of the laurels in Dromalane. A thought this compiled from somebody; I only know it does not belong originally to me. It was once Jean Paul Richter's, no doubt; but is not Jean Paul dead? And has he not bequeathed this and all his other assets to you and to me." Page 185.

"Sept. 19. Hurrah! Hurrah! Africa has brought forth a new thing — a right noble birth this time, and from the bottom of my heart I wish her joy."

"Vulgare Græciæ dictum — Semper aliquid novi Africani afferre." Plin. Nat. His. VIII. 16. "Tis a common saying in Greece that Africa always brings forth something new."

The right noble birth, which Mitchel thus rapturously greets, was nothing less than a determined, unanimous opposition on the part of the Cape colonists to the landing of convicts on their soil. The colonists had received authoritative assurance some time before from Earl Grey that the colony should not be made receptacle for convicts without its own consent. But this same minister, by a bit of political legerdemain, called an "order of council," so soon as the convict-ship *Neptune* had been chartered, resolved to make the cape a convict colony once, and informed the inhabitants that the cargo of the *Neptune* would be disembogued on their shores. This, the colonists had known before the *Neptune* set sail from Bermuda, so that the popular excitement and wrath had ample time, during the five months' voyage of the convict-ship, to grow and spread over all South Africa. The people compelled the Governor, Sir Harry Smith. as the first step in the agitation, to promise that when the *Neptune* arrived not a convict should be allowed to land, "and the colonists themselves, tradesmen, merchants, butchers, bakers, inn-keepers and all, combined to a man, in a universal '*Anti-Convict Association*' vowing that they would neither employ any convict, sell anything to any convict, give a convict a place to lay his head, or deal with, countenance or speak to, any *traitor* who should so comfort or abet a convict, from the Governor down to the black coolies and boatmen."

Here we have an authentic instance of boycotting, practised scores of years ago, though the reptile press of England (liars all from the beginning in Irish affairs), would have us believe that this mode of defensive warfare was peculiarly and exclusively Irish. Indeed, this same system of "boycotting" was put in practice by the English themselves during the excitement over the Reform bill of 1832.

As the *Neptune* was about to cast anchor in the bay, a message was received from the Governor, forbidding the captain to come ashore himself or suffer any communication between the ship and shore till further orders. The bearer of the message took occasion on the part of the colonists to inform Mitchel that the agitation had no reference to him, and that there was no objection whatever to his landing on the part of the people.

"I told him" (writes Mitchel), "I was delighted to find the colonists so determined to resist the abominable outrage attempted by "Government." That they

were completely in the right, and I hoped they would stand out to the last extremity — that as to myself, though everybody knew I was no felon, yet I could not expect the people here to make distinctions in my favor; they were engaged in a great struggle, involving the very existence of their society, and could not afford to attend to particular exceptions." Page 191.

The colonists were a mixture of English and Dutch— these last, a simple primitive people, dwellers on farms, so honest as to need no locks or bars to their houses by day or night. No wonder, then, their imaginations were excited, and their phlegmatic natures roused into hot wrath at the thought of such a bandit invasion of their quiet homes. With many a gutteral "donner und blitzen" they swore never to submit to such a wrong, would rather renounce their allegiance, and take up their rifles to repel the felon invasion. Mitchel writes of them:—

"It is to be remarked that the Dutch farmers here are all well-armed, all practised shots,— never heard of a disarming act, and having been at various times organized in militia corps against the Caffres, have some touch of military discipline, and a wholesome taste for powder and ball. Nobody ever explained to them that they herein commit a crime, and that he who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy." Page 197.

The military prowess of the Boers, and their accuracy of aim, were amply proved in their recent war with England, when the crack of a Boer rifle meant a bull's eye every time.

The whole Cape population white, black, and brown, scattered over a vast territory, was under 200,000, too few and weak in Mitchel's opinion to have any chance of reproducing the grand drama of Boston, Saratoga, and Yorktown.

"One result of the present movement," (writes Mitchel,) "seems likely to be a true *national spirit:* this common danger threatening their country, common loss and risk in repelling it, mutual help and counsel against one and the same treacherous foe,— these are the influences that have power to make an accidental aggregation of settlers become a national brotherhood, instinct with the vital fire of liberty, and can transform the sons of English and of Dutch fathers into a self-dependent, high-spirited nation of South Africa. So be it! There will be one free nation the more."

Meanwhile the excitement and irritation went on daily increasing. The city bells kept up a dismal, funereal tolling day and night; shops were closed and their windows hung with crape: simultaneous meetings were held in several districts, at which the Anti-Convict pledge was administered, binding one and all against selling goods to convicts, holding any manner of intercourse with them, permitting them to land or enabling them to live when landed. As aiders and abettors of the proposed convict invasion, the "pledge" was likewise enforced against the government officials and all on board the *Neptune.* No one could travel through the country and get provisions or lodgings for his money, or pasture for his bullocks, without producing a certificate in Dutch and English from the Anti-Convict Association of his district, that he was a pledged man.

Mitchel relates, with great zest, a number of amusing incidents resulting from the rigorous enforcement of the "boycotting" system.

The old skipper of the *Neptune* goes on shore, taking a brace of pistols with him. The people would hold no intercourse with an officer from the ship. In vain he tried to purchase at several shops various little articles, a tobacco-pipe, a glass for his watch, a fresh roll of bread: in vain, the people would hold no intercouse with him. Even the chaplain of the ship, Mr. Stewart, fared no better. He went ashore to visit the city, and, when recognized, was compelled to leave the hotel at which he was staying. He entered a woollen draper's shop to purchase materials for a waist-coat. The cloth was folded and papered up for him, when some one came in who knew the chaplain, and whispered to the shopkeeper. Thereupon Mr. Stewart was informed that he could not be supplied there. "What!" exclaimed the chaplain, "would you deny clothing to a minister of the gospel to cover his nakedness? Though the dry-goods man was rather staggered at this strong way of putting the affair, not having considered it from that precise point of view, he was resolute in refusing to complete the sale. Finally the worthy chaplain was compelled to walk back to the ship, not being able even to get a horse or conveyance for hire.

The penalties imposed on those detected in violating the pledge were of the severest kind. Their names and crimes were instantly blazoned on the corners of all the streets, and all intercourse with them suspended. One of the traitors owned houses, and immediately that his crime was known, the tenants fled as from plague stricken dwellings. Another attended an auction sale, and though the article was knocked down to him, and he had the money in his hand to pay for it, — the moment he was recognized, the seller refused to let him have the article and forthwith put it up for sale again.

This strained condition of affairs lasted five or six months without any abatement of the popular wrath and determination to resist the landing of the convicts. When it is remembered that the commercial prosperity of the colony depended in great measure on trade with the various departments of the government, and on the custom of the dockyards and men-of-war crews, which was now wholly cut off, we can form some estimate of the heroic self-sacrifice displayed throughout the struggle by the colonists. Indeed, during the last stages of the agitation, the very elements of society were fast becoming dissolved: business was at a stand-still, hundreds were thrown out of work, and vast numbers were preparing to wind up their affairs, sell their property and fly the country. What the ultimate outcome of the whole business would have been, is, of course, difficult to say; but just as the crisis had come, when the goverment officials were thinking of proclaiming martial law, and putting down the agitation by force of arms, and the colonists were on the point of breaking out into open rebellion,— Lord Grey's despatches arrived. Hear Mitchel: —

"*Feb. 13.*— "I knew it! Lord Grey's dispatches have arrived. Captain of the flag-ship came on board here to-day, accompanied by some naval officers. He took his stand on the quarter-deck at the capstan; and the prisoners were all ordered up from below to hear their fate. I was walking on the poop, and stopped at the rail a few minutes looking down at the scene. The men poured aft as far as the gang-way in gloomy masses, some scowling black, some pale as death; and when Captain Bauce unfolded his papers, the burliest burglar held his breath for a time.— *Nep-*

tune to proceed forthwith to Van Diemen's Land; on arrival there, prisoners to receive (in compensation for the hardships of their long voyage and detention) Her Gracious Majesty's "conditional pardon," except "the prisoner Mitchel," whose case Lord Grey says, being entirely different from all the others, is reserved for separate consideration, but special instructions respecting it are to be forwarded to the governor of Van Diemen's Land. When the reader came to the exception of "the prisoner Mitchel," he raised his voice, and spoke with impressive solemnity. In a moment all eyes of officers, sailors, prisoners, soldiers, were fastened on my face; if they read anything but *scorn*,— then my face belied my heart.

So it runs — I am to spend certain years, then, among the gum-trees in grim solitude, utter solitude, for I cannot bear to think of bringing out my poor wife to those regions of outer darkness, or rearing up my boys in that island of the unblessed: I will be lonely with a solitude that Zimmerman never dreamed of, lonelier than "a corpse within its shroud" — for I must make to myself, as it were, a shell to walk in, and present porcupine quills on all sides to the beings in human shape who will there flit around me — for that is a land where men are transformed into brutes. "Let a man be what he will when he goes there, a man's heart is taken away from him, and there is given to him the heart of a beast." And of the whole population of V. D. Land, more than *three fourths* are convicts, or emancipated convicts, or the children of convicts, begotten in felony, and brought up in the feeling that their hand must be against every man, as every man's hand is against them. Oh! I descend into the realms of Dis — my ears hear already the rushing of Cocytus flood, and the wailing of damned spirits thereon. Be strong now, and be calm and humble withal, oh! my soul. Let what tincture of philosophy soever I have drawn in my eclectic method from porch, from garden, from grove, yea, from Mount of Olives, too, let all stand by me now. Let me provide the charm of mild words and demeanor, a demulcent sop for the three-headed dog; but towards the great enemy, the grand government necromancer, who keeps those gardens of hell, let my face be as marble, my heart as adamant. So may Almighty God preserve me in my human shape, and when my infernal pilgrimage is done, lead me forth again to upper air through the gate of Horn.

But this is mythology; in plain English I will root myself somehow in the earth, and daily dig and delve there, holding as little intercourse as possible with the people around me, but showing no pride or ill-will to *them* — only to the "government," and so pass through this ordeal as quietly and gallantly as I may." Page 230.

A few days later, amid the clash of bells, high public rejoicings, grand dinners and illuminations on shore, the *Neptune* hauled in its anchor, and spread its wings for the land of the Southern Cross: —

"*Three o'clock in the morning.* I have been walking all night on the deck, enjoying a most lovely night, and taking my last look of Africa. So the contest is over; and the colonists may now proceed about their peaceful business, with no worse enemies to disquiet them than the Caffres and the panthers. May their vineyards and cornfields be fruitful to them while the sun visits Capricorn! Long may they sleep in peace, without bolt or lock on their hospitable doors! and travel over *Kloof* and *Karoo* with the bullock-whip for their sufficient weapon! Most heartily I congratulate the Cape on the fearful importation she has escaped.

I watched the sun set behind the hills; and his last purple gleams blushing on the peaks of distant mountains, turning every splintered cliff into a perfect amethyst. And, well I know within the foldings of these amethystine ridges lie many emerald vales; and to the good people who dwell there, the feet of those who carry this day's tidings will be beautiful upon the mountains. Morning will dawn to-morrow on the proudest day South Africa has yet beheld.

"Adieu! the Orient glimmers afar,
And the Morning Star
Anon will rise over Madagascar brightly."
"Good-night, Africa!"

Southern Sketches.

SCENES IN WASHINGTON. (Continued.)

IV.

THE Treasury has four fronts 582 feet by 300. The east side is built of Virginia freestone, the rest of granite, and on inquiry I found out that it cost $7,000,000. I entered, and walked hastily through its several corridors, peeping repeatedly into the open rooms where various clerks were actively engaged over green-covered desks of handsome walnut. The building has 195 rooms, and the cash department is one of the finest. Its collection of foreign marbles is very handsome. In this big building the treasurer wields his golden wand, and millions of dollars find a safe retreat. After quitting the sombre corridors of the treasury, I crossed over 15th Street, and entered the grounds attached to the White House, which is situated about one mile and a half from the Capitol, and is the golden goal that each air-castle building politician hopes to reach. A very fine fountain adorns the east front of the mansion, which is built of yellow freestone painted white; the architect was James Hohan, an Irishman, who erected the edifice after the manner and style of the mansion of the Duke of Leinster, in Dublin. It is two stories high, 170 feet long by 86 wide, with a portico on the north side ornamented with light pillars, and a very fine conservatory on the west, close to a beautiful carriage drive, from which may be obtained a superb view of statuary, fountains, lawns, trees, the Washington monument, and the Potomac River. As the President and his family were absent at this time, I had a good chance of seeing the interior of the house. Entering by the north door I passed through an extensive vestibule, divided by a sash screen, within which were portraits of several United States Presidents. The famous east-room looked very large and grand, being 80 feet long, 40 wide and 22 high. The three panels of the ceiling were richly decorated with chaste and handsome designs, while the chandeliers, mirrors, carpet and furniture were princely in style. The green room looked very pretty with its costly green furniture. The blue room, where the President receives his guests at levees, was furnished with blue and gold; and the red apartment, used exclusively by the family, appeared very handsome. The state dining-room, which only on state occasions resounds with the sounds of knives and forks in rapid motion, and the clinking of glasses, was a large and attractive chamber. Upstairs, among other apartments, was the library with its valuable collection, and the President's office, where the Cabinet is accustomed to meet. The White House was destroyed by fire at one time,

and rebuilt together with the barn and conservatory at a cost of nearly $400,000. After leaving this mansion, which shelters the highest magistrate of the nation, I came out on Lafayette Square, admired its two splendid bronze vases, and the equestrian statue of General Jackson, which weighed fifteen tons, was cast out of captured guns, and cost $50,000. The State Department, an immense edifice of granite, in the style of the Italian Renaissance, stood out boldly to the west of the White House. It is 567 feet long and 342 wide, has five stories, and cost $5,000,000. The interior looks massive, solid and handsome. As the morning was flying rapidly by I could get but a glimpse of the reception-room, the departments of the Secretary of State, the elegant library, and other chambers of this whole building.

Entering the War Department, I was greatly attracted by the stained and riddled trophies in the flag room, which recalled the desperate battles where brave men fought with all the fury and heroism peculiar to excited gallant soldiers, till they fell bathed in each others blood. After glancing at numerous other fine buildings in this vicinity I walked to Tenth Street, coming in close proximity to the Army and Medical Museum, formerly Ford's Theatre, wherein President Lincoln was assassinated. Proceeding east I came to the Post-Office Department, which occupies a whole square between Seventh and Eighth, and E and F Streets, north-west. It is built of white marble in Corinthian style, looks like an Italian palace, and cost nearly $2,000,000. The office of the Post-master General and the Dead Letter Department were well worth a visit. The Patent-Office building stands in this neighborhood, extending from Seventh to Ninth Streets, and from F to G Streets north-west. The style of the edifice is Doric, and it is constructed of marble and freestone painted white. The grand Corinthian columns, that decorates its front, look very imposing. It cost nearly $3,000,000. Many old relics, formerly in the possession of Washington, can be seen here, while its thousands of patents and models are well worth observing. After dining and resting at the hotel, I started for the Capitol, resolving to ascend its long flight of iron steps to see the splendid prospect from the top. The afternoon being clear and delightful, it was favorable for a fine view. In the course of a quarter of an hour, I found myself under the canopy of the dome, gazing up at Breumudi's great allegorical work, and down on the floor of the rotunda where a few persons, looking wonderfully small, were inspecting the pictures of the circle. The great depth of the view made me tremble and feel dizzy; so I retired to a seat, and while resting, feasted on the beautiful forms and coloring that distinguished the glorious painting above me. I then ascended the remaining steps till I

came to the highest platform of the Capitol, which was edged by a splendid railing, and from which was observed a view that surpassed in beauty and extent anything of its kind that ever I saw. Immediately beneath spread the light brown tin roofs, of the north and south extensions, the white marble walls and pillars shone pure and grand in the sun, the terraces on the west end crowned the many monuments, statues, and fountains, and the costly ornaments of the Capitol's parks, seemed, as they embraced the building, like the gorgeous precious gems that edge a monster diamond. A vast world extending on every side lay beyond this immediate neighborhood. Away to the south the Potomac shone in the bright sun, while ships and steamboats moved upon it. I could see from my map the exact position of the navy yard, situated on the banks of the Anacostia, telling of the victories achieved by the United States sailors, and proclaiming by its presence that the Capitol of the nation, need not lack defenders. The dazzling sun enveloped the whole city, with its grand palatial buildings, gardens, parks, statues and fountains, in an ocean of soft, golden light. My position was so lofty that I seemed to be up in an air balloon, but my feet stood on firmer foundation than that of clouds, as they rested on masonry that cost millions of dollars. I could never tire of looking from this lofty observatory towards the south, which contained handsome streets and houses, the east with its squares, avenues and churches, the United States Marine barracks, the jail, alms-house, and magazines near the banks of the Anacostia. The view of streets, roofs and chimneys spread away to the north-east till they met the country wherein lay several cemeteries, dark woods, green fields and an occasional farm house, blended in the distance with the blue horizon. The United States arsenal and park looked picturesque, near the river, which was the scene of such naval excitement during the late Civil War. Further up, Long Bridge spanned the waters, and the large, beautiful church of St. Dominic in Sixth Street, let its massive roof be burnished by the sun. My eyes wandering back rested on the flowery botanic gardens, with the conservatories nestled in the trees, and away beyond, the roof of the St. James Hotel, and the Baltimore and Potomac Depot. The refreshing green hues of the Mall appeared, as it harbored in its sweet shades the Agricultural Department, and Smithsonian Institute, whose towers and picturesque roof overtopped the neighboring trees. Washington monument proudly raised its glittering shaft to the sky, and further west, over streets and houses, the National Observatory appeared perched on a hill. This is one of the largest institutions of its kind in the world, and it has the most powerful telescope ever made, called the "Great Equatorial," which weighs six tons, and cost with the

iron dome above it $61,000. Nearer to the east, the Treasury, White House, and State Department looked like marble palaces in the midst of rich and luxuriant surroundings. Away north-west, as far as the eye could reach, stood Georgetown, with its famous college, and rural outskirts. Nearer to the Capitol, and amid lively thoroughfares, I could see the Post and Patent offices, with their splendid colonnades; between Ninth and Seventh Streets, on H Street, north-west, stood the United States printing-office, said to be the largest in the world. Everywhere from this superb position, might be seen evidences of wealth, culture, business, power, and the charming work of the landscape gardener, architect, and sculptor. As I gazed on the happy combination which the city presented, I mused and thought how different the prospect would have appeared from such a height a few hundred years ago. What was now a large city, teeming with life and splendor, was then a vast tract of forests, smiling fields, and Indian villages.

The canoe shot over the waters of the Potomac, wild beasts and birds, tenanted the woods. Nothing would break the silence at the time, but the sighing of the wind through the trees, the roar of occasional tempests, and the shouts of the savage warrior. Then came the extirpation of the red man, with the settlement of the whites, and the plough turned up the soil while the axe hewed the forest. Streets and beautiful houses arose instead of woody lanes and cabins. Steamboats succeeded the canoes, and the thunder of the cannon was heard in place of the hiss of the arrow. Fashionable white ladies promenaded where the squaws once roamed; and white dandies, with glossy moustaches, and exquisitely fitting suits, dashed along where the mounted Indian formerly rushed with his painted, tattooed, beardless face, and gay fantastic trappings. As year followed year, what was once a wilderness became the Capitol of the Union, reflecting the genius and patriotism of Washington, and the triumphs of civilization over savage life. Where the red hunter once depended on the woods and waters to supply his table, now hundreds of thousands could be fed with all the delicacies of the season. From this immense height, 287 feet above ground, I began to philosophize, and cherished a hope that as Catholicity once saved proud ancient Rome from the horrors and evils of Paganism, so it might yet rescue Washington with its members of Congress, Senators, and Cabinet Ministers from the grasp of materialism and religious indifferentism. All the glories of this world, with its splendid cities, gold and precious stones, kings, presidents, gorgeous palaces, delightful gardens, railroads, steamboats, charming landscapes, and varied pleasures, will pass away, but truth and divine love will last forever. Statesmen, with all their wealth, talents and refinement, are

as perishable in a bodily sense, as the Capitol in which they display their oratorical powers, and a spark unseen and allowed to blaze would produce a conflagration which would reduce all their grandeurs to ashes, while the sun in heaven would shine as brilliant as ever, over land and sea, proclaiming the glory and greatness of God, as if nothing had happened. What a host of individuals in that city below, with different pursuits, plans, thoughts and aspirations!

Politicians, at the approach of the Presidential election, were working day and night for offices and spoils; merchants were trying to increase their stock and capital; lawyers pursued the suits of their clients with untiring zeal, hoping soon to obtain handsome fees; doctors were examining and attending patients, and looking forward for high reputations and rewards; mechanics exercised their skill with prospects of profitable results; servants worked to procure their wages; laborers toiled from early morning till late at night; wealthy ladies and gentlemen tried to *kill time* by riding on the wings of a thousand distracting pleasures; the healthy had reason to feel happy, especially out of doors; the poor struggled with the cares and trials of the world, in their efforts to get a livelihood; the sick and heart-broken, supped from the bowl of sorrow and affliction; and thieves, libertines, gamblers, and cut-throats, of every description, followed fearless and remorseless careers, as if God and eternal punishment never existed. Ministers of numerous sects delivered their pet and indulgent opinions before congregations, who listened in a state of luxurious ease, leaning almost entirely on the mercy of God, utterly unmindful of his justice. Catholic priests toiled indefatigably, preaching, fasting, praying and devoting hours to the instruction of their flocks, the care of the dying, and the administration of the sacraments, leading single virgin lives, that they might imitate Christ, and more generously devote themselves to procuring the glory of God and the salvation of souls, willing like the good sisters, who guard the children, the sick, and the poor, to surrender their lives for the noble cause of religion, whether battle-fields, plagues, famines or pestilence should demand their ministrations. After entertaining additional reflections of this nature, I came down from the dome of the Capitol and took a car to the Navy Yard, that from thence I might go to see the Government Insane Asylum. The Navy Yard is situated on the banks of the Anacostia, and has twenty-seven acres of ground. Its museum is very interesting and characteristic. Several trophies of naval victories can be seen here, and among them is a Spanish gun used by Cortez in his conquest of Mexico. This relic was got during the Mexican War; a small mortar captured from Lord Cornwallis is also among this collection of curiosities. The horse-cars passing along the street conveyed me over

the large and handsome iron bridge, which spanned the Anacostia. It was built at a cost of $100,000. It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the asylum could be seen at any time on this day (Wednesday), between two and six o'clock. In the course of a few minutes we reached the opposite shore, passed through Monroe Street in Uniontown, and after coming to the base of a hill I quitted the cars, and followed a party of ladies and gentlemen who, like myself, were going to visit the Institution. After ascending the hill, and gazing on the houses picturesquely situated on the rocks and hollows, to the left I came in sight of the large piers and gateway that opened into the grounds of the asylum. A courteous old gentlemen received me at the gate, and pointed out to me the way to the house. I sauntered along over the clear gravel road, saw negroes mowing the lawns, admired the flowering shrubs and rustic ornaments, and soon observed the long and massive building, which stood upon high ground, appearing like a grand chateau, and overlooking the smooth Potomac and the fine city, with the white, graceful dome of the Capitol. After being politely received at the main door by some of the keepers of the institution, I was conducted into a large and neatly-furnished reception-room, which I was surprised to see adorned with some Catholic pictures. After a short time I was escorted through the halls, bed chambers, refectory and corridors of the building, which is 750 feet long and cost nearly $1,000,000. Every apartment looked neat and elegant; floors, walls and furniture, appeared solid and spotless. Most of the patients seen, were harmless beings, but slightly demented. As in prisons, some were leaving, and others entering, the building every day. They rested in the bedrooms, lounged in the corridors, and sat by the windows. There were old and young men there. Some stared at me wonderingly as I passed by them, while others took no notice of me. Some kept muttering to themselves, others gesticulated vehemently, and more gazed at vacancy, while their eyes seemed to start from their sockets. There were men of rough build, from the humble walks of life, and individuals delicately formed, with intelligent-shaped faces, though alas, the light of reason had fled from them. There were present lawyers, doctors, politicians, merchants, and brokers who had lost great stakes and fortunes at a crash. Disappointed husbands, driven mad with grief, care, and drink, were among the melancholy crowd, who if they could have remembered the bright days of their childhood and boyhood, and the high hopes and joys, that their early manhood knew, would grow crazier still, at the thought of their present condition. The women looked even more forlorn and meaningless than the men, and the dangerous cases, who were bound in chains and clad in iron jackets, I rather imagined than beheld, as the sight would

appear too heart-rending. After returning to the reception-room, it was quite a relief to gaze again upon the faces of the sane and happy folks, and the contrast made me feel all the horror of the affliction, which attends the loss of reason, that highest faculty in man. Two young men, who had been confined for some time, were now restored to their friends, as they were pronounced perfectly well by the physician in charge. How happy the meeting was,— how joyous the change. After expressing a hope that God would help and relieve those poor patients, I took my leave, and returned to the city as I came. Next morning I took the railroad cars for Richmond, after buying an unlimited ticket to Charleston.

To be Continued.

Bethlehem: Our Saviour's Birthplace.

THE distance from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is but a half-dozen miles. We propose to go to and from it in a morning. Our vehicle and female French driver which brought us from Jaffa were retained for the purpose. Although the road was rough and stony and the streets narrow, we risked the carriage and ignored the donkey on the pledge of the guide. The sequel showed that there was some risk, as many of the streets were impassable for a carriage.

We leave the Jaffa gate, and under the upper aqueduct, and over the upper part of Gihon, and then drive nearly due south. The bed of the Kedron, in the deep valley on our left, pursues its empty way to the Dead Sea, while on the right and to the west, along the horizon, in broken and gray masses, lie the mountains of Judah, shutting out the Mediterranean. When we reach the main road, and leave the "hill of evil counsel" on our left, we find the way filled with laden camels. Under the lash of our guide these give the way, and, with considerable malice, both they and their drivers fumble and tumble about awkwardly amid the rubble of the road. The olives are thick, perforated and old in the fields within the stone-walls. "Where," we ask of the guide, "do they get so much stone for the walls?" They are ten feet wide and three high, and, like the Dutchman's wall of the anecdote, "when they fall down they are higher than when they stand up."

"Why do you ask?" says the guide; "don't you see the fields are full of stones?"

"But no one could miss any stones out of those fields," we remarked.

"Oh, a few are left over," responds the guide.

How the hardy olive can find sustenance on such "stony ground" is a miracle.

We are happy in a breezy day, which mitigates the fierceness of

the sun. What a crowd of people now are upon the road going to Bethlehem and Hebron, and to Beersheba even unto Rehebeth! Nine out of ten of these are upon donkeys and camels, and more than three-fourths have their eyes sore or shaded; and these are Arabs, whose suit is sometimes gay in color, but generally of stripes, brown and white, which reminds us of the dress of our penitentiaries, depending in the face of the wearer. They carry the long Damascus gun, and a plentiful pouch for the desert and danger. Cactuses, with their big stocks and leaves, furnish some of the hedges, and "turn" the animals from the fields. We meet some who are blue-eyed and good-eyed in European dress. These are of the German colony, which here thrives upon the old stony soil and makes its crops of grape and grain in their season, or several crops in one season. Some herds of black and white cattle of Dutch breed are seen picking up a quiet rumination from the browned herbage and the green leaves left on the trees.

The land is not unlike the dress of the Arab — brown and white. It is burnt with the sun of the now departing summer, and white with the lime of many summers.

"Ah! this is a fine land!" we say ironically to the guide.

"Good land! I guess it is," responds the guide, who is from the State of Maine, "or it wouldn't hold up so many stones and rocks. Good deal of heft about it."

But we notice that where water runs the vineyards of the Germans appear, and the walls have a trim look. Thrift, Teuton! thy name is thrift! Old olive roots for fuel, as twisted and as difficult to unravel as the philological roots of our college days, appear on the backs of multitudinous donkeys going up to the city, while going from it, for the terraces, on the heads of blue-robed, tattooed Arab females, are baskets of manure gathered in Jerusalem. The plain of Rephaim is spread around us, two miles wide by three long. Here David defeated the Philistines, and many other associations cluster. Among them the cave of Adullam has been verified, which another Samuel has described, and the well of Bethlehem, "which is by the gate," for the water which David was athirst, comes in for an explanation from our Biblical guide with apt quotations from "Samuel." These, however interesting, must not draw us aside. We had passed the traditional tree where Judas hanged himself, and the rural abode of Caiphas, the High Priest; but these nebulæ of tradition detract from the main object —Bethlehem. The well of the magi, however, is one of the incidents of the main object, and a pretty story is told of it, although it is not recorded in the second of Matthew; for did not the wise men, after leaving the presence of Herod, here stoop to draw water? Was it not here that the reflection of the star which led them was seen in the well?

Then we pass the Greek convent of Elijah, where other stories are told, not now worth the repetition. But from this point the cities of Bethlehem and Jerusalem are visible — "twined in mutual being," birth, and death. From this eminent point, too, can be seen the sugar loaf mountain called the Tomb of Herod. It is high and round. It is the scene of a massacre of Franciscans; but it sinks into nothing-

ness, as Herod did, compared with those he persecuted, along with that dim vision, shining hard and bluish like steel, twenty-five and more miles away through avenues of black and gray sun-bathed mountains. That is the Dead Sea. This is our first glimpse of this famous laboratory and sport of nature. Below and around is something more attractive to both eye and memory. It is the field of Boaz and the scene of that sweet story of love.

"Ruth and Luke!" cries out our guide.

"Ruth and Boaz, rather," I responded, with a pleasant thought, too, of Naomi, the mother-in-law, as we gaze with curious eye over the rolling, bleak, and now dry fields, where the ever new, ever old tale of female devotion is located. Then Bethlehem appears more clearly. Its prominent object is the Church of the Nativity within its semicircle. On the right is the old Knight Templar's castle, now the house of the Austrian Consul. The landscape begins to show much grape and olive. The square, solid houses of Bethlehem, and terraced hills, gardened and groved, amid ledges of limestone, makes as pretty a picture in its frame of rock as artist could desire to delineate.

Our guide calls a halt at the foot of the hill. We are at a singular square tomb. It is not unlike those doomed temples which we have seen for the burial of holy men in Algiers and Syria. It is the tomb of Rachel. Surrounding it are the slovenly tombs of Mohammedans, with their rough gravestones lying loosely in dirt and dust. It was built by the Hebrews. Here they came on Thursdays to wail and burn incense. There is no doubt that here not only was Benjamin born, but Rachel died. All agree to this; and it is pleasant to have brothers — both Hebrew and Moslem, both of whom claim a fee simple in all that concerns Jacob — agree upon something. Here Jacob set a pillar to memorize the last resting-place of her whom he won after such a romantic, though dilatory, courtship. Seven years was nothing "for the love he bore her." "And as for me," — how sad the simple story — "I buried her there, in the way of Eprah — the same is Bethlehem!"

Who is the strange man we see sitting wearily at the arched door of the tomb? What brings this pilgrim here — he of the grizzly beard and long, unkempt hair? He is no Arab — no Hebrew. He wears no bournous of stripes and no dark gaberdine; only a plain, black garment, dusty, like his bare feet with travel. We ask him, through our Yankee Arab guide, not altogether incurious at this sad, strange, and lonely warder at the birthplace of Benoni — "son of my sorrow" — is he too, like us, a pilgrim to this tomb and shrine of the elder day? Yes, he is a pilgrim, like us — and from Russia. He is a Greek priest from the Volga, and lives spiritually upon Jordan's stormy banks, waiting for the peaceful shore; and really upon Jordan's arable banks, waiting for the rains to fructify his fields. He owns land hereabout, also, and has come hither to make his new leases. Thus was our illusion of the pilgrim at Rachel's tomb dissipated; for even here the cause of the pilgrimage was a *causa lucri*. Near by, on the west, in the village of Beit Jala, live the Greek and Armenian patriarchs, so that this is a pious precinct, and land is none the less valuable because

it is not cultivated by Arabs or overrun by Bedouins ; Christians till it. At this point you may go to Solomon's pools. They are one of the wonders of this vicinity and worthy of minute description for their beauty, size, history, and permanency. From them yet waters flow into the mosque which is built over the temple. Here is the "Sealed Fountain" referred to in Solomon's songs. It is said that these pools were repaired by Pontius Pilate, but that would not make their waters more agreeable. Maiden hair ferns abound about them, and swimmers of an archæological turn can take a plunge and come up beaded with antiquities. We had no occasion to study in that fashion, and were content to see the Arab women fill their goat skins from one of the openings of the aqueduct.

The hill-tops show little villages after we leave the Hebron road, but none look as blithe and prosperous as Bethlehem, as she sits crescent-shaped upon the mountain side. How or whence come its vine, fig, and olive luxuriance I cannot see, except that the water comes mysteriously from the pools of Solomon, for is it not said in Ecclesiastes : "I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees ?" Or perhaps this white soil hath dews. Certain it is that in and around Bethlehem something else was grown in early days than the sheep which David tended hereabouts, or the lion and the bear which he fought. Here were once the fruitful barley fields which Ruth gleaned after the reapers, when the great love arose in the breast of Boaz, out of which grew the stock of Jesse and David — a line ever made benign by having as its pleasant places the vicinity of Bethlehem, and its ancestress Ruth, and its descendant Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary! Here is the source of the Kings of Judah and the world's Saviour!

We halt at the gate of the town. We are, owing to impediments, compelled to abandon our carriage. We are surrounded by a bevy of Bethlehem girls. One is exceedingly pretty, and does not degrade the neighborhood of Ruth by unseemly screeching for alms. She plies a little pair of pincers, and turns in and twists upon the wires olive beads for rosaries, with a "property of easiness" which Shakespeare commends in the "hand of little employment," meanwhile chatting with easy grace. My wife buys one, and contracts for another rosary to be made before we return.

These dozen girls, of whom "Eothen" makes an extravagant picture of coy and debonair loveliness, are vivacious and somewhat pretty, and would be more so if not dirty and sore-eyed. They wear little close cottage caps, with two or three rows of coins lapping closely on each other, and in the sun making quite a dowry. They jingle merrily when shaken. I would not depreciate these Christian maidens, for these are not of the Moslem religion, whatever their blood. But I cannot fail to portray one beautiful woman — a young mother, who, be it said reverently, recalled, if not the Madonna, the picture of her by Raphael, "La Perla" — in which the magi are offering gold, frankincense, and myrrh. She sat apart upon a stone under the shade of the archway, nursing a babe. Her hair had that rich auburn and ethereal fineness with which Murillo favors his Madonnas, which are likenesses,

by the way, of his Andalusian wife. I wondered if, preadventure, this beautiful Bethlehem mother might not have in her veins some of that precious blood of the house and lineage of David that escaped the murderous decree of Herod.

Bethlehem has 4,000 people and 500 houses. Many of the houses are substantial. The streets are so narrow that our guide has to ride ahead and employ people to move impediments out of the way. It is said the people are handsome. That reputation may come from the ruddy cheeks of David, or the graces of Ruth, or the pictures of the Madonna. One thing must be said of the town, and that is that if it has any beauty or good in it, it is Christian, for it is *par excellence* the Christian town of Judea. In 1834, after an insurrection by the Arabs, Ibrahim Pasha, then ruler, riddled the Moslems unto death after his peculiar methods, quite worthy of a descendant of Herod.

Before purchasing our olive wood, beads, mother-of-pearl, and other souvenirs, where many such are deftly made by exquisite art, we make our visit to the most attractive place of Bethlehem. The place of the Nativity has been often described, and the church above it. Every object and personage here and hereabouts has been the special object of gifted pens and impassioned eloquence. Make a catalogue simply of the names; and each name will be set to music like a psalm. The anointing of David by Samuel; the family of Jesse and their exploits — Joab, Abishai, and Asahel; "city of David," as Bethlehem is called, or Rehoboam's stronghold, the habitation of Chimham; the story of Joseph coming from Galilee out of Nazareth; in fine, the Incarnation of the Word here in all its mystery, each and all are a poem which resounds from the simple cave in Bethlehem, with a sweeter and louder chorus than that of the Hellenic *epos* of the blind old man of that Scio whose shaken rocks we left but a fortnight since.

Let us enter this place of the Nativity. It has been honored, as is well fixed, since the second century. Over it, in the third century, the mother of Constantine erected that church which is the oldest in the world. Some of its columns are from the Temple. Here in one corner of the church we perceive a lonely hermit. He is insane. He has been twenty-five years in this place, drawn, like many others, by the wilderness of his vagaries about the unknown world. He is a Chaldean, and, it is said, was a sheik of his tribe. Amid the forty odd pillars of the porch of the Temple, here brought to decorate the birthplace of Jesus, this strange man appears. Had he lived in the time of the Saviour, and had his faith been then as now, perhaps the demon of insanity might have been exorcised. But the crypt we seek. There are two chapels here, leading to the place of Christ's birth; one is Greek and the other Armenian. On the north side there is a Catholic convent and church. From this there are steps to the holy spot. We choose to go by the Latin way. There are many reasons why I prefer the Latin way in the Orient. No traveller can fail to note the learned, modest, and elevated tones of the Latins, compared with the Greeks and Copts. I do not mention this because I am partial, but from reasons which are the result of observation.

The priest at this spot makes the "drudgery divine" as well as

intelligent. We are welcomed to the convent by him. Like most of the Catholic priests in the East, he speaks French; our guide seems to be a favorite with him. He invites us to a glass of native wine or tea, and under his direction and with lighted taper, we take our devious way below. Many tombs line his dark path, and among them is the tomb of St Jerome. It is to his patience, goodness, and scholarship, the world owes the Vulgate, or Latin edition of the Bible. It was here that this early and great Father gave his forty years of seclusion for the glory of God and the benefit of mankind. Approach the chapel of the Nativity; you will know it by the Latin inscription and the silver star in the centre. We are led into this vault by the priest; he shows us the manger. It is explained to us that, in "these days," stables were not unusually found in the caves so common in the hilly places of Palestine. This cave is many feet below the floor of the church. It is 33 by 11 feet, and decorated with marble. Precious lamps burn before figures of saints, chief among them St. Jerome. Sixteen silver lamps burn over the spot where the silver star indicates the place of birth. Another recess shows the spot where the wooden manger, now in Rome, was found. Other spots are shown, as the chapel of St. Jerome and the chapel of Joseph, where the angel appeared to tell him to fly to Egypt. If these are apocryphal traditions, they do not detract from the fact established by scholars and antiquarians, and confirmed as well by what St. Jerome wrote, as by his selection of this spot for his duties and fasts. He believed it to be the place, as his life and death bore witness. Never did art consummate so splendid a representation of self-abnegation as that wherein Domenichino portrayed the last scene in the life of this Dalmatian saint and hero, who verified, as well in his life as by his death, his faith in the goodness and glory of the Gospel, whose good tidings were chanted first in the starry vault of Bethlehem.

Doubt as we may as to the Milk grotto, the Shepherd's grotto, the Magi's well, David's well, and the burial of the twenty thousand innocents murdered by Herod here; doubt as to the shepherd's fold, the altar of the "wise men"; doubt — doubt that Christ was born immaculate and miraculously; but one thing is indubitable — that Christ was here born; and that from this Nativity arose a light "which before was never on sea or land," and for the faith in whose beneficent and heavenly guidance, thousands have perished as martyrs, and millions have risked their soul's salvation! What place can be more holy, unless it be that consecrated by his death?

There are said to be only two places in this Holy Land superior in sacred associations to this place: Jerusalem and Nazareth. To my mind, Bethlehem has no superiors, unless it be Jerusalem. "Why?" will occur to the learned Bible student, and to the veriest child who has read the gospels. Bethlehem is not one of the mountains which encompass Jerusalem, but it has its lofty thought. It is a beautious pearl in the diadem round about the royal city. It is not the scene of sacrifice and sepulchre; but it is the scene of the nativity and of the Magi, and of the angelic song which ushered in the purest and greatest life ever clad in flesh. Among the hundreds of books of travel and

descriptions of this country, the Bible is the best guide book after all, and in many ways. In no one way is it more so than in its references to this spot, over which the star shone and the angels chanted of peace. No amount of degeneracy, superstition, exaggeration, tradition or pollution, no surrounding, however disenchanting, detracts one beam from the radiance of that star, or gives one dissonant note in the seraphic hymning which here filled the heavens with a new-born joy! The genius of painter and sculptor has illustrated the story of the manger, and their gifts and worship, the choir of angels, the awe-struck shepherds, the flight into Egypt, the beautiful face of the Madonna, with its golden aureole, and the majestic, masterful and melancholy features of Him who became here the genius of love unto mankind. What place, therefore, in all this calcined country, now so many centuries made desolate, is so alluring for its fruitful themes, whether for studio or library, for the orator or artist, for the disciple or crusader?

Although Bethlehem was called "little among thousands of Judah," and at a time when Judah fed her thousands of thousands from her well-tilled terraces and valleys, she is great among men, and will be great so long as her story remains. How often has the story been told to loving hearers! From the little Catholic Church at the North Cape, but a year old, which we visited under the midnight sun, and amid the summer snows, to the splendid church of St. Sophia, which dates 1500 years ago; across wastes of time and oceans of space, over dark continents and isles "gilded by eternal summer," the story of the manger is a theme as sacred to kings as to peasants; as dear to the leper of Ramleh as to the emperors of earth.

The *locus in quo* of such a story even though it were almost lost in tradition, must be a part, the *mise en scene* of that wondrous drama. Even sceptics cannot ignore the fact that the event has, as the Apostle phrased it, "turned the world upside down." Well might Gamaliel say that this work, proceeding out of this little village, if it were of men, would come to naught; but if it were of God, could not be overthrown. The evidence is that to-day its results appear in civilization! What a moral and religious work has been accomplished by its energy? Beginning at this small fountain, what a fruitful spreading stream of light for the irradiation of the dark problems of our life!

As I came from the church I did not hear the angels above chanting the millennial dawn; but nevertheless I did not cease to believe that in "this city of David had been born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Nor will I unto my last moment believe otherwise than that for this advent — the greatest upon our star — "glory should be given to God in the highest," and that out of it shall eventually come "on earth, peace, good-will to men!"

S. S. Cox.

REV. FR. MURPHY has purchased the Tucker House and 11 acres of land to establish a Catholic orphanage and home for the poor and destitute in Dover, N. H.

A Chinaman's Opinion of the Blessed Virgin.

A PROTESTANT MISSIONARY has written a book on Religion in China. Much of the information which he gives as to the actual working of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, is interesting; and his account of the arguments by which he and his fellow-missionaries seek to win to their own variety of Christianity the professors of those religions, is sometimes very curious. So, too, are his remarks upon Catholic missions, and the vast [illegible] which they are doing. We quote a specimen of our author's mode of writing and controversial power:—

T[illegible] priests is one of the most i[illegible]. A large number only c[illegible], scattered through all the [illegible] of the pupils in the semina[illegible] when very young. The consequence often is, that on growing up they are unwilling to submit to the restraints which the life of a priest would impose on them. I knew one who after receiving his education wished to marry, and not to become a priest. The European missionary in charge of the seminary frustrated his hopes by inducing his intended wife to enter a nunnery. He left the Catholics after this, and entered the employment of Protestant missionaries as a teacher of the language. For this occupation his knowledge of Latin was of some advantage. He still continued to pray to Mary, although he professed attachment to Protestant views in most respects. He was asked why he did not give up the worship of the Virgin. To this he replied, that he could not abandon it without a great sacrifice of feeling, having been always accustomed to it. "But," he was informed, "every being except God is forbidden to be worshipped." "In honoring the mother," he said, "I honor the Son." "You may honor her," said the missionary, "but you should not pray to her. She cannot hear prayers and answer them, as God can, and as Jesus can." In answer to this he related an anecdote, which led him, as he stated to place great trust in Mary. When at the seminary he had been accused of a crime of which the true perpetrator was one of his fellow-pupils. He prayed to Mary that the true criminal might be discovered in seven days, and his own reputation vindicated. The prayer was answered within the necessary time, and he felt such confidence ever after in the efficacy of prayers to the Virgin, that he could not think of omitting them in his morning and evening devotions. It was suggested to him that he ought to refer the interference on his behalf that had occurred to the providence of God, not to that of the Virgin. We were never told in Scripture to pray to her nor could we expect her to answer prayer.

He replied that in this instance his prayer, which had been remarkably answered, was addressed to Mary and not to God. "So," said the missionary, "may the sailor say of his prayer to Teen-how, the 'heavenly queen.' He supposes that goddess to preside over the sea, and he supplicates her protection from storms. To her he

ascribes his safety, though he ought to refer it to the providence of God." "But," he replied, "Mary is the mother of Jesus, and has intercessory power with God, which Teen-how-shing-moo, 'the holy mother, queen of heaven,' has not. Jesus honored his mother," he added, "on the cross, and we must honor her also." His attention was drawn to the second commandment, which forbade the worship of all images; but he would not admit the inconsistency of the worship of Mary's image with this commandment, because the kind of worship offered to her was different from that offered to God (p. 170).

Most

MOST REV. PATRICK J. RYAN, Archbishop of Philadelphia, is, perhaps, the foremost pulpit orator who has appeared in the Catholic Church in this country since the days of the great Bishop England, or as Daniel Webster delighted to call him, "John, Bishop of Charleston." The observation is confined, of course, to American Catholic divines and does not include the late Father Tom Burke. Bishop Ryan has a fine presence, a splendid voice, a rapid and at times vehement but distinct elocution, and a great many of the outward gifts of oratory. He looks as one and acts as one, and he is disfigured by no mannerism and no conceits of gesture, tone or pronunciation. But the intellectual gifts of Bishop Ryan are of a higher order than his external characteristics. His mind is broad, bold, and at the same time analytical. He seizes upon a great view of a subject, and presents it greatly to the minds of his hearers. This power of his is dramatic in its methods and development. The words pour forth in the very fulness of the *copia fundi* which Cicero describes, free, rapid, cumulative in thought and diction, until the climax is reached. But little redundancy is detected, and that not all in thought. The rigid rules of rhetorical propriety are observed by few modern orators. The old Greek stroke, *ictus*, is partly a part of modern eloquence. The Hebrew and the Latin schools do not teach it. St. John Chrysostom is said to have possessed it; but it is eminently and exclusively Athenian, and none of our orators say only the one word is necessary for each shade of thought. The poverty of the English and all other living languages does not admit of this sublime Hellenic business. Bishop Ryan is a powerful orator, of high properties of mind, of much intensity and pathos, and possesses a perfect command over the feelings of his auditory.

THE long-pending strife between the Vatican and the Bundesrath of Switzerland is happily at an end. As usual, the Church gains all she contended for.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BATTLE OF MACROOM.

Sadlier's successes — Ennisnag, Pulkerry, Ballydoine, Granny, and Dunkill taken — Henry Cromwell arrives in Ireland — Defeat of Inchiquin — The Munster Army — Confederate Standards — Battle of Macroom — The Bishop of Ross hanged — Surrender of Carrigadrohid — Broghill's Account.

THE main body of Cromwell's army remained but a short time at Kilkenny, perhaps through fear of the plague. Within a week after the surrender he set out for Carrick, as is shown by a letter of his written from there to his friend Richard Mayor. The headquarters were at Burntchurch, four miles south-west of Kilkenny.

Parties were sent out to seize on the various strongholds in the neighborhood. "Colonel Abbot attempted Ennisnag,[1] where were gotten a company of rogues, which revolted from Colonel Jones. The soldiers capitulated for life, and their two officers were hanged for revolting. Adjutant-General Sadlier was commanded, with two guns, to attempt some castles in the counties of Tipperary and Kilkenny, which being reduced would exceedingly tend to the blocking up two considerable towns. He summoned Pulkerry,[2] a garrison under Clonmel, and battered it. They refusing to come out, he stormed it, put thirty or forty of them to the sword, and the rest, remaining obstinate, were fired in the castle. He took Ballopoin,[3] the enemy marching away, leaving their arms behind them He took also the Granny and Donhill,[4] two very considerable places to Waterford, upon the same terms.

A month before, Henry Cromwell[5] had arrived at Youghal from England with a regiment of foot and about two hundred horse. He and Lord Broghill, having united their forces, defeated Lord Inchiquin in the neighborhood of Limerick, killing 160 of his men, and taking over 100 prisoners. Among those captured were three officers. They were tried by court-martial for betraying their trust, having been formerly in the service of the Parliament. They were sentenced to

[1] In the county of Kilkenny, between Kells and Gowran; the castle is in ruins, only some parts of the east and south walls remaining.

[2] In the county of Tipperary, five miles east of Clonmel.

[3] Ballydoine, midway between Carrick and Clonmel.

[4] Four miles north of Waterford, on the Thomastown road.

[5] Another of the name, Thomas Cromwell, a descendant of "the destroyer of monasteries," under Henry VIII., came to Ireland in the reign of James I., and, in exchange for an estate in Devonshire, got from Lord Mountjoy the abbey lands of Down, Innis, and Saul, granted to that nobleman for his services to the Crown. He was governor of Lecale. His son Thomas became Viscount Lecale and Earl of Ardglas.

die. Two of them were shot; the third, Colonel Claydon, was pardoned. The country people were so terrified that they fled with their goods and cattle across the Shannon into Clare, having first set fire to their houses and castles, that the enemy might not find shelter. This success kept in check those who might have fallen on Cromwell's rear. Broghill, on his way to join the main body of the army, received urgent orders from Cromwell to hasten to Clonmel. But meantime he had secret information from his brother, who was then at Castlelyons, that David Roche had got together a body of 700 men in Kerry with the design of relieving that town. With him was Boetius Egan,[1] who had been consecrated bishop of Ross the year before. He had been obliged to fly from his diocese and take refuge in the fastnesses of Kerry. Broghill took horse and posted in all haste to Clonmel. Having obtained from Cromwell some reinforcements, at the head of 1,600 foot and 200 horse, he set off for Cork, which he reached on the 8th of April.[2] There he learned that the rendezvous of the enemy was at Macroom. The next day he reached Kilcrea. On the morning of the 10th he came before the castle of Carrigadrohid,[3] about three miles from Macroom. He found it garrisoned by some of Roche's troops. Leaving his foot behind to keep the garrison in check, he hurried with his horse to Macroom. At his approach the garrison set fire to the castle and joined the main body, which lay encamped in the park. Broghill immediately charged them. Surprised by the suddenness of the attack, they gave way and fled, leaving many of their number on the field. According to Whitelocke, the loss amounted to 700 slain; many prisoners were taken, among them 20 captains, lieutenants, and other officers of the army; the standard of the church [4] of Munster was also captured, it

[1] He was a native of Duhallow, county Cork He entered the Franciscan Order, and studied at Louvain with Colgan and Fleming. On the recommendation of Rinuccini he was appointed to the see of Ross. The Ormondists strove to exclude him from the assembly of the Confederates. But Rinuccini and the other bishops supported his claim and obtained his admission. See *The Franciscan Monasteries*, p. 228.

[2] Ware gives May 10th as the date of the battle of Macroom. From Broghill's letter it is clear that the battle took place April 10th.

[3] Carrigadrohid castle is built on a steep rock jutting out into the river Lee. This romantic site was the choice of the wife of M'Carthy, by whom it was built.

[4] The Christian symbols which the Catholic soldiers use on their military standards are — 1st. On the white banners flecked with drops of blood, the image of Christ crucified; motto: "Æquum est pro Christo mori" (It is right to die for Christ). 2d. On the green banners, an image of our Saviour bearing the cross; motto: "Patior ut vincam" (I suffer that I may conquer). 3d. On the cloth-of-gold banners, Christ rising from the tomb; motto. "Exsurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici ejus" (let God arise and his enemies be scattered). 4th. On the red banners, the name of Jesus; motto: "In nomine Jesu omne genu flectatur" "In the name of Jesus every knee shall bend). 5th. On the sky-blue banners, the image of the B. V. Mary, bearing in her arms the child Jesus, and crushing with her foot the serpent's head; motto: "Solvit vincula Deus" (God hath broken our chains). 6th. On the crimson banners, an arm argent, armoured, issuing from a cloud, holding a lance of the same color: motto: "Fortitudo mea desuper" (my strength is from above). 7th. On the banners of the cloth-of-silver, a knight armed cap-a-pie, setting fire to the *Institutes* of Calvin; motto: "So may all heresies perish." 8th. On the purple banners, an image of our Saviour delivering the souls of the fathers from Limbo; motto: "Victor redit de barathro" (he returns victorious from hell); or, the image of Judith, holding a golden-hilted sword, and dealing Holofernes the fatal blow; motto: "Dominus vindicat populum suum" (the Lord avengeth his people). On the dexter side of each of the above banners there was an Irish cross within a red circle on a green field. Under the cross the motto: "Vivat Carol

being a church army. The Bishop of Ross, the High Sheriff of Kerry, and several other persons of distinction were taken prisoners.[1] The High Sheriff was condemned to be shot. Broghill ordered the Bishop to be led to the castle of Carrigadrohid, and offered him pardon if he would use his efforts to make the garrison surrender. When he was brought within hearing of those within, instead of urging them to yield, he exhorted them to maintain their post resolutely against the enemies of their religion and country. A true soldier would have honored such heroism, even in an enemy. But not so Broghill; by his order the brave Bishop was abandoned to the fury of the soldiers. His arms were first severed from his body; he was then dragged along the ground to a tree close by, and hanged from one of its branches with the reins of his own horse.[2] Roche's men had meanwhile fled into the woods; he tried to rally them about Killarney, and sent to Inchiquin for a reinforcement of horse from Clare, in order to make a second attempt to relieve Clonmel. But Broghill advancing to Drishane, near Millstreet, prevented their uniting. The castle was afterwards taken by a silly stratagem. The assailants yoked teams of oxen to large beams of timber. The garrison supposed these were cannon, and thought it better to make terms than to continue a resistance that would certainly end in their destruction. They surrendered on articles, by which they were allowed to march out without arms, the Governor being "allowed sixteen arms to defend his soldiers from the Tories."

A letter from the Lord Broghill, dated at Cork the 16th of April, 1650, was this day read, wherein was the enclosed relation:

"My Lord Lieutenant understanding by several ways that the enemy was gathering a considerable body of an army in the county of Kerry, which, by its advancing into these parts, was like to put them into arms, also, sent me back from the army before Clonmel to draw together 14 troops of horse and dragoons and 12 foot companies; and with these forces to take all advantages upon the enemy.

"On my arrival in this town, the 8th of this inst., I found they had prevented our expectation, and were come within twelve miles of it to Macroom, a town and castle of the Lord Muskerry, where their army daily increased, and was like to do so, unless immediately defeated. This pressing necessity made me draw out Captain Deane's and Captain Jenning's troops, newly landed, my own, Colonel Warden's, Major Powel's, and Captain Bishop's troop, all mine own regiment, to which I added about 800 foot of Sir Hardress Waller's, Colonel Phayre's, and Colonel Ryves' regiment, with his party. The 9th instant, I advanced seven miles towards the rebels, and the 10th, learning they still kept their ground, we resolved, by the help of the Lord, to engage them; but one of the carriages with ammunition breaking, I was

et Rex" (long live King Charles), and over it the letters C. R. and a regal crown. A portion of one of these banners is in the possession of the Dominicans at Tallaght, in the county of Dublin.

[1] *The Brief Chronicle* says between 500 and 600 were slain, whereof some of good quality; and almost 1,000 arms, and good store of rich plunder was taken.

[2] De Burgo gives a list of the Irish bishops residing in their sees in 1649, which Dr. French, bishop of Ferns, presented to Clement IX. in 1667. Dr. Egan is set down among those who were slain through hatred of the faith, "*interfecti in odium fidei.*" *Hib. Dom.*, p. 489. The Louvain Record of the Franciscan Order says he was a zealous champion and apostle of the faith, and that he crowned his life by the glorious death of a martyr. Ortho doxæ fidei strenuus defensor et asserto, pro qua glorioso martyrio vitæ finem et coronidem imposuit." He was buried in the cemetery of Aghina. See *The Franciscan Monasteries*, p. 228, and O'Reilly's *Sufferers for the Faith in Ireland*, p. 228.

resolved to leave a good part of the foot and some horse with it, and to advance with all the rest of our horse to engage them till our foot came up.

"Thus it pleased God we did, and after a third rallying of their foot, gave them a total rout, though in a place, the worst for horse ever I saw, and where one hundred musketeers might have kept off all the horse of Ireland. By our most moderate computation we killed between five and six hundred on the place, whereof some of good quality. Our prisoners, which are but few, because I gave orders to knock all on the head, were the bishop of Ross, their general, though he tells me but a joint commissioner with my Lord Roche's son, the High Sheriff of the county Kerry, with about twenty captains, lieutenants, and other officers, and gentlemen.

"Amongst other colors that were taken, there fell into our hands the standard of the church of Munster (as I am informed), for this was a clergy army.

"Our men got in the camp and in the pursuit good store of rich plunder, and I verily believe the enemy carried not away with him 300 arms. Had it been possible for our foot to come up, in human probability there had not escaped 100 of the rebels; but I hope they are so well dispersed that it will not be in any man's power to call them together a good while, especially if some new commands hinder us from prosecuting the success. I found some papers of singular consequence in the bishop's pocket, which, I hope, shall not want improving.

"The night after we received this mercy, which, if any longer protracted, had I find, cast all these countries into arms, I sent Major Nelson with 200 foot and 70 horse to summon Carrigadrohid castle, a place the enemy had surprised in our quarters, and of great consequence for the strength and situation of it. I gave orders that if the garrison in it delivered it not up, we should hang the bishop before it. The former not being done, the latter was; and 'tis observable that immediately after the bishop was hanged, I came up and persuaded the governor after the execution to surrender me the castle almost upon the same terms he had refused to save the bishop's life, the only difference being that I gave him 16 arms to defend his soldiers from the Tories.

"The bishop was wont to say there was no way to secure the English but by hanging them. That which was his cruelty became his justice.

"This is the exactest account I can give of the late mercy, wherein the Lord was as visible as the mercy itself."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SIEGE OF CLONMEL.

Conduct of the Inhabitants — The Garrison — Summons to Surrender — O'Neill's Answer — Fennell's Treachery — Broghill's Arrival — The Assault — Langley of the Iron Hand — Want of Ammunition — Surrender — Account by an Eye-Witness — Letter of S. Dillingham — The Articles of Surrender — FF. O'Reilly and Magrath, O. P.

On the 27th of April[1] Cromwell came before Clonmel. This town was one of the first places seized on by the Lords of the Pale when they resolved on making common cause with the Ulster Irish. The citizens strongly insisted on their allegiance to the King, averring that their purpose was to defend themselves against a parliament equally hostile to the sovereign and to themselves. They granted a safe-conduct to those Protestants who were unwilling to join their side; and when the Commissioners subsequently made inquisition into the Irish massacres, they found that no murder had been perpetrated in its vicinity.

Hugh O'Neill,[2] the nephew of Owen Roe, had been sent in the month of December preceding with 1,500 foot under Colonel Turlogh Oge O'Neill MacHenry of the Fews, and about 100 horse under Major Fennell, to garrison the town.[3] It was well protected on the south side by the Suir. The other parts were surrounded by a wall. But even during the first days of the siege the garrison was in want of provisions. "O'Neill and the mayor had joined by a solemn protestation and oath in union for God, king, and country, and defence of the town to the uttermost of their power." They told Ormonde that "the garrison was of good courage and resolution, and that on Clomnel the safety of the kingdom chiefly depended. They besought him to prevent any bloody tragedy to be acted there as in other places, for want of timely relief; that the army should march night and day to their succor, and, in the mean time, that the promised relief might

[1] "Mr. Lloyd, chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, came to London with letters from his lordship. He informs that on Saturday seven-night the Lord Lieutenant came before Clonmel, and the Tuesday following the great guns were brought before it." *Perfect Diurnal*, May 6th to 13th. The army must have marched to Clonmel immediately after the surrender of Kilkenny; otherwise how could it be said that the siege lasted for two months? *The War of Ireland* says, "Cromwell sent two or three regiments of horse before him to block up Clonmel at distance.

[2] M'Geoghegan says he had served under his uncle in foreign countries, and was deemed an able captain and proved himself such at Clonmel and Limerick. *Hist. of Ireland*, p. 574.

[3] The muster-roll of the Ulster horse and foot at Clonmel in January, 1650, is given in the *Aph. Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 502, Appendix "Military List"; from which it appears that the foot numbered about 1,200, and the horse about 50, but a small handful in comparison with the multitude of horse and foot under Cromwell, who was supported by heavy artillery. *Ibid.*, p. 78.

be sent them, accommodated with provisions for themselves and the garrison." Ormonde directed Lord Castleconnell and the sheriff to raise the county of Limerick. They met, and agreed to provide 1,000 foot and 300 horse; but the Commisioners of Trust declared such a proceeding contrary to etiquette. Lord Castleconnell appointed another day for the meeting, and wrote to the Commissioners for instructions; they did not even vouchsafe an answer. The gentlemen of Limerick, not knowing how to proceed, separated, and Clonmel was left to its fate. Here, too, the plague was raging; "it was reported to be very hot in the Irish quarters."

On arriving before the town, Cromwell sent a summons to O'Neill to surrender, offering him favorable terms. "He answered that he was of another resolution than to give up the town on quarters and conditions, till he was reduced to a lower station, and so wished him to do his best." Cromwell then fell to his work and planted his cannon.[1] He sent Colonel Reynolds and Sir Theophilus Jones, with a detachment of 2,500 horse and dragoons, to prevent Ormonde's design of falling on the Parliamentary quarters. During all this time several sallies were made out, sometimes with good success, sometimes without. "O'Neill," says the author of the *Aporismal Discovery*, "always behaved himself both wise, courageous, and fortunate against Cromwell and his party, not only in a defensive but offensive way, with many valiant sallies and martial stratagems, to the enemy's mighty prejudice, who did lose some days 200, and other days 300, other 400, other 500 men; this loss was so often and so common, that my Lord Cromwell was weary of the place, that if his honor did not impede, his lordship would quit the place and raise the siege; resolving this and many other things in his breast, and among the rest that he was confident of no relief to come to this town, and therefore a strain in his honor to quit such a place, being for the conquest of a whole kingdom, having men enough at a call, after so much loss to raise the siege would discourage his own and alien men joining with him, thought by these and other such motives to tire this brave warrior, losing daily men and ammunition, without the least expectation to be either supplied, though all this while severally promised by Preston from Waterford: notwithstanding that my Lord Cromwell observed these conceptions to be sufficient ground to wear out the invincible courage of Major O'Neill, nevertheless was most desirous to know some other stratagem to abbreviate the business. Studying all devices, none came to any purpose, the dexterity and vigilance of the Major was such, crossing each of his attempts. At length, by the information of some of Inchiquin's party or other proper surmises, he lighted upon a fit instrument of treachery."

Among the defenders of the town there was a major of horse named Fennell, with whom Cromwell contrived to enter into a secret correspondence. Tempted by an offer of £500 and of full pardon for the crime of taking up arms against the parliament, he promised to open one of the gates on the north side of the town the next night,

[1] "This relation," says the author, "I had not only from some of the officers and soldiers of the besieged, but also from the besieged themselves."

at twelve o'clock, and to allow five hundred of the besieging force to enter by it. A party of Ulster men were on guard there; these he drew off, and in their place he put some men of his own regiment; as he knew they would not offer such a stubborn resistance as the brave men of the north. It so happened that, on the same night, Hugh O'Neill went to visit the post and see with his own eyes how they were kept. He was told that Fennell was more busy than usual. When he reached the gate, he found it guarded by Fennell's men only, though he had given the strictest orders, shortly before, that two-thirds, at least, of the number who watched the gates should be Ulster men. Suspecting that treachery was at work, he called for the officer in command, and having questioned him and found his answers unsatisfactory, he had him taken into custody. Fennell could not conceal his guilt; he promised to reveal the conspiracy in all its details on condition that he should receive a full pardon for his crime. As soon as O'Neill was made aware of the plot, he secured the various posts by means of strong reinforcements. In addition to the ordinary guard, he placed a body of five hundred men at the gate by which the enemy would be admitted. All this was done so noiselessly that no suspicion was excited of the discovery just made. "Advising with the rest what was best to do in that extremity, they resolved to open the gate, according to the former covenant. The enemy was watching his opportunity, and observing the signal, marched towards the gate; five hundred did enter, the rest *nolens volens* were kept out; all that entered were put to the sword."

This was not the first time Fennell had played false. At the battle of Portlester, in May, 1643, when serving under Lord Castlehaven, he showed great inactivity while some of O'Neill's kinsmen were cut down before his face, though he had a strong brigade of horse under his command at the time. O'Neill, who had been ill during the battle, on learning how his men had been sacrificed, called Castlehaven's officers cowards. And when their commander resented bitterly the charge, O'Neill replied: "I must confess, gentlemen, I did say so to a gentleman here, Lieutenant-Colonel Fennell, with the feather, a cowardly cock, for seeing my kinsmen overpowered by some of the enemy, and some of them hacked to pieces before his face, he never offered to relieve them. To the Supreme Council, who employed us both, he shall answer for this." Unhappily, in spite of his cowardice and treachery, he seems to have been allowed to continue in positions of trust. He surrendered Cappoquin without striking a blow. He abandoned the pass at Killaloe, and allowed Ireton to cross the Shannon there and invest Limerick from the Clare side. During the siege of that city he conspired with some of the officers, and seizing on St. John's gate, threatened to admit the enemy unless the garrison capitulated.[1]

[1] The author of the *Aph. Disc.* throws the whole blame of the surrender of Limerick on him. Castlehaven says he was hanged in Limerick soon after, by Ireton's order, "with more than ordinary justice." *Memoirs*, p. 128. Others say he was taken to Cork and executed there, though he pleaded in defence his services in betraying not only the garrison of Limerick, but also Lord Castlehaven before Youghal. Lenihan's *History of Limerick*, p. 181. The Fennell family seem to have been dependents of the Ormondes.

"My Lord Cromwell certified of the preposterous issue of his late bargain with Fennell, was mighty troubled in mind, and therefore did send for other armies and great ordnance." He despatched messengers to Lord Broghill, informing him that his army was in a pitiable condition, suffering much from disease, and sorely distressed at the many repulses it had met with, and that he must raise the siege and retire with disgrace, if not immediately relieved; he conjured him, by all the ties of duty and friendship, to desist from all further designs in that quarter, and to come without delay to his assistance. The message reached Broghill after he had defeated Roche, and while he was putting the country under contribution and taking measures to prevent any muster of forces there. So urgent an order could not be disregarded; he immediately despatched a messenger to tell Cromwell that, by the blessing of God, he had just defeated the enemy, and would not fail to join him on the evening of the third day following. Cromwell was delighted at the news of his successes and of his speedy arrival, as his army was greatly reduced in numbers and enfeebled by sickness. The author of the *Memoir of Lord Orrery* says that he was transported with joy at Broghill's arrival; that he embraced him and congratulated him on his bravery, and that the whole army cried — a Broghill! a Broghill!

But Broghill's force was composed mainly of Protestant gentlemen, whose fathers had come over fifty years before, to take possession of the confiscated estates of the Earl of Desmond. These were all favorable to the royal interests. Hence they could not be induced to return the greeting and to cry out: a Cromwell! a Cromwell! This circumstance, trifling as it may seem, made a deep impression on Cromwell's mind.

As soon as his additional force came up, Cromwell renewed the siege with increased vigor and industry. At length "with continual thunderings a long breach was made near one of the gates, but it proved not level enough when night fell." The spot where this breach was made is near the west wall, about twenty yards south of the tower called the magazine, where a portion of the wall is still standing. From Ludlow's description of the place, it would seem that houses abutted on that part of the wall, and that it was not far from the church.

"Within two hours after, the Major-General sent two hundred chosen men and officers, with a good guide, through by-ways from a place at the wall next the river that was neglected by the besiegers, and fell on the backs of those in a fort not fully finished behind them, and cut them off before any relief came. On which immediately the next gate was opened for them, and they got in safe, with the loss of half-a-dozen. The number killed in the fort was about sixty, being one of their companies."

O'Neill was not idle within the town. "He did set all men and maids to work, townsmen and soldiers (only those on duty attending the breach and the walls) to draw dunghills, mortar, stones, and timber, and make a long lane a man's height and about eighty yards length, on both sides up from the breach, with a foot bank at the back

of it; and he caused to be placed engines on both sides of the lane, and two guns at the end of it invisible, opposite to the breach, and so ordered all things against a storm." He entrusted the defence of this to a body of volunteers, armed with swords, scythes and pikes. In the adjoining houses he placed a picked body of musketeers, and ordered them to keep up a steady fire on all approaching the breach.

The storm began about eight o'clock in the morning.[1] The Puritans advanced to the assault singing one of their Scripture hymns. "They entered without any opposition; and but few were to be seen in the town till they so entered that the lane was crammed full with horsemen, armed with helmets, backs, breasts, swords, musquetoons, and pistols, on which those in the front, seeing themselves in a pound, and could not make their way further, cried out, 'Halt! Halt!' On which those entering behind at the breach, thought by those words that all those of the garrison were running away, and cried out, 'Advance! Advance!' as fast as those before cried, 'Halt! Halt!' and so advanced till they thrust forward those before them, till that pound or lane was full and could hold no more. Then suddenly rushes a resolute party of pikes and musketeers to the breach, and scoured off and knocked back those entering. At which instance Hugh Duff's men within fell on those in the pound with shots, pikes, scythes, stones, and casting of great long pieces of timber with the engines amongst them; and then two guns firing at them from the end of the pound, slaughtering them by the middle or knees with chained bullets, that in less than an hour's time about a thousand men were killed in that pound, being a top one another. About this time Cromwell was on horseback at the gate, with his guard, expecting the gates to be opened by those entered, until he saw those in the breach beaten back and heard the cannons going off within. Then he fell off, as much vexed as ever he was since he first put on a helmet against the King, for such a repulse he did not usually meet with."

So great was the slaughter that the infantry refused to advance a second time. Cromwell appealed to the cavalry. Amongst the first who responded to his call was Lieutenant Charles Langley. He was followed by Colonel Sankey, and one of the sons of John Cooke, whose services in pleading againt Charles I. had been rewarded with the chief justiceship of Munster. The troopers imitated the conduct of their officers, and in this way a second storming party was formed, under the command of Colonel Culin. Langley put himself at the head of the dismounted cavalry. Sankey seems to have directed the assault. Cromwell's soldiers displayed an energy and bravery worthy of their former fame. Their onset was so fierce that the Irish were driven from the breach. The assailants made their way to the eastern breastwork, opposite the breach; but there they were exposed to the galling cross-fire from the neighboring houses. Colonel Culin and several of his officers fell. Langley strove to mount the wall. His left hand was cut off by a blow of a scythe.[2] Determined at all

[1] Lingard says the storming took place May 9th.

[2] Hall's *Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 90; Taylor's *Civil Wars*, vol. ii. p. 38. He had afterwards an iron hand made, into which he used to thrust the stump to hold the bridle. Hence the

hazards to gain the place, Cromwell continued to pour masses of troops into the breach, the hinder ranks pushing on those before them. For four hours the slaughter continued. By that time the greater part of the assailants were killed or wounded. The survivors were forced to retreat, leaving 2,000 of their companions dead.[1] Of the officers Colonel Culham, Captains Jordan and Humphries, and some others were slain; Lieutenant-Colonels Grey and Lee, and many more wounded. With much entreaty he persuaded them to lodge that night under the walls, that the siege might be believed not absolutely to be quitted. Their seconds and comrades, seeing what happened, retired; neither the threats of the General nor the bloody sword of the inferior officers was sufficient to keep them from turning tail to the assault. Unable to conceal his admiration of the defenders' gallant conduct, he declared they were invincible. Knowing that any further attempt would so weaken his army that it might be annihilated by a sally of the garrison, he ordered a retreat to be sounded, and withdrew to his camp, leaving O'Neill in full possession of the breach. It is even said that he had ordered the army to march away and abandon the place, when he espied something in the grass, which he took up and found to be a silver bullet. This incident suggested to him the straits to which the garrison was reduced. He determined to return and call in the detachments of his army from the neighboring garrisons, though a reinforcement had just reached him from England of a regiment of foot and 260 horse, and by changing the siege into a blockade to try what famine could do.

Ormonde was much delighted at the news of O'Neill's successful defence. Fortune seemed, at length, inclined to favor the royal cause. But a message soon after reached him that the ammunition of the garrison was nearly spent. In truth O'Neill could resist no longer. For nearly two months he had held out. His provisions were now exhausted; his ammunition was now failing.[2] "The siege at distance and close being about five or six weeks, and by several sallies out and on the walls several of these within were lost, but many wounded and sick; on which the Major-General consulted with his officers; and seeing that their ammunition was gone, concluded to leave the town without Cromwell's leave. And so at nightfall he imparted the same to the mayor, one White, and advised him, after he was gone half a dozen miles off, as he might guess, to send privately out to Cromwell for leave to speak to him about conditions for the town, but not to make mention of himself on any account till he had done. After

sobriquet given him of "Langley of the Iron Hand." It is said that a silver hand was buried with him. The iron hand is still in the possession of George Langley, Esq., of Coalbrook, county Tipperary. He has also the *jeu d'esprit* given in Appendix x. The author is not known; from the style of the handwriting it must be at least a century old.

[1] According to M'Geoghegan's *Hist. of Ireland*, p. 574, and Borlase's *Rebellion*, p. 240, his losses amounted to 2,500. Carte gives 2,000 of his best men as the number slain at the storming. *Life of Ormonde*, vol. ii. p. 115. Ware gives the same number. *Antiq., Gest. Hib.*, p. 183. The "Relatio" says "he lost more than 2,000 men before Clonmel, a greater number than he had lost by all the towns which he had stormed and taken since he came to Ireland.

[2] Preston, who commanded at Waterford, had promised to send him ammunition, but had failed to do so.

which advice to the mayor, he marches away with his men, about two hours after nightfall, and passed over the river undiscovered by the guard of horse that lay at the other side of the bridge; and he made no great halt till he reached to a town called Ballynasack, twelve miles from Clonmel, where he refreshed his men.

Then the Mayor, according as he was advised, about twelve o'clock at night sent out to Cromwell, very privately for a conduct to wait upon his Excellency; which forthwith was sent to him, and an officer to conduct him from the wall to Cromwell's tent; who, after some compliments, was not long capitulating, when he got good conditions for the town: such, in a manner as they desired.

After which Cromwell asked him if Hugh O'Neill knew of his coming out; to which he answered he did not, for that he was gone two hours after nightfall with all his men, at which Cromwell stared and frowned at him, and said: "You knave, have you served me so, and did not tell me so before?" To which the Mayor replied: "If his Excellency had demanded the question, he would tell him." Then he asked him what that Duff O'Neill was; to which the mayor answered, that he was an over-the-sea soldier, born in Spain. On which Cromwell said, "G—d d—n you and your over-sea!" and desired the Mayor to give the paper back again. To which the other answered, that he hoped his Excellency would not break his conditions or take them from him, which was not the repute his Excellency had, but to perform whatsoever he had promised. On which Cromwell was somewhat calm, but said in a fury, "By G—— above, he would follow that Hugh Duff O'Neill wheresoever he went."

Then the Mayor delivered the keys of the gates to Cromwell, who immediately commanded guards on them, and next morning himself entered, where he saw his men killed in the pound; notwithstanding which and his fury that Hugh Duff went off as he did, he kept his conditions with the town."[1]

Some of his officers strove to persuade him that O'Neill's escape was a breach of the articles; and that being overreached he was not bound to grant such favorable terms to the town. Cromwell rebuked them and declared the townsmen deserved to be highly commended for their gallantry. Other writers, however, say that Cromwell discovering the trick in the morning, was vexed, and sent some troops to pursue the garrison in the rear. They had got out of reach, having in the night passed the hills and most difficult ways; but the Cromwellians overtaking many straggling, who, by reason of their wounds and other hindrances, stayed behind, among whom there were not a few women, put them all without mercy to the sword.[2] "They had like to bring my nobles to nine pence," he exclaimed.[3] "Cromwell,"

[1] *The War of Ireland*, p. 109. The author of the *Aphor. Disc.*, however, says "the inhabitants were rifled, pillaged and plundered without respect of persons or mercy of degree."

[2] Bate's *Elenchus, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 38. "After the signing of the conditions we discovered the enemy to be gone, and very early the next morning pursued them and fell upon their rear of stragglers, and killed about two hundred of them." Letter of an eye-witness and hand-actor from Clonmel. May 10th, 1650, in *Cromwelliana*, p. 81.

[3] This proverb owes its existence in great part to its alliteration. Some coins of these denominations were struck during the Usurpation, but long before the base testoons of

says Whitelocke, "found at Clonmel the stoutest enemy his army had ever met with in Ireland; and never was seen so hot a storm of so long continuance and so gallantly defended, neither in England nor in Ireland." From thence O'Neill and his party marched to Waterford, hoping to obtain admittance there; but Preston, who had command of that city, refused them permission. Besides, the plague was within the town. He remained in the neighborhood for some time; but the plague having shown itself among his men, and his forces decreasing daily, he advised his foot to look to themselves as best they could. He and Major Fennell took the shortest route they could to Limerick.[1]

Some further details are given in a letter of S. Dillingham to Mr. Sancroft.

"In the taking of Clonmel you may think we paid dear. Having lain long before it, and in the meantime taken Kilkenny, much loss by sallies being sustained, an onslaught was resolved. It was done with much loss and the town carried. But the inner intrenchments, devised by the governor, a kinsman of O'Neill's, cost far dearer gaining. After all which, they were by main force cast out of all, and with much entreaty of Cromwell, persuaded to lodge that night under the walls, that their siege might be believed not absolutely to be quitted. In the night, little powder left to defend, all was drawn away, persons and things worth anything.

"Cromwell himself says he doubted of getting on the soldiers next day to a fresh assault. Towards morning a parley beat, and was gladly received; so that conditions were granted to their desires, not being above eighty defendants in all, of two thousand five hundred. They were mad when they came in, and sending to pursue, cut off two hundred women and children. Since a review of their force, which consisted of all the strength they could make, their troopers dismounted to boot, near all the officers of Ireton's regiment are wanting; and you may guess shrewdly at Hercules by his foot; and the business is at this pass, that he that undertook to have Ireland at his command so by last Michaelmas as a child should keep it under with a rod, can't now assure his soldiers two miles from home and promise them a safe return.

The Articles made between the Lord Lieutenant and the inhabitants of Clonmel touching the rendition thereof, May 18th, 1650.

It is granted and agreed by and betwixt the Lord Lieutenant, General Cromwell, on the one part, and Mr. Michael White and Mr. Nicholas Betts, Commissioners entrusted in the behalf of the town and garrison of Clonmel, on the other part, as follows: —

1st. The said town and garrison of Clonmel, with the arms, ammunition, and other furniture of war that are now therein, shall be surrendered and delivered up into the hands of his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, by eight of the clock this morning.

2d. That, in consideration thereof, the inhabitants of the said town shall be protected, their lives and estates, from all plunder and violence of the soldiery, and shall have the same right, liberty, and protection as other subjects, under the authority of the Parliament of England, have, or ought to have, and enjoy within the dominion of Ireland.

O. CROMWELL.

Henry VIII. and Edward VI., by proclamation of July 9th, 1551, were made to pass for nine pence, their original value being twelve pence.

[1] The soldiers who were in Clonmel fled to Waterford, and were there denied admittance. Only Hugh Duff O'Neill and two or three other commanders were admitted.

The townsmen strove to make conditions for Ormonde and Inchiquin, but they were refused. Passes, however, were offered them to go beyond the sea, which they would not take; but the Lord of Ardes and others of quality took them.[1] Sankey was made governor of the town and of the county of Tipperary.

Details are wanting of the events that followed the surrender. The history of the preceding sieges will help our readers to fill up the void without much difficulty, and to conjecture what took place. The learned author of *Hibernia Dominicana* gives the following account of the death of two holy priests of the order at this time.

"Father James O'Reilly was a learned theologian, an eloquent preacher, and a famous poet. He had been sent a short time before from Waterford to Clonmel, to train the youth of the town in polite learning and in the Christian doctrine. When the garrison abandoned the town, he, too, sought safety in flight. Not knowing whither the road led, he wandered about and fell in with a troop of Puritan cavalry. They asked him who he was. He replied fearlessly: 'I am a priest and a religieux, albeit an unworthy one, of the Order of St. Dominic. I have lost my way, and while trying to escape you, I have fallen into your hands. I am a member of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church. So have I lived, and so will I die. May God's will be done." The soldiers fell on him and covered him with wounds. For a whole hour he lay weltering in his blood; he did not cease to invoke the holy names of Jesus and Mary, and to beseech his patron saints to aid him in his last struggle. At length, exhausted by his numerous wounds, the holy martyr gave up his soul."

"Father Myler Magrath was put to death after the capture of the town. He came to Clonmel to give the consolations of religion to those who should need them. He was seized, while engaged in his holy work, by the bedside of a sick man. The Governor's satellites hurried him off to their master's presence. His trial was a brief one. He was condemned to death, and hanged immediately after."

During the siege F. Nicholas Mulcahy, Parish Priest of Ardfinan, in the county of Tipperary, was seized by a troop of Cromwell's cavalry, that had been sent out to reconnoitre. Immediately on his arrest he was put in irons, conveyed to the camp of the besiegers and offered his pardon, if he would only consent to use his influence with the inhabitants of Clonmel and induce them to give up the town. But he steadily refused, and was, in consequence, led out in view of the besieged city, and there beheaded whilst he knelt in prayer for his faithful people, and asked forgiveness for his enemies.

About this time Richard Magner, who had joined the party of the Catholic Confederates, went to Clonmel to make his submission to the Parliament. Cromwell had been duly informed of his previous conduct; yet he received him with much kindness, and promising him protection, gave him a letter to Colonel Phayre, the governor of Cork. The letter contained an order to execute the bearer. Magner, distrusting this show of friendship, opened the letter. As soon as he had read it, he closed it and sealed it carefully. He set off to Mallow without delay and handed it to the governor of the town, against whom he bore a grudge, informing him that Cromwell wished

[1] Whitelocke, p. 439. In April the Lord of Ardes, Lord Moore, and Colonel Trevor, came from the Irish quarters to Cromwell at Clonmel, soon after he had taken that town, to render themselves to him, as being persons of great note and eminence in the kingdom, and the front of quality of all the Protestant party that came from the Irish army unto them.

him to be the bearer of the letter to Phayre. Not suspecting any deceit, this officer presented the letter in due time. He was saved from death, however, Phayre having made the facts known to Cromwell before carrying out the order. Magner's lands were given to Bretridge, and from him they passed through the Hartstonges into the possession of the present Earl of Limerick. The ruins of the old family residence are still to be seen about six miles to the west of Mallow.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CROMWELL LEAVES IRELAND.

His last Public Act in Ireland — Pass to Lord Moore — Recall of Cromwell — Troubles in Scotland — Fairfax — Cromwell Sails from Youghal — Reception in London — His Speech in Parliament.

THE last public act of Cromwell, of which an account has reached us, was the indicting of the following letter of protection to the Governor of Dublin. It was dated May 22d :[1]

The Lord Viscount Moore [2] having had passes from me to repair to Mellifont, in the county of Louth, and there to reside during the space of six months next ensuing, I desire you that the said Lord Moore, during his stay at Mellifont, and if he shall during the said time have occasion to repair to Dublin to the Commission there, may be fairly and civilly treated, and that no incivility or abuse be offered unto him by any of the soldiery, either by restraining of his liberty or otherwise, it being a thing which I altogether disapprove and dislike that the soldiers should intermeddle in civil affairs farther than they are lawfully called upon. Your care herein will oblige the said Lord, in relation to his present condition, and will be accepted by

Your loving friend,

O. CROMWELL.

The danger on the side of Scotland was growing greater each day, and the demands of the Parliament for Cromwell's return became more urgent. His successes in Ireland pointed him out as the one man who could meet the enemy in the field and crush every attempt at rebellion. On the 8th of January preceding, the Parliament had ordered "that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland be desired to come over and give his attendance, and that the Council of State prepare a letter, to be signed by the Speaker and sent to the Lord Lieutenant for that purpose, as also to thank him for his great services and faithfulness to the Commonwealth." "The ground of this resolution was," adds Whitelocke, "that the news of the King's coming to Scotland became more probable than formerly, and the Scots' proceedings in the rising of new forces gave an alarm to the parliament; and some

[1] This letter was formerly in the possession of Dean Swift.

[2] This was Henry, third Viscount Drogheda. His father, Charles, the second Viscount, took a leading part in raising forces to oppose the Irish in 1641, and had the command of the horse when Drogheda was besieged by Sir Phelim O'Neill. He was killed by a cannon-shot at Portlester, in 1643; his death gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*.

Contra Romanos mores, res mira, dynasta
Morus ab Eugenio canonisatus erat.

His son Henry took the King's side in the Civil War; but in 1647, on the surrender of the government by Ormonde, he left the Royalists and got the command of a regiment from the parliament. For two years he continued in the service of this party; but immediately before Cromwell's arrival he "ran off to the enemy." *Perfect Diurnal*, July 6th, 1649. In April he surrendered to Cromwell. He was restored to his estate in 1653. After the Restoration he was was made an earl.

of their members who had discoursed with the late General (Fairfax) on these matters, and argued how requisite it would be to send an army into Scotland, found the General wholly averse to any such thing; and, by the means of his lady, a strict Presbyterian, to be more a friend to the Scots than they; that, therefore, they thought this a fitting time to send for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the rather, his army being now drawn into winter quarters."

In a letter to the Speaker of the parliament from Carrick, dated April 2d, he says: — "I have received divers private intimations of your pleasure to have me come in person to wait on you in England; as also copies of the votes of parliament to that purpose. But, considering the way they came to me was but by private intimations, and the votes did refer to a letter to be signed by the Speaker, I thought it would have been too much forwardness in me to have left my charge here until the said letter came, it being not fit for me to prophesy whether the letter would be an absolute command, or having limitations with a liberty left by the parliament to me to consider in what way to yield my obedience. Your letter came to my hands upon the 22d of March, the same day that I came before the city of Kilkenny, and when I was near the same. And I understood by Dr. Cartwright, who delivered it to me, that reason of cross-winds and the want of shipping in the West of England, where he was, hindered him from coming with it sooner, it bearing date the 8th of January, and not coming to my hands till the 22d of March. The letter supposed your army in winter quarters and the time of year not suitable for present action; making this as the reason for your command. And your forces have been in action ever since the 29th of January; and your letter, which was to be the rule of my obedience, coming to my hands after our having been so long in action, with respects had to the reasons you were pleased to use therein, I knew not what to do. And having received a letter signed by yourself of the 26th of February, which mentions not a word of the continuance of your pleasure concerning my coming over, I did humbly conceive it much consisting with my duty, humbly to beg a positive signification what your will is, professing (as before the Lord) that I am most ready to obey your commands herein with all alacrity, rejoicing only to be about that work which I am called to by those whom God hath set over me, which I acknowledge you to be, and fearing only in obeying you to disobey you. I most humbly and earnestly beseech you to judge for me, whether your letter doth not naturally allow me the liberty of begging a more clear expression of your command and pleasure, which, when vouchsafed unto me, will find most ready acceptance and cheerful observance."

On the 21st of April, Hugh Peters wrote from Pembroke: "Yesternight the President frigate set sail from Milford towards Ireland, to attend his Excellency's pleasure, being sent to fetch the Lord Lieutenant Cromwell over unto England, if he thinks fit to come. The letters from the Council of State were carried over in her, directed to his Excellency, with Mr. Jenkin Loyd, his chaplain. God send them a safe arrival. Captain Evans went over from hence last

night, and about thirty horse with him for Ireland. Waterford, Limerick and Galway were still in the hands of the Irish rebels; and he would fain try whether the same good luck that had accompanied him hitherto might not attend him for a few months more. But the affairs of Scotland had become more pressing, and the new letters from the parliament left no room now to doubt what was its supreme will. He surrendered the command of the army to Ireton, his major-general, who already held the appointment of President of Munster, and on the 29th of May he set sail from Youghal to England.[1] He had been little more than nine months in Ireland, having landed in Dublin on the 15th of August.

He landed at Bristol after a boisterous voyage. "There he was received with all honors and acclamations, the great guns firing thrice." On the 31st he reached London. As soon as it was known that he was approaching, the Lord General Fairfax, many members of parliament and officers of the army, and a multitude of people went out to Hounslow Heath to meet him, and to see him who had made himself so famous and acquired such high renown by his great and valorous actions. As he approached the city, the whole of the inhabitants turned out to give him a hearty welcome. At Hyde Park the Lord Mayor and the train-bands were waiting for him. He was saluted with great guns and a volley of shot from Colonel Barkstead's regiment, which was drawn up for the purpose. As he was passing by Tyburn, some sycophant near having said, "What a crowd has come out to see your Lordship's triumph!" "Yes," he replied, with a smile, "but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there come?"[2] From thence to St. James's Palace, where he was to lodge. Being conducted to the Cockpit, which had been prepared for his reception, the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London visited him and complimented him; most of the persons of quality, the members of parliament, and officers of the army about the town paid their visits to him, and congratulated him on his safe arrival, after so many dangers by sea and by land, wherein God had preserved him, and the wonderful successes He had given him.[3]

In the record of the proceedings of parliament, under the date of June 4th, we read: "This day Cromwell, the parliamentary victorious General and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, took his seat in the House, when the Speaker did, by order of the House, give thanks in an eloquent oration for his great and faithful services unto the parliament and commonwealth, setting forth the great providence of God in

[1] The author of the *Aphor. Disc.* says that after putting a garrison to hold Clonmel, he marched with all expedition to Waterford, to recover there what by Hugh O'Neill he had lost at Clonmel. On arriving there he encamped before the town; but he had scarce encamped there when he received commands from England to appear there on sight. Vol. ii. p. 79.

[2] On Cromwell s expedition to Scotland, when followed by the acclamations of the assembled populace, Lambert turned to him and expressed his gratification that the nation was so evidently on their side. "Don't trust them," said Cromwell; "these very persons would shout as much if we were going to be hanged."

[3] Cromwell returned to London in the month of May, and was received by the parliament and the people, as a soldier who had gained more laurels, and done more wonders, in nine months than any age of history, could parallel.

those great and strange works which God had wrought by him as the instrument." After which the Lord Lieutenant gave them a full and particular account of the present state and condition of the kingdom. And on the 11th of June: "All the members of the House having been required to give their attendance this day by nine in the morning, General Cromwell, standing up in his place in the House, made a narrative of the state of the garrisons and forces of the enemy in Ireland and their interest there, and likewise of the parliament's forces in garrison and in the field and their condition; in what employment they were, and under what commands; at the end of which it was resolved — That it be referred to the Council of State to take care of sending such speedy supplies of money for Ireland as shall be necessary for the carrying out of that work, and to see what money there is in the present view that can be made effectual for that service, and how the obstructions against bringing it may be removed; also to consider by what means the reduction and settlement of Ireland may be perfected to the best advantage and the futurage of the charge of this commonwealth."

*Mary's Autumn May.**

SAY, dearest Mother Mary, can it be
That, having May, thou claim'st October too?
The flowers of Spring we plucked and gave to thee,
And these sad leaves of Autumn wilt thou sue?

When evenings first were lengthening, calm and warm,
We lit thy altar, gay with lily bloom;
Now falls the night full swift with threatening storm,
And still thy tapers stay the advancing gloom.

'Tis thine, and ten times welcome, Mother dear!
This ripe and crisp October month is thine.
What though our flowers and leaves be scant and sere,
The Calender of Love knows no decline.

Accept these Autumn wreaths — our chaplets bright,
With crimson-yellow stained, like sunset skies:
O Star of morn, be still our Star at night,
And bless our falling years as thou didst bless their rise.

REV. ARTHUR RYAN, in *Irish Monthly*.

Vanity.

THE old Greek and Roman world was no fool, after all: and its moral discernments are manifest in its metaphors. In Athens, a vain fellow was called "porous," or "hollow;" and vanity was porosity or hollowness. In Rome he was called empty, and vanity was emptiness — as of bladders, bubbles, wind-bags. The metaphors are precise. For wind-bags may have great diameter and an imposing magnitude; so may bubbles, and so may bladders. But after all, they are only emptiness in a skin, or in a film, or in brown paper.

The first notion, then, of a vain person is emptiness. There is nothing in him. The second is pretension. He passes for a solid, being only an outside. Prick him with a pin and he collapses. Berkleianism, then, is older than Berkeley. Solomon was a Berkleian: for he said, *Vanitas Vanitatum, omnia Vanitas.* The world is emptiness, and the mother of all emptiness; a mere film with prismatic colors; and that, not even in itself, but in the sensorium, deluding our brain.

If, then, the world be mere emptiness in a film, let us be kindly to vain people. Surely emptiness is harmless, and breaks no bones.

---

* Exactly ten years ago another of our poets, Miss Alice Esmonde, wrote a "May Song for October" ("IRISH MONTHLY," vol. ii., p. 617). In Australia, as May is a winter month, the *Mois de Maria* is kept in October. And now Pope Leo XIII. has turned October into a second May all the world over.— *Ed. I.M.*

Are not empty people the true children of this universal emptiness? Much may be said for them. They are for the most part innocuous: not always, indeed; for a vain man may rush on his own destruction, destroying others for his own vain-glory. They are also at times amusing — for their strange levities: but they are also saddening, for they lessen the dignity of human nature.

Vanity always has some ideal before it; some excellence which it desires to possess. And if it does not possess such excellence, it desires to be thought to possess it. Therefore, vain men are not often found among the poor; for the poor are seldom self-conscious enough to have ideals. Nor are they so often found among the highly educated; for none better know what they do, and what they do not, possess.

Both these classes may be proud, which is a graver and more masculine fault, springing by no means from emptiness. But of this we cannot speak now. Vanity is the besetting sin of the half educated — of those who have read enough to have ideals. Of ideals there are many kinds — saintly, heroic, political, literary. Some men dress up to an ideal; some see themselves in it as in a glass. But as they have not trained themselves enough to be what they wish to be thought, they "make believe," as we say. At first, the interval between what they are and their ideal gives them an uneasy consciousness when others praise them. After a while, the sweetness of praise soothes their uneasy consciousness. They come to take it as a matter of course, and are hurt if it be not given to them.

We cannot divide vanity into the vanity of men, and the vanity of women; for vanities are strangely interchangeable. The most feminine vanity may be found in men; and the most masculine in women. We must class them as the higher and the lower vanities.

The higher kinds are the vanity of high birth, of old descent, of friendships with the great, of natural facilities of speech, of education, of superficial knowledge of many books, or of languages and sciences, of superiority of influence, of authority conceded or gained, of success in competitions, or in literature, or in dexterous management of men and things, and the like.

The lower kinds are the vanity of wealth, in all its manifold ostentations; the vanity of personal form, or appearance in its endless self-admirations; the vanity of self-posings and self-deceptions; and the vanity of superiority among inferior minds, or among men of a lower grade in culture, or character, or way of life. Some cannot endure the presence of those who are, in any way, higher than their own intellectual or moral stature. They are restless till they can escape into the society of those who do not dwarf them. Among the blind, the one-eyed man is king; and among those who know little, a smatterer is Sir Oracle.

We have said that some vanities are amusing, some are painful, and some pernicious. We will take examples.

As to the amusing vanities, they are to be found among the newly rich, if they put off the simplicity of their poorer days. It shows itself chiefly in an exaggeration of everything; in extravagant furniture,

gaudy colors, ultra fashions, demonstrative finery, noisy civilities, a hunger for invitations, and in overdoing all things. Such people are generally good-hearted, inobservant, unconscious of the thousand eyes they draw upon them, and of the kindly ridicule with which they are continually singed. This is true also of those who, having thirsted for Grosvenor Square, have at last found themselves admitted to the great world. It is too much for them; their brain reels, and they worship it with a worldliness not to be found in inveterate worldlings. The fragrance of it goes with them everywhere, as the smell of incense betrays a sacristan; and it makes all the lower world to know that they are visitants from a higher sphere. We are not sure that this is always amusing to country cousins, or poor relations. It is reserved for the entertainment of those whom they would least of all desire to see laughing at their expense. Nevertheless, it is a harmless vanity which would not break a precept of the Church nor hurt a fly.

The painful vanities are not so harmless. It is not diverting to see men or women make themselves a spectacle to all eyes by vanities of dress, manner, speech, tones, articulation, gestures, singularities, and perceptible self-consciousness. How many men might be widely useful and really great, if they would be simple; if they had before them no ideal but the world of duty, seen in the light of conscience, and by an eye that is single? How many women make themselves unpleasing in society, a disappointment to their friends, intolerable to their servants, and repulsive to inferiors, by personal ostentations which incessantly force all beholders to remember that they have been better educated, or are better dressed, or better looking, or of nobler clay than other people? But there are worse vanities than these. Some men will never ask for information, because it implies that they do not know. To tell them anything they did not know before, they take as a personal injury. They criticise everything off-hand, instinctively oppose everything, contradict everything, and correct everything, as a higher tribunal revising the errors of ordinary men. They make the little they do know go for a complete knowledge; and what they do not know, cannot be true. Sometimes the bubble is pricked by a false quantity, or by a misquotation; and a cloud of irrelevant words, like the ink of a cuttle-fish, covers their retreat. These things take off the freshness and tranquility of human life. Such vanities are painful, but not really pernicious.

There are, however, vanities pernicious to private and to public life. Many a man has wrecked himself and his home by an overweening confidence in his own dexterity in business, management in affairs, and foresight in speculations. His vanity blinded him to his own incapacity. He was wise in his own conceit, and would listen to no advice. Bad as this is in private life, it is worse in public. The ambition of proud men will often save their country. It is real, solid, and energetic. But the ambition of vain men is voluble and improvident. It stirs up passions which it cannot govern, and lets loose torrents on which it is itself carried away. A proud ambition cares little for popularity. It will not seek it. It will hardly bend to receive it. A vain ambition courts it by every art, and spreads every sail to catch the

least breath of popular applause. In seeking it, vanity commits itself in every word; it gives pledges which it can never redeem; or which, if redeemed, bring ruin on the country. So also in war. A vain commander despises his enemy, and ventures on rash attempts. Nobody has succeeded before, or never with so small a force; but then, there was never yet so great a commander since Julius Cæsar, or such an exploit as this since the battle of Rosbach. Vanity will play ducks and drakes even with the lives of men. But we are beginning to moralize, and will therefore make an end.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

The Realization of a Dream.

IT was Christmas Eve. The snow lay thick on the ground, the trees were covered with rimy hoar-frost, and every blade of grass sparkled in the sun as if studded with a thousand diamonds. Folks said it was seasonable weather, and it was indeed pleasant enough for those who had blazing fires and well-stocked larders; but alas! there were but too many who had not even a morsel of bread, or a shovelful of coals, to brighten their sad home on the great feast of the Nativity, and many a longing look was directed by half-starved men and women at the array of meat, mince pies, and good cheer of all kinds displayed in the eating-houses of the place.

At the door of a substantial brick house in the Close of the Cathedral, a crowd of poor were gathered waiting for the Christmas dole of the charitable lady who dwelt within.

Miss Protheroe, or Mrs. Protheroe, as the old lady was usually called, was a maiden lady of some sixty years standing. Her abode, in the Cathedral precincts, was the neatest and most cheerful of dwellings, and her door was ever open to the poor, the needy, and the distressed.

Anne Protheroe was the only child of one of the modern occupiers of the ancient prebendal stalls of the Cathedral, and she had hardly ever ventured beyond the neighborhood of her native town. Her father had died when she was a child, and for the last ten years she had tended her mother day and night in the sufferings of a mortal disease. Only within a few winters had she buried her in the cloister of the old Cathedral, and in the Cathedral itself she daily took part in the worship which Protestantism has substituted for the daily Sacrifice of the Church of Christ. The old Benedictine edifice itself — its bells, its Gothic aisles, and lovely clerestory; its choir, where there reposes in his gorgeous tomb the least popular of England's kings; the mortuary chapel of the youthful son of Henry VIII.; and the cloisters, where many a monk of old sleeps in peace, waiting for the resurrection — all these objects were to Anne Protheroe as old familiar friends. Often, as a child, she had peopled the Cathedral, in imagination, with the monks, till she almost fancied she seen them kneeling in their cowls

before the altar. Often had she wondered how all was in those days; yet she had been brought up with a Protestant horror of Popish doings, and never doubted that now all was much better than in those dark times. Morning after morning saw her in her accustomed place, and humbly and fervently she worshipped God, according to her knowledge, as she joined in the Protestant service. She was a universal favorite. I think I can see her now, as I remember her years ago — a charming specimen of the old-fashioned gentlewoman. Her light-brown hair was arranged in quaint little stiff curls round her pretty pale face; her blue eyes beamed with kindliness, and her white cap and spotless collar, her neat, but rich silk dress of some sober color, bespoke the order and harmony of her well-regulated mind. No one could see her and not love her — there was something so winning in her extreme benevolence and her simple dignity of countenance. But it was the poor who were specially Anne Protheroe's friends. She was indefatigable in her devotion to them, and day after day she was to be seen in her little close-fitting bonnet (almost like a nun's hood), wending her way along the dirtiest back streets and most dismal back courts of the town. Her visits were anxiously looked for, for she always brought material relief to the sick and words of comfort and sympathy and consolation to the dying and wretched.

And now, as I have said, it was Christmas Eve. From early morning Anne Protheroe had been hard at work, giving blankets, and coal tickets, and meat to a number of poor creatures, the ordinary recipients of her bounty. At length the stream had come to an end, and she went into her snug drawing-room for a cup of tea and a good warm at the bright fire. It was bitterly cold, so she heaped on coals and made a cheerful blaze, and drew in her chair to enjoy her tea and rest.

Just then her servant put in her head to tell her that there was a poor child at her door who piteously begged to see her. "He speaks strange like, ma'am, and I think he's one of those 'furriners' by his speech; but he looks awful cold and starved too."

"Bring him in, Mary, and let him have a cup of hot tea to warm him, and I will come and speak to him."

So saying, she got up and went into the hall, to see what the child wanted.

There stood a poor little Italian boy of some ten years of age, with a tiny cage in which were some white mice. The boy's pinched face told its own tale. He was evidently starving, and his thin little frame shivered in his rags. He spoke only a little broken English, but Anne Protheroe understood his own beautiful language, and he told his simple tale. He was one of those unfortunate children sold to a "padrone," who exploit their tender years and send them out to beg. He had fallen ill with fever, and his cruel master had abandoned him, and he had made his way with difficulty to the town. He had literally not a halfpenny in his pocket, nor a morsel of bread to eat. Anne Protheroe's experienced eye saw at a glance that ill-usage and misery had done their work, and the boy's hollow cough confirmed her opinion. She at once decided what to do. To turn the poor little

fellow out in this bitter night was not to be thought of, and it was too late in the evening to find him a lodging elsewhere. She determined, therefore, to take the poor child into her own house. She ordered a bath and a warm bed to be got ready, and superintended all herself, and in another hour she had the satisfaction of seeing the little fellow comfortably established in a warm, light room. His thin face still preserved much of the beauty so common among Italian children. There were the large dark eyes, the curly chestnut hair, the well-chiseled nose, the mouthful of white teeth. The child looked almost like an angel as his cheek, pale as marble, lay on the pillow. A sweet smile lighted up his face, and he thanked the kind "Signora" again and again as she fed him with some strong soup; and when, at last, she had seen him fall asleep, she left him that she might take some refreshment herself after the fatigues of the day, and prepare to retire to rest.

The bells were ringing merrily, the stars shone out brightly, and the winter's night was lovely in its solemn stillness. Anne opened her window and looked out. The tower of the Cathedral stood out in strong relief against the deep azure of the starry sky, and as she gazed upwards at the firmament, she thought of the event that took place on this night so many hundred years ago, when the songs of the Angels proclaimed the Birth of the Saviour of the World in the crib of Bethlehem. As she pondered on the wonderous love of her God in deigning to be born a helpless Infant, her thoughts reverted to the poor little boy sleeping beneath her roof, and she thanked God that she had received him this bitter night and given him shelter, for the sake of Him Who was homeless on that first Christmas night, when Mary laid Him in the manger.

So she fell asleep; and after a few hours she was awakened by the bells ringing, as she supposed, for the usual morning service, which on great feasts was at an earlier hour than at other times. Hastily she started up and looked at her watch; but she had forgotten to wind it up the previous evening, and it had stopped. Fully convinced, however, that it was time to get up, she hastened to dress, and, taking her latch-key, she undid the house door and sallied forth. As she approached the Cathedral, she saw it was lighted within, and she heard the sounds of music proceeding from the interior.

"I am late," she thought, as she hurried to the door. To her surprise it was fastened. She knocked, and some one from within opened it slightly, and as she tried to enter, gently pushed her back. The person, whoever it was, spoke: "Go back," he said, "this is not your hour, and this service is not for you."

Thus saying the door closed on her so quickly that her cloak was caught in the door, and as she found it impossible to extricate it, she tore a piece from the garment in order to get free. She returned home, and as she reached her door the clock of the belfry struck one. What could it mean? and what could be going on within the old Cathedral at that hour? Perhaps they were practising some new anthems; but how late, and how strange they should have pushed her back! In the morning she would inquire, and find out what it all meant.

She got back to bed and fell into a deep sleep, only to awake when broad daylight was streaming into the room; and every bell of the town was proclaiming the Christmas morn.

Suddenly she remembered the episode of the night. At first she thought it was a dream, when her attention was arrested by seeing her cloak, which lay on the chair, and from which a piece had been torn.

"Strange!" thought she to herself, "I must, then, really have been to the Cathedral this night!" She could not rest till she had ascertained the facts, and she hastened to finish her toilet. "Perhaps I may learn something," she said, as she tied on her bonnet and sallied forth. To her astonishment, when she reached the Cathedral porch, there on the ground lay the very portion of material missing from her cloak.

What could it mean? Who could have been in the Cathedral? She was greatly troubled, and all through the services that day she could think of nothing else; and the more she considered it, all the more perplexed she grew.

She determined, however, to keep what had happened to herself, as she knew that people would only laugh at her and not believe her: so to divert her thoughts she went often to the bedside of the poor child she had taken in.

He was fearfully ill — she saw evidently he was dying; and the medical man she had sent for confirmed her in her opinion. Violent inflammation of the lungs had set in, and the doctor said he could not live more than two or three days. As she sat by his bedside she talked to him about his native country. She found his mother was dead, and his father had married again. The poor child sobbed bitterly when he spoke of his dead mother, and talked much also of Father Benedetto, the priest who had prepared him for his first Communion, and he piteously cried for him to come to him. Anne Protheroe tried to soothe him, but his great desire seemed to be to see a priest and to have the last sacraments; and she was sorely puzzled how to act.

She had a great dislike to Popish priests, and besides, she knew that the Catholic clergyman in the town only spoke English. She remembered, however, having heard that a foreign ecclesiastic was staying on a visit to a Roman Catholic family in the neighbourhood, and she resolved to send for him to come and see her *protégé*.

The following day he came and notwithstanding her dislike and her prejudices, her natural courtesy and good breeding, and some curiosity, induced her to receive him herself. In spite of herself, she was greatly struck and prepossessed.

Father Giovanni was an Italian. His fine countenance, his look of holiness and great intellect, and his refined and polished manners, were very unlike all she was accustomed to in her own clergy, and she was greatly impressed. She led him to the bedside of the poor child, whose joy at seeing a priest of his own country was pleasant to witness. Miss Protheroe left them alone together, and when at last Father Giovanni returned to the drawing-room, he asked her permission to return the following morning, to give the child the last sacraments. He thanked her in warm terms for her charity, and told her

the poor boy's gratitude was unbounded. "He will bring a blessing on you, dear madam, for he is dying in all his innocence, and his piety and resignation have filled me with consolation. And now, may I ask you to have all ready for me to-morrow, that I may give him the last sacraments?" Anne Protheroe promised to do so, and he took his leave.

With her own hands she prepared the little table, and spread it with a fair white cloth, and set upon it two wax candles in silver candlesticks, whilst in a vase she placed a few bright camelias. When Father Giovanni came she asked permission to be present, and he acceded to her request. She was deeply touched by the last beautiful rites of the Catholic Church. There was only just time to administer them ere the little fellow fell into his agony; and as the last prayers of the recommendation of the soul were said, he whispered, "*Mia Madre*," and passed away with a sweet smile which rested on his benefactress till it faded away.

That night Anne Protheroe had a dream. She dreamt that once more she rose up at midnight, and went to the Cathedral, but this time no one prevented her entrance. The altar was a blaze of light, clouds of incense rose on high, and above the altar a monstrance resplendent with jewels contained the sacred host. Music, such as she had never heard, resounded through the "long-drawn aisles" and vaulted roof of the old Cathedral, and the church was full of worshippers.

Then her dream changed, and she beheld once more the face of the person who had closed the door upon her when she had gone to worship on Christmas night. He spoke to her, and pointed to a figure in a peculiar dress, and she heard him say, "See, it is he who will explain to you why the door was closed to you on Christmas Eve. You must seek him out, and he will tell you all." Then she woke, and at once she felt her dream was sent from Heaven. She determined to lose no time in seeking for the explanation of her mysterious midnight visit to the Cathedral.

She called first on the Dean, as being the head clergyman of the place; but he with the greatest courtesy only assured her it was an hallucination. Then she tried all the various Protestant clergymen of the town. Some laughed at her; some said Miss Protheroe's mind was a little affected; none could give her the lest satisfaction. She tried as a last resource the minister of a populous Dissenting chapel, but he could only find in it all an artifice of the Evil One, and the natural consequence of her having harbored under her roof a Popish child, and allowed the priest to give him the last rites of his Church. Anne Protheroe was greatly mortified and disgusted, and much perplexed. At length she bethought her of the Catholic priest, and went to call on Father Edmund at the poor little mission house in the town. She told him her history, and he listened with much attention. When she had finished he said, "I think I can explain it all to you. You went, my child, to the Cathedral, at the hour when of old the midnight Mass was celebrated by the monks at the very hour of our Saviour's Birth, and since its desecration by the Reformers the Mass has ceased; the Blessed Sacrament is no longer on the altars which by right are ours, and the Cathedral is profaned. God led you to the

church at midnight, and the sounds which you heard were those of the angels singing the Mass in honor of our Blessed Lord's Nativity. The explanation of all this is, that God has rewarded your charity, and specially your charity to the poor little Italian boy, by calling you into His true fold."

"But, Father, you are not the person I saw in my dream; you are certainly like him, but you are not him."

"Wait, my child, and perhaps I can solve that mystery too. I will leave you a minute, and when I call you, come."

So saying, Father Edmund stepped into the next room, which was the sacristy, and put on his Benedictine habit and his surplice and stole, ready to receive confessions. Then he called Anne Protheroe to come in. When she saw him she burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Yes! you are the very person I saw in my dream, and I believe God has sent me to you."

"Yes, my dear child, it is even so; and now do what I tell you. I will give you some books to read, which will explain our holy faith to you, and when you have read them, return to me."

Anne Protheroe took them, and need I add that she became a fervent Catholic? God had led her in His own sweet way to the Catholic fold, and rewarded her great charity by the best of His gifts, the gift of the true faith.

She often afterwards met Father Giovanni, who never failed to remind her that her conversion was probably the result of the prayers of the pure soul of the little Italian boy, who in Heaven had not forgotten his benefactress on earth.

Death of a Distinguished Irishman.

ALEXANDER MARTIN SULLIVAN, the distinguished Irish patriot, journalist and lawyer, died at Dublin, on Friday, 17th of October. He was born in Bantry, in the south of Ireland, in the year 1830, and from early manhood has sustained, with honor to himself, and advantage to the country, a prominent part in Irish affairs. He is the second son of Mr. D. Sullivan, of Dublin, a descendant of the O'Sullivans of Beare. He was a member of the Young Ireland party, and when Smith O'Brien was worsted in 1848, young Sullivan, with his two brothers, cruised in a small yacht off the southwestern coast of Ireland in hopes of an opportunity of assisting the patriot and his associates to escape to France. Soon after the '48 rising, he went to Dublin to study art, but after a short time he abandoned the pencil and took up the pen. He joined the staff of the Dublin *Nation*, and in 1853 he became the city editor. Two years afterward Mr. Sullivan became editor and sole proprietor of the paper, and under his management it recovered the vigor, force, and sparkle which characterized it when Charles Gavan Duffy was its head. Mr. Sullivan was the founder of the *Daily News*, and was aided

and seconded in the enterprise by the late Mr. Donegan, of Dublin; but the death of the latter brought business complications which ended in its suspension as a daily. Mr. Sullivan was also publisher of a comic weekly called *Zozimus*, and an illustrated weekly for boys entitled *Young Ireland*. In all his publications his proud, patriotic spirit, and his unwavering and intelligent devotion to the interests of his native land were visible.

On the death of Lucas, and the emigration of Charles Gavan Duffy to Australia, Mr. Sullivan was deprived of his strongest supporters in conducting the national battle in Dublin. He was aided, however, from other parts of the island by such men as Archbishop MacHale, John Martin, John Henry Moore, and Father John Kenyon. In February, 1868, great excitement existed in Ireland, arising from the execution of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien at Manchester. Mr. Sullivan, with John Martin, James Lalor, and Thomas Bracken, was indicated for sedition for speaking in an assemblage in which it was proposed to erect a monument to these men; but on the trial the jury disagreed. He was subsequently found guilty of publishing seditious matter in the *Weekly News* and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He was released at the end of four months. While in prison he declined the office of lord mayor, tendered him by the Corporation of Dublin, of which he was a member. On the day of his release he was presented with a national testimonial, which he also declined, and a sum of money tendered him he applied as the nucleus of a fund for the erection of Foley's statue of Grattan, now on College Green. Mr. Sullivan was a prominent member of the English bar, and has a very extensive practice.

Since the formation of the Home Rule Association, Mr. Sullivan has been one of its most active members. In 1874 he was returned to Parliament from the county of Louth, in which he defeated Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue, president of the Board of Trade. On the election of Mr. Parnell as member for Cork, Mr. Sullivan was chosen to succeed him as member for Meath, and he held the position until failing health and the demands of his private business forced him to resign. He was the friend and confident of Parnell, Davitt, Dillon, and other Land League agitators. On the rebuilding of Essex Bridge in Dublin he procured the passage of an ordinance of the corporation changing the name to Grattan Bridge, against the strenuous efforts of the Castle authorities. He was one of the promoters of the splendid O'Connell monument recently unveiled in Dublin.

Mr. Sullivan paid a visit to this country twenty-five years ago, and remained here a year. His wife is the daughter of the late John Donovan, of New Orleans, and the lady was born in that city. On his return home he wrote an interesting pamphlet, illustrated with his own hand, descriptive of the British massacre in Wyoming Valley in 1778. He is author of several works of great merit, his most recent production being "New Ireland," in which he shows the progress that country has made in forty years.

His "Story of Ireland" is a singularly graphic and interesting work, and has run through several editions. His last work, "A Nut

Shell History of Ireland," is published by Patrick Donahoe, who gives it as a premium to those who take his magazine.

The funeral took place on the 20th and was largely attended, nearly all the Home Rule members of Parliament being among those present. Mr. Parnell was unable to attend, owing to illness which has confined him to his room. The procession which escorted the remains to Glasnevin cemetery, where they were interred, was enormous and unequalled in the history of Dublin. At the meeting of Nationalists on Sunday, expressions of condolence with Mr. A. M. Sullivan's family were made. Masses were celebrated and prayers were offered for the repose of his soul in most of the Catholic churches. The committee of the Glasnevin cemetery granted a free burial site for the interment of his remains. Many thousand people attended the funeral.

After the funeral a subscription list was opened for Mr. Sullivan's widow and family, and the movement is already well advanced. The fund had not been opened an hour before $7000 was subscribed. The friends of the dead patriot hope to raise the fund to $50,000. They are arranging a system of small collections throughout the parishes of Ireland. The subscriptions are stimulated by the fact, which has just been published, that Mr. Sullivan made many sacrifices of fortune in recent years on account of his devotion to the Irish cause. After he attained eminence at the English bar, he was repeatedly offered positions, such as are always in the gift of the English government, in which he would have little or nothing to do, while he would receive a substantial income. The offers were tempting, as they would be to any young barrister with constantly increasing family expenses. If he had accepted any one of them he could have accumulated money, and his cares for the future of his family would have been at an end. But he declined them all. He said that he always opposed the sinecure system in the English government, and that if he were to accept a sinecure for himself, he could never look at his own reflection in a looking-glass without a desire to cut his throat.

THE Paulist Fathers of New York, who embrace in their ranks some of the most erudite men in America, are building a church which will have one of the most beautiful and appropriate domes ever thought of for any ecclesiastical building. It is to be an exact imitation of the canopy of heaven as it appeared on the night of the dedication of the building to God's worship. The celestial map was planned from nature by a distinguished astronomer, who is a member of the Order. Every star and cluster of stars is in its own silvery place in the over-arching blue. This is a notion, we think, which would tickle the subtle fancy of Ruskin. A Kepler of the future will have but to look at this unique dome to fix the precise date on which it was painted. The Paulists devote much of their time to literary labor, and deserve the credit of originating five minute sermons for the early Mass on working-days.

Toads, Past and Present.

It will surprise some people to learn that Great Britain regularly imports toads from Austria and elsewhere, carefully packed like shell-less plover's eggs with moss in wooden boxes, and that they "fetch from 3*l.* to 4*l.* per hundred." Those who know toads intimately will not, however, be surprised at that; for a toad has his good points — not in his person, indeed, for that is only distinguished by a certain "baggy squatness" of outline, said to have been intentionally enshrined by Milton in his famous description of Satan, who

"Sat like a toad, *squat* at the ear of Eve."

But in a greenhouse or a garden, other than that of Eden, the toad is as welcome as he is out of place in a drawing-room. Solitude and moisture are his elements. With these and gnats in abundance he will straddle in comfortable obesity to the end of his days. An American writer, Mr. Dudley Warner, has recorded his experience, that to keep beetles — "bugs" he calls them—out of a melon patch, next to soot, which is blacker than the beetles, and so disgusts them into going away, the best thing in the world is a toad. The difficulty in keeping the toad on guard where you have placed him can be obviated by building a light fence all round him. Then, we are told, it is touching to observe the intimate relations which the toad at once establishes with the "black bug," the "straddle bug," and the "striped bug, the saddest of the year." Mr. Warner's American toads seem, however, to have been more lively and "jumping" than our English ones. In this country the great artifice of the toad in stalking an unwary gnat lies in its prolonged simulation of philosophic indifference to all earthly appetites. With the wisdom, and certainly with the ugliness, of Socrates, the toad appears to ponder upon the great inscrutable, and takes up his position, plunged in deep thought, a few inches from his quarry. A long silence succeeds, then — flap! — there is one gnat less in the world, and again that mystic solemnity is drawn like a mask over the toad's wrinkled and corrugated countenance. A quick eye might perhaps have noticed some slight vibration of the air between the insect and the toad; but neither seemed to stir, and yet the gnat has gone, and the toad has swallowed it. For Providence has compensated the toad for his ugliness and his evil reputation by the gift of a patent reversible tongue, firmly fixed in front and with the gummy free end pointing down his throat. This organ he fillips out suddenly and "nails" his mosquito with scientific dexterity.

This gift, however, which may be said to be the only merit of a modern toad, has been consistently ignored by the poets and others who have held their crooked mirrors up to nature from time to time. What is marvellous in nature has little attraction for the inspired poet unless it be also untrue. This is the grand secret of "poesie." When Shakespeare lived to write, toads were a power in this country. They possessed the valuable secret, since lost in great part of getting swel-

tered venom under cold stones. For many years the semi-scientific public had learned to regard this story as an ignorant superstition, and the toad itself — at a distance — as a perfectly harmless and much maligned reptile. Real science, however, in the guise of the *Lancet* has come more or less to Shakespeare's rescue; for that journal last year discovered *more suo* that the venom of a toad "injected beneath the skin of a dog" — always some unhappy dog is the "friend of man" in his pursuit of science as of woodcocks — "produce couvulsions." When this piece of intelligence shall percolate into country districts it will be hailed with pleasure; not that there they value Shakespeare more, but that they love toads less. The summary immolation of toads, whenever and wherever found, has long been the sacred privilege and pastime of the youthful rustic; and the *Lancet's* timely "discovery" will set the seal of scientific authority upon the act.

It was not always necessary, however, to inject the toad's venom beneath the skins of dogs to find out that it was tolerably powerful. A duke once loved a maiden of low degree. Her father and lover disapproved, but the magnanimous nobleman did not allow that unfortunate circumstance to embitter their relations as landlord and tenant. He invited them to a feast at the ducal mansion; when they, not content apparently with all the special dishes he had provided for them, foolishly ate a leaf (history does not state which took the larger portion) of rue that grew in the garden! Now, it unfortunately happened that a toad had burrowed under that identical plant, and both of the men died during the afternoon. There could be no doubt about the matter. There was the plant, there were the dead men; and when the rue, by the duke's orders, was uprooted, the toad was found underneath and promptly immolated. The men were buried, and his Grace received much commendation for his discretion in divining the *causa mortis*. Whether the course of true love ran subsequently smooth is uncertain. At all events the duke never married the maiden. But the impartial toad of those days did not confine itself to doing to death impedimental male relations. It could, and did, spit venom upon man and beast with discrimination and accuracy from a distance of many cubits. The cattle disease of the period, as well as those mysterious human deaths, which a modern jury would bring in as "wilful murder against persons unknown," were generally understood to be the work of the hated batrachian. It would, indeed, not have been surprising if the whole clan had been annihilated for their misdeeds.

Still, it is some consolation to know that even in the rank hey-day of its venom the toad was sometimes over-matched. The astute spider of ancient times secreted an opposition poison so deadly that in single combat with the toad it invariably triumphed His Grace the Duke of Bedford, we are told, was once taking his walk with divers gentlemen of his household, when they espied a spider and a toad struggling near a "certaine plante." The duke was apparently not a practical botanist; but the toad was, and knew that the "certaine plante" was efficacious as an antidote to spider's venom. After each round it retired to eat a leaf and returned to the charge with longer and "more manful" leaps. His Grace thereupon ordered a

certain honourable gentleman to uproot the plant, which was speedily done. Then a marvel, wonderful to relate, came to pass. The toad, who had "come up smiling" for the fifteenth time, was bitten as usual by his agile antagonist, and, retreating for medicine, found it gone. Whereupon it gave itself up to despair, "grew blacke, and burst asunder insomuch that all were astonished." How much it was necessary that the toad should burst asunder before the company were astonished is not stated. People were apparently not easily astonished in those days. Still they were practical; for a godly society of monks having observed a toad "to take up his station" upon the mouth of a sleeping brother, "and knowing that to arouse him was certain death, but to leave the animal there was worse," carried the sleeper carefully into a corner of the room where there was a spider's web. Guessing at once what was required of her, the spider spun her thread downwards and promptly burst the toad. The sensation of the imperilled ecclesiastic must then have been enviable. Spiders, however, soon degenerated. A philosopher of an inquiring mind shut up a toad and some spiders in a glass. At first, indeed, the spiders commenced "without resistance to sit upon his head," but later "upon advantage, he swallowed them down, and that in a few hours, to the number of seven." It is humiliating to confess that nowadays toads eat spiders with business-like regularity, and look as healthy as toads can. Sometimes they eat nothing and grow stout on it. A young toadling once hibernated within the empty nose of a large watering-pot. When spring arrived, it was much exercised in mind by a cork which the ingenuity of juvenile malice had thrust into the entrance. When, later on, the obstacle was removed, the golden moment had passed and the toad was found to be too stout to get out. When last seen as a two-year-old, it seemed a little cramped for room, but by no means impatient.

Patience, indeed, would appear to be the toad's only good quality, unless, indeed, want of beauty, as in those novels of 'a good moral tendency,' can be magnified into a cardinal virtue. With philosophic equanimity the toad will creep head first into a hole, and then reversing its engines with great difficulty and much asthmatic puffing, turn round and gaze out upon the world with the imperturbable visage of Herodotus' prince, who 'would have been handed down to posterity as the wisest of men if he had not lain on his back and gesticulated in an unseemly manner with his legs.' The toad *never* gesticulates with its legs, but continues to peer solemnly out of the hole until the gardener fills it up with a spadeful of earth. The gardener says it is good for toads to be buried for fifty years. Nor, if the ordinary estimates of batrachian longevity are to be trusted, would the toad miss that half-century of retirement from business. Mr. Arscott, of Devonshire, has recorded how, as a boy, he became acquainted with a toad which his father had for many years noticed haunting the steps of *his* father's front door. From the first this particular toad had been remarkable for its patriarchal dimensions, and when, after thirty years, Mr. Arscott undertook to tame the creature, it responded to his approaches with all the effusion of youthful confidence, and after having haunted

the front-door steps for three generations, became at last a welcome guest at the supper-table, and ate maggots.

But it is childish to calculate a toad's age by human generations or by centuries A.D. Long before the days of Noah's great-grandfather's predecessors, toads, we are told, used to seat themselves, for purposes known only to themselves, in the plastic sediment of the antediluvian past. There, oblivious of the world, they remained, while the sediment became sandstone, and geological periods came and went, each dragging on its endless tale of years. Through their stone-walls perchance the toads speculated upon the lapping and murmuring sound of those waters that drowned the earth, and the clinking of mallet and chisel upon that useless tower of old, and listened with solemn wonder to the strange outcry that followed the confusion of the workmen's tongues. Then a long silence, gilded with the distant recollection of the flavor of those plump palæozoic mosquitoes that used to settle upon the sedimentary deposits into which the toad was surely but slowly sinking. Once more the silence is broken by the distant sound of human tools and voices. Nearer and nearer they approach until, at last, the toad's prison is burst open, and, with its blear eyes dazzled by a flood of nineteenth century daylight, the toad gazes dreamily upon the wondering face of Silas Browne, of Liverpool, quarryman. Then he crawls forth laboriously, and "nails" the house-fly of civilization with a relish that would almost seem to imply a previous acquaintance with the insect. He is agile, too, considering his age. But the agility of a toad is not to be compared with that of a quarryman, who knows a scientific gentleman "as pays well for fossuls and cur'osities." Then the toad and fragments of his prison are enveloped together in a red handkerchief, and subsequently displayed to the ecstatic eyes of the representative of science, who takes down Browne's "ocular evidence" with circumstantial accuracy, though, as he naively remarks, "corroborative testimony is hardly necessary," for the cavity in the stone could not have fitted the toad better, "if it had been made to measure." Whereat Silas Browne glances uneasily round the room. Then he pockets his money, picks up his fur cap from under the chair, and departs. The man of science has been to London, reads an address to the Royal Society for Scientific Investigation of Impossible Phenomena, illustrated with diagrams of a coal mine, sections of geological strata, plaster casts of toadholes, fragments of the genuine toad-hole, and the antediluvian toad himself surveying the audience through his glass prison, like Solomon in a greenhouse. Then the man of science carries out, for the good of mankind, a series of instructive experiments. He buries a number of toads, for the good of mankind, underground in stone prisons with glass fronts; digs them up at the end of a year. He finds some of the toads dead, others still alive, though "much emaciated." He reads another lecture to the R. S. F. S I. O. I. P., and again buries the toad. At the end of another year all the toads are dead and shrivelled up, and he reads no more lectures. It would not be for the good of mankind to do so; but somehow of late years the market price of a toad in a coal mine has fallen off considerably, which is perhaps only one more instance of the degeneracy of the modern toad

They were once invaluable in many respects. Fortune-tellers were helpless without fried toads. A witch's incantation was obviously incomplete unless "Paddock" (the familiar name of the reptile) called. An ointment of toad's fat gave immense muscular strength if applied to the body at the moment of conjunction of certain favorable planets. A cubic inch of dried toad worn round the neck on a string was an infallible antidote against many diseases of the body and mind; and a powdered toad, swallowed in spoonfuls, formed a love philtre irresistible by the most obdurate swain, perhaps because the nature of the medicine was such as to compel him to throw up his previous engagements. The common or garden toad of the present day must, indeed, admit with sorrow that virtue has gone out of him. Batrachian powders would only make a modern misogynist very ill; and ordinary toads shrivel up to such an extent that the happy effects of a solid cubic inch of dried toad are unattainable. Even the priceless jewel that each toad used to carry in his head, in order, out of pure toadish spite, to prevent human beings from finding him, is not easily discovered nowadays. Nature is more niggardly of diamonds than she used to be, and the supply of precious stones for the toads' heads has therefore run short. In Sir Thomas Browne's days they were abundant enough, being "often to be met with in toads, at least, by the induration of their cranies," and, though fewer in number than the "toad-stones" found in the earth, were valuable enough, "and in substance not unlike the stones in crabs' heads." As far as at this distance of time, we can recollect the results of childhood's scientific investigations for the pearl of great price in a toad's "crany" produced a decided opinion that a toad's head was partly full of water and partly empty. Doubtless the vinegar aspects of that toad—for his malevolent expression haunts us still—dissolved his pearl. Or it may be that the race has suffered from hereditary water on the brain to such an extent that not only is there no stone in the cerebellum, but not even any cerebellum—nothing but water. One inquiring naturalist has stated that this water has an acid taste. It is to be hoped that he became aware of that valuable fact by accident.

There is another kind of English toad distinguished from the "common" or "garden" toad (*Bufo vulgaris*) by its title, the "Natterjack toad" by its comparative rarity, its superior agility, and a yellow stripe down its back. But these are poor substitutes for the venomous, medicinal, jewelled, and immortal toad of poets, philosophers, and men of science of the last generation. *Their* toad exists no longer.

E. Kay Robinson, in *Longman's Magazine.*

It is proposed to raise the sum of $50,000 for the family of the late A. M. Sullivan. The Catholic clergy of England, and London in particular, are taking an active part, and Cardinal Manning has accepted a position on the executive committee.

The Heart of the Commonwealth.

"Write to my dear mother, and tell her I die for my country. I wish I had two lives to give. Let the Union Flag be wrapped about me, and a fold of it laid under my head."

AT the bi-centennial celebration of the city of Worcester, Mass., recently, the Republican Senator, Senator Hoar, delivered an eloquent oration, in which he referred as follows to the Irish element in that city: "Allowing for the very large number of the grandchildren of emigrants, it seems reasonably certain, that, of our present population of 70,000, quite 30,000 are of Irish descent. To many good men this has been a source of alarm. But to me, much meditating on this theme, considering it in those large and permanent relations which belong to an occasion like this, it seems cause for unmixed gratitude to God, both for what it has done for us in the past, and for what we may hope from it in the future. Say nothing now of the benefit we have been able to confer on them. Leave out of view the blessing of justice, freedom, employment, self-government, education, to those who have withdrawn their necks from under the heel of England, a boon which a humane and generous people would strain and peril their own institutions to the utmost to confer. Think of what this race has done for us. Without the foreign immigration to this country, the building of our railroads would have been impracticable, or must have been delayed for a generation. That, in its turn, would have postponed the settlement of the West, would have made the suppression of the Rebellion impossible, and would have prevented the creation of that western market, and access to that western agriculture, which in their turn, have erected, supported and fed the manufacturing communities of the East. Worcester owes its growth, its manufacturing supremacy, to that railroad system, which these men crossed the Atlantic to build for us. The English and Irish race meet in American as mutual benefactors. They meet, also, as equals. The problem of their perfect union is to be wrought out here, on a new field, where equal justice prevails, where there is no lord and no serf. We dwell, with an honest pride, on the great qualities of our own ancestors. We hope to transmit them to our children. In that mighty national life drawn from so many sources; of many, one; of many States, one nation; of many races, one people; of many creeds — one faith; the elements the Puritan has contributed,— his courage, his constancy; his belief in God; his reverence for law; his love of liberty; his serene and lofty hope — will be elements of perpetual power. But see what the Irishman brings, also, as a dowry to this marriage which the centuries are to weld. The Irish race is conspicuous among great races for great traits. No people that possessed them ever failed to achieve a high rank among nations, on a fair field. These qualities are: — the capacity to produce great men under the most adverse conditions; the capacity for rapid elevation, when conditions are favorable; courage; soldiery qualities; the gift of eloquence; the power of severe and patient labor; the passion for owning land; strong domestic affection;

chastity; deep religious feeling. It is true, they brought with them faults, the result of their long bondage. But is it not also true that our experience of thirty years has shown their capacity for advancement? Self-government and freedom are great educators; as the history of our western communities as well as our own abundantly proves. We need not go outside of our own local history for proof of the courage and soldierly quality of the Irish race. When the news came of the dishonor to our flag at Sumpter, the prompt enlistment of the Emmet Guards, the first organization of foreign blood, one of the very first of any blood, that marched to the war, has been well said to be "a representative fact of the very highest importance to the permanent character of the government." Who can read, without tears of joy and pride and thanksgiving to Almighty God that He has given him such men to be his countrymen, the story of the death of O'Neil — that natural gentlemen, who said when he was dying, "Write to my dear mother, and tell her I die for my country. I wish I had two lives to give. Let the Union flag be wrapped about me, and a fold of it laid under my head,"— of the devoted and tender McConville, who died at Cold Harbor, with the name of his mother on his lips,— of him who gave both arms to save the flag of the country he loved, and whose stout and constant heart has never yet regretted the sacrifice.

Death of Gen. O'Neill, the Canadian Invader.

THE end of an adventurous life is announced in the following brief despatch from El Paso, Texas:

General J. G. O'Neill, the distinguished Fenian, died here yesterday from hemorrhage of the lungs. He was taken suddenly ill, and died in fifteen minutes. His death was a great surprise to his friends, who looked upon his fine health and physique with pride.

General O'Neill was the head and front of the celebrated Fenian expedition in 1868. His troops expected to take Canada, and with every hope of success laid out their plans. In March, 1868, the plan of Sweeny, another Fenian leader, was published. It was based on a series of combined movements, and St. Patrick's day was designated as the time to commence operations.

"We have," boldly said General O'Neill, "a very large organization, plenty of ammunition and great quantities of supplies. What else do we want?"

The whole Canadian government seemed to shake. A great call was sent out from Montreal and other cities. In less than twenty hours 15,000 or 16,000 men were on hand to defend their country. It was the best possible answer to those who had early and often asserted that Canada had no militia. The Queen was astonished when she learned of

The Strength of the Canadian Militia.

But, after all the excitement which the bold O'Neill had started, the 17th of March, from morn to eve, was never more quiet or peaceful.

The proposed invasion exhausted itself. In the month of May the danger having apparently passed away, several of the regiments of volunteers were dismissed.

Summer advanced. The Fenians in the United States were much more numerous than had been supposed. The Canadian officials were afraid that some disaster might result. Sooner or later there must be an outburst. The Fenian feeling was constantly growing stronger. They were divided into two sections, one being commanded by Stephens, the other by Roberts. The former desired to conquer Ireland, the latter was bent on Canada.

About May 15, with the expectation of being joined by many presumed disaffected Canadians, the Fenian leaders commenced to make preparations, this time on a very large scale, for a descent on Canada. Three lines of operations had been determined upon: One from Chicago and other Western cities on the Lake Huron coast; another from Buffalo and Rochester, across the Niagara frontier, and a third, which was the most formidable of all, from the cities on the Atlantic coast, to organize in Eastern New York State. The force was to assemble near Ogdensburg, to go to Ottawa, and to operate along the eastern frontier, which was exposed. The city of Buffalo was just swarming with Fenian bands, which had been collected from all quarters. Before daylight, Friday, the 1st of June, a body of 1,500 strong, under the command of General O'Neill, crossed the Canadian line three miles below Niagara, and established themselves on Canadian soil without any opposition. The first step was to take possession of

The Ruins of Fort Erie.

near where they had landed, and of the Buffalo and Lake Huron railroad depot, near by. They captured all the provisions and horses they could lay hands on, but no violence was offered further than this.

During the day, an American war vessel, the Michigan, which of late years has been at the Charlestown navy yard, patrolled the river to prevent the crossing of reinforcements. Notwithstanding, small boats with recruits and supplies did cross, no hindrance of any consequence being attempted. But, whatever might have been the expectations of the Fenians as to a Canadian rising in their favor, they were wholly disappointed. Their only real hope of aid was from the American side.

General O'Neill next moved ten miles farther, taking up a position in an elevated woodland, termed Limeridge, where a temporary breastwork was at once constructed.

In the meantime the Canadian military authorities had been actively engaged in making preparation to drive this dangerous band out of the Dominion. An army was raised and sent against O'Neill. The latter's men were worn out with marching and fighting, and soon saw that capturing Canada and celebrating a holiday were two different things. The party was finally captured by United States marshals, and nearly all were placed on board the Michigan. Some escaped across the water on boards and logs, and some hid.

This short but exciting raid is what has made the name of General J. G. O'Neill famous on both sides of the border.

Our Young Folks.

OUR WEE JOSEPHINE.

I.

Really, I'm too far gone, to write, with laziness, sleep and spleen;
I'm sick and sad and weary, and feeling very queer;
And only something superfine can please sweet Josephine.
However, none can worse than fail, and failure claims a tear—
So here is for a tear or smile, or maybe for a sigh.
These are the stuff that makes up life, with just some fun between;
We rise and work, and laugh and weep, and sometimes feign and lie;
But truce with all philosophy — it's now for Josephine.

II.

It's now for Josephine—it was once the realm of France,
A many million of faithful hearts and ships upon the sea.
But fled is all that youth and joy, red cheeks and sunny glance,
And that widowed, orphaned mother now, a dreary fate must dree.
But Josephine—our Josephine—our Josie young and fair,
She little cares for ships or men, or banners flashing sheen;
She cares for dress and brittens, for her bracelets and her hair,
And we all like and love her best, our own sweet Josephine.

J. K.

A BABY'S FEET.

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink
  Might tempt, should Heaven see fit,
An angel's lips to kiss I think,
    A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
  They stretch, and spread, and wink,
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.
  No flower bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
  As shine on life's untrodden brink—
    A baby's feet.

A. C. Swinburne.

A child being asked what at baptism was the outward and visible sign, replied, "The baby!"

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE SNOWDROP.

CHAPTER XIV.

SAM TRIES TO BE KIND.

At the end of a long day's tramp, the little party returned to the shabby old house, and climbed wearily up the stairs. The children were sick at heart and utterly miserable. They had seen no one they knew, and had not even gone to a part of the town that was familiar to Snowdrop. People had pitied them, they looked so poor and unhappy, and pennies were thrown to them wherever they went. This put Sam in very good spirits, and he shouted and sang more lustily than ever as he put his piano away for the night.

"These kids was a goodish spec," he said, with a laugh, as he poured the coppers into Sally's lap. "Treat them well, for if the perlice doesn't nab 'em they'll make yer fortune"

"We'll do nothing of the kind," cried Dermot flaring up. "I'll take no more pennies, and I'll scream at everybody that I have been stolen."

"Yer may just save yer breath, then, for no one would believe yer," said Sam. "They'd think it were some sort o' play yer was performin' an' give yer more pennies than afore," and chuckling to himself he sat down to eat his supper.

"You are a horrible lot of wretches," cried Dermot, "and when I get back to my father I'll—I'll get you well punished. It was wicked of you to steal us away, and keep us in this nasty den."

"When you get to your father you may punish us," said Sally; "but you'll never see him again, never."

"Oh! don't say that," cried Snowdrop, weeping. "I shall die if I stay here—for, oh!—I am so unhappy."

"Hush, little missy; don't cry," whispered Sam; "yer'll ony make Sally angry. I'll 'elp yer to find yer par, never fear. But don't tell Sally or she'll kill us."

"Oh, you good, good Sam!" cried the little girl, rapturously.

"Don't believe him, Snow," cried Dermot, who had overheard Sam's words. "He is a liar and ——"

"Yer'd better shut up, young un, or maybe I'd give yer one in the hye," said Sam, kicking poor Dermot on the shin. "Much yer knows whether I'm a liar or not. Take yer supper an' dry up."

"That's the way to treat him," said Sally, laughing. "He wants a little taking down, that youngster. His pride's too much for his clothes."

"Yes," thought the boy to himself, "they're not much to be proud of; but the very feel of them makes me boil with rage," and he glanced at his tattered trowsers and clumsy boots with a groan of despair.

"Don't mind her, Dermy; we'll find papa and mamma yet. She won't be able to prevent us."

"Oh, she could, she could, Snow," and Dermot's tears dropped hot and fast.

"Dermy, dear, we're more unhappy than the babes in the wood, for they died and were covered with leaves by dear little robins. It would be far nicer to die than live here always with Sally;" and Snowdrop began to weep afresh.

"There, there," whispered Sam, dashing his sleeve across his eyes, and turning away his head, lest Sally should see that he was crying. "Don't yer be so miserable; take a bit of bread an' a drop o' milk, an' make yourselves happy for to-night."

"O Sam! Sam! how could we be that?" said Snowdrop, mournfully, and then, as Sally went over to the window, "I'm afraid, Sam, I'm afraid; she might kill us. I'd like to die like the babes in the wood; but, oh, to be killed! — Sam, Sam, I couldn't bear it."

"She won't kill yer, dear," answered Sam, in her ear; "She 'ates yer like pison, but she'll never kill yer. 'Ere h'eat this bit o' bloater, its nice an' tasty like."

"Oh, no, no, thank you, Sam. Keep it for yourself; you like it. I would rather have the bread."

"Lor' love yer, yer a sweet little darlin'," cried Sam, with his mouth full of bloater. "I'll do my very best to find yer mar for yer, so there."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, dear kind Sam," cried Snowdrop, and jumping up she flung her arms round the lad's neck and kissed him.

"Don't, Snowdrop. How can you?" cried Dermot, and getting very red, he pulled his cousin down on her seat.

"I don't deserve it, missy; I don't, indeed," said Sam. "But if anything would ever make me good, it would be yer dear kind little ways."

"Be quick and finish your suppers, and get off to your beds, you two," cried Sally, coming over to the table. "And I'll tell you what, Sam, it you get so mighty friendly with that girl I'll pack her off to the other side of the water, where there is some one that will make her work, and not pet and make much of her, as you seem to do."

"Oh, I'm not friendly with 'er; don't yer go an' think such a thing," said Sam, quickly, and giving Snowdrop a push, he muttered: "Don't come botherin' me wid yer nonsense; I'm not to be won over with kissing. I've little enough o' this fish for myself; so don't yer come beggin' for it. Yer an' awful beggar, yer are. But 'ere goes," and he put the last piece of bloater into his mouth.

Greatly terrified at the sudden change in his manner, Snowdrop shrank away from him, and covering her face with her hands burst into tears.

"You big bully — you great coward," cried Dermot, with flashing eyes, "she never asked for your bloater. I told Snow you were a liar and she would not believe me. It's cruel to push a little child away and frighten her. If I were strong and tall I'd fight you, so I would, and——"

"No, yer wouldn't," said Sam; "for if you wasn't a baby yer'd see wot I mean,' and jumping up from the table he ran out of the room.

"Now then, away you go, you two; clear off," cried Sally. "No one can have any peace where you are."

Too much alarmed to make any reply, the children dropped the bread they were eating and followed in Sam's footsteps. Outside the door they found the big strong lad leaning against the wall, his whole frame shaken with sobs, the tears streaming down his face.

"Sam," cried Snowdrop, "oh, Sam, what is the matter?"

"O missy, missy, where's yer par an' yer mar? My 'eart is just breakin' to see yer pinin' away in this 'ere place. I 'ad to speak rough to yer or Sally'd 'ave treated yer worse; forgive me, missy, an' tell me where's yer par an' mar."

"I do forgive you, Sam; but, oh! I cannot tell where papa and mamma are, for I don't know—I don't know."

"I'd give anything to be able to drop yer at their door; for I can't bear to see yer cryin' an' then to know 'ow yer's knocked about—I ——"

"Then let me write to my father at Kilteen Castle?" said Dermot, boldly. "I have only to write a few lines, and he'd be here in a day."

"I couldn't let yer write," said Sam, doggedly.

"Then it's nonsense to pretend you want to help us to get home. You don't, or you would let me write at once."

"Yes, an' get Sally taken up. No; I won't betray Sally; so there," and turning on his heel, Sam returned to the sitting-room, and the children heard him laughing and talking as they went sadly downstairs to bed.

"He's worse than Sally," cried Dermot; "for he's a hypocrite. He pretends to be sorry for us, and he's not."

"I think he's trying to be kind, Dermy," said Snowdrop, gently; "but he doesn't quite know how."

Then, as Goodie was seen approaching, they kissed each other lovingly, and ran into their rooms. Very soon they heard the keys turning in the locks, and they knew they were prisoners till the morning.

The next day Sam was in a rollicking humor, and was noisy and rough as he sat at breakfast. He and Sally joked and laughed till the children stared at them in astonishment. How could they be so happy when they felt so miserable? But when Sam and the little ones started off with the piano, he became strangely silent and sighed heavily as they went along.

Dermot and Snowdrop walked after him, wondering greatly what could be the matter. Instead of stopping every now and then to play, as he had done the day before, he trudged on and on, up one street and down another, till the children grew weary and implored him to stop.

"Sit down, then, and rest a bit by the side of the road," he said, and stopping, he perched himself on the handle of the piano, lost in thought.

"Sam's very queer to-day," said Snowdrop. "He hasn't played a tune yet."

"No; I don't know what can be the matter with him," replied Dermot. "He was so gay at breakfast, and now he seems quite sad. I can't make him out."

"Perhaps he is not well. Shall I ask him?"

"Oh, he's well enough. Why, he ate a fearful breakfast."

"Yes; but I'm sorry to see him sad. I like Sam very much, Dermy."

"You've strange taste, then; he's just a big bear."

"Missy," said Sam, suddenly, "wot kind of a place did yer live in afore yer went over to stop in Ireland?"

"In a beautiful house, Sam, in a large square with trees and flowers, and,—"

"Well, an' 'ave yer no idear wot wos the name o' that 'ere square?"

"Oh, yes, of course. Why, it was New-square; I remember it quite well. We lived in 102 New-square, Hyde Park."

"Why," cried Sam, jumping to his feet, "yer told me yer didn't know where yer par an' mar lived, an',—"

"No, Sam, I don't know where they live," said Snowdrop, the tears springing quickly to her eyes. "Papa and mamma went to a different place after I went to my cousins. They sold the house and went to live in lodgings somewhere. I've often had letters from mamma, but I never noticed the address, and Aunt Julia always directed my envelopes, when I was writing, because I wrote so big. But, oh, dear, I wish I knew where my dear mamma is now."

"It's a bad business, an' it's makin' me feel downright queer, missy. I do wish Sally 'ad leaved you an' young master 'ere alone. It were a wicked thing to steal yer away, that's wot it were."

"Yes, Sam, so it was. But it's wicked of you, at least, its unkind, not to let us write to,—"

"Come, now, missy, none o' that. I'd do anything for yer but write—that's a thing that can't be done. Yer see this is the way o' it. If yer was to write to this young man's par, yer must put in the name o' the 'ouse where Sally, Goodie, an' me lives. Well, the fust thing yer par 'ud do is to bring the perlice an' he'd nab Sally an' Goodie, an' maybe me, too, an' run us all into prison. Goodie, poor old soul, 'ad nothin' to do with stealin' yer, an' she'd suffer well, for even if they didn't put 'er in prison, the gentleman what owns the 'ouse wot we lives in would dismiss 'er an' not let 'er be caretaker anymore, for don't yer see 'e thinks she just lives there alone takin' care o' it and washin' it down. But, o' course, she 'as to hearn a 'onest penny by takin' in a lodger when she can, an' so me an' Sally lodges with 'er. Well, so yer see, it would never do to write an' put hus hall about so much. It would be werry uncomfortable an' disagreeable."

"Yes," said Snowdrop, "but,—"

"No, no, yer needn't begin to argufy, for it's no use. My mind's made hup, yer mustn't write. But, come an' we'll walk roun' the square, an' maybe yer might 'appen on a fren' haccidental like. If I sees yer talkin' to hanyone wot seems to know yer I'll just 'ook off with my hinstrument an' leave yer there," and smiling at the child, Sam pushed his piano up the street.

"It's no use, Dermy, it's no use going there;" and Snowdrop wept pitifully as she went along. "The house is sold and they're all gone away; so it's no use at all."

"We may as well go there as anywhere else," said Dermot, despondingly. "Oh, Snow, how I hate this big, busy London; the roar and the noise of these streets makes my head feel all in a whirl. I long and long to be back in the green fields again."

"So do I, dear; and doesn't it seem a long time since the day of the picnic, Dermy;—since you and I played at 'Excelsior,' and you took the short cut?"

"It seems simply ages, Snow, and yet it is only two days. This is our third day with Sally."

"Only two days! Oh, Dermy, Dermy, I think I shall choke if I stay much longer in that horrible room. Oh! how I wish I could see my dear mother's face again. Every lady I see go past with a little girl makes me feel so sad and lonely."

"Poor Snow! poor darling!" cried Dermot, tenderly. "It was I got you lost, dearest. Oh, how I wish I could get you home—could find your mother for you," and he stooped to kiss the tear-stained face.

"Hie, hie—look where you're going!" cried a voice.

And before the boy had time to draw back, a carriage and pair went dashing past, and the two children were thrown rudely on the ground. But in an instant Dermot was on his feet again, looking wildly about for his cousin. A little crowd had collected close by, and on the side-path, Sam, kneeling close beside her, lay Snowdrop, as white as her pretty namesake, a stream of blood flowing from her head.

"Snowdrop, darling! Oh Sam, is she dead?—is she dead?" and rushing through the crowd, Dermot flung himself down by the unconscious child.

"Not dead—not dead," said Sam, with a sob; "honly stunned—I 'ope. But I must take 'er to the 'ospital. Take care o' yourself, my boy. Stand 'ere by the pianner an' I'll come back for yer when I've seen missy made comfortable," and hailing a four-wheel cab Sam got in.

The little girl was lifted gently, and laid in his arms.

"To the hospital in great Ormond-street," cried a man, shutting the door.

And then the cab drove quickly away, and poor Dermot was left alone, in sorrow and despair, at the corner of Oxford Circus.

CHAPTER XV.

SNOWDROP MAKES A FRIEND.

When Snowdrop recovered consciousness, she looked about her in surprise. What had happened she could not remember, and where she was she could not possibly imagine. Gazing round her, she saw a large, airy room, the walls covered with pretty pictures, numbers of little beds ranged along side by side, and kind-looking ladies moving softly about in a pleasant, subdued light.

"Do you feel better, dear?" asked a sweet voice. "You have had a nice sleep, so I am sure you must be better."

"Yes — I feel — but, oh! what is the matter with my head? Why, it is all tied up. Ah, now I remember. The street — the crowd — Sam — Dermot. Oh, where is Dermot, dear lady? Do let me see Dermot," and starting up in bed Snowdrop looked everywhere for her cousin.

"Hush, dear, you must not excite yourself so much," said the nurse, and she laid the child back on her pillow. "Dermot will come to you to-morrow."

"But where is he now? I want him now — oh, where can he be now?"

The nurse thought for a moment as she smoothed the clothes over the little girl. Who Dermot was, or where he was, she had not the slightest idea, for she knew nothing of the poor mite's friends. Bnt wishing to soothe and comfort her, she whispered: "Dermot has gone home, dear; so don't fret about him. Try to go to sleep again."

"Home; Oh, has he gone home? No, he would not go without me. Oh, no, he has not gone home — he could not, for it is too far — too far," and the tears ran down the little one's pale cheeks.

"Come, now," said the nurse, "you must not cry, dear, or you will be very ill to-morrow. Little children come to this hospital to get well and strong, not to weep. If you are good and rest properly, you will soon be all right again. You were carried in here stunned and bleeding, and we thought you were in a bad way. But the doctor says the cut on your head is very slight, and that you will be well in the morning. All you require is care and quiet. If you have a good night you can go home to-morrow, and I daresay Dermot will come for you, and,—"

"Oh, no, no; be my friend — be my friend — and don't send me away."

"I am your friend, dear; but when you get well, you will be glad to go home and —"

"Yes, but my home is so far. So please, please, if Dermot comes, let us stay here with you. You are so good and kind, and I feel so much afraid of Sally and her cruel, cross face. So please don't send me away."

"Poor little girl, she is wandering, I am afraid. She will work herself into a fever if she goes on like this," said the nurse to herself. "I wish the doctor would come round again. I shall have to go for him if she will not keep still. Try to sleep, dear," she whispered, gently. "You shall stay where you are till you are quite well, and Sally shall not touch you," and she laid her cool hand on the child's burning brow.

"Can you write?" asked Snowdrop, suddenly. "Dermot always said it would be the best plan."

"Yes, I can write," answered the nurse, smiling. "Can you?"

"Oh, badly — big — big letters. But, please, if you are my friend, would you write to Uncle Jim and tell him that little Snowdrop is staying in your house, and that if he comes he can find her and take her home."

"Yes, dear, I can write all that," she answered, more certain than ever that the little one was wandering, yet thinking it best to humor her. "But where shall I send the letter? Where does Uncle Jim live?"

"At Kilteen Castle, of course. But, oh," and Snowdrop gave a sudden cry, and sat once more up in bed, "what shall we say about Dermot? — Dermot, his dear little boy — Dermot, who was always so good to me — Dermot who loved me? What shall we say about Dermot?"

"But who is Dermot, dear?"

"What! You don't know who Dermot is?" and Snowdrop stared at the woman in astonishment.

"No, dear. You see, I never saw you till about an hour ago when you were carried in here and put to bed, and I watched the doctor dress your wound."

"And wasn't there a little boy with me — a pretty boy with curly hair and, —"

"No, dear. A big boy brought you here in a cab, I was told. A carriage had knocked you down in the street, and your head had hit against the curbstone; but fortunately you were not seriously hurt."

"But Dermot was with me. Dermot had his arm round me; and now he's gone, and I don't know what to say to Uncle Jim about him," and Snowdrop wrung her hands in despair.

"But who was the boy who brought you here?"

"Oh, that was Sam. A kind boy, I think; but Dermot says he's just as wicked as Sally."

"Sally? — who is she?"

"Well, you do know a few people," said Snowdrop, with something of scorn in her voice. "Sally is a big, dark gipsy woman; and when Dermot and me got into her van at Bray Head, she carried us away to London. Stole us from our home. She cut off my hair, and put on that dirty little dress you saw on me, and sent us out to get money with Sam and the piano. She lives in a horrible old house that smells, oh, so badly! She makes faces and frightens us, and we cannot get home, because I don't know where my papa and mamma live, and Sam won't let us write."

"Is this really a true story?" asked the nurse, gazing in astonishment at the child. "Were you really stolen from your home?"

"Really — really — I never told a fib in my life, indeed I didn't. My own dear mother said it was wicked to tell fibs, and so I wouldn't, not for all the world. Oh, if Dermot were here, he would tell you how true it is, and how miserable we have been."

"Poor little darling! And what is your Uncle Jim's name, dear?"

"Mr O'Connor, Kilteen Castle, Ballybrack, Ireland," said Snowdrop, glibly. "Dermot and I used to say it over and over; for we did so want to write. But Sam would not let us, and so we couldn't. You will write for me now, I know. You look so good and kind, and you said you were my friend."

"Yes, I shall certainly write and tell this Mr. O'Connor the story I have just heard," said the nurse, gently: "that is, if you will lie down, close your eyes, and go to sleep."

"Yes, I will try. And, oh, please, say that Dermot is coming to see me in the morning; for he is sure to come — he is sure to come."

"Very well; and now, little Snowdrop, you must talk no more. You must keep quiet, and sleep if you can."

"Thank you," whispered the child, putting her arms round the nurse's neck and kissing her. "I love you very much. I feel so happy now, for I know that Uncle Jim will soon come, and I shall never see Sally any more."

"No, darling, I sincerely hope not," said the woman, with emotion. Then she laid the child back on her pillow, covered her tenderly, and drawing the curtains round the little bed, stole softly away.

"Dear God, take care of Dermy," whispered Snowdrop, when she found herself alone. "Take care of Dermy, and send him back to me soon." And then, with a sigh, she fell asleep.

To be Concluded Next Month.

A Beautiful Story.

ALEXANDER, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither of war nor conquests. Gold being offered him, he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

"Stay with us," said the chief, "as long as it pleaseth thee."

During this interview with the African chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this: The one had bought a piece of ground, which, after the purchase, was found to contain a treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay. The other refused to receive anything, stating that he had sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed.

Said the chief, looking at the one, "You have a son;" and to the other, "You have a daughter; let them be married and the treasure given them as a dowry."

Alexander was astonished.

"And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?"

"We should have dismissed the parties, and seized the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine in your country?" asked the chief; "does the rain fall there? Are there any cattle there which feed upon herbs and green grass?"

"Certainly," said Alexander

"Ah!" said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall and the grass to grow in your country."

Useful Knowledge.

BROILED SALT MACKEREL.— Freshen by soaking it over night in water, taking care that the skin lies uppermost. In the morning dry it without breaking, cut off the head and tip of the tail, place it between the bars of a buttered fish gridiron, and broil it to a light brown ; lay it on a hot dish, and dress with a little butter, pepper, and lemon juice, vinegar, or chopped pickle.

HOW TO BURN COAL.— A very common mistake is made, and much fuel is wasted in the manner of replenishing coal fires, both in furnaces and grates. They should be fed with a little coal at a time, and often; people, to save time and trouble, put on a great deal at once, the first result being that almost all the heat is absorbed by the newly put on coal until it has become red hot. Hence, for a while, the room is cold, but when it becomes fairly aglow the heat is insufferable. The time to replenish a coal fire is as soon as the coals begin to show ashes on their surface, then put on merely enough to show a thick layer of black coal covering the red. This will soon kindle and as there is not much of it, an excess of heat will not be given out. Many also put out the fire by stirring the grate as soon as fresh coal is put on, thus leaving all the heat in the ashes when it should be sent to the new supply of coal. The time to stir the fire is just when the new coal laid on is pretty well kindled. This method of managing a coal fire is troublesome, but it saves fuel, gives a more uniform heat, and prevents the discomfort of alternation of heat and cold.

ABOUT BUTTERMILK.— The *Canada Lancet* has a learned leading article on the beauties of buttermilk as an article of diet. It points out that the porridge-eaters and buttermilk-drinkers of Ireland and Scotland are not excelled by any other people in soundness of body and clearness of head, and gives many learned reasons why buttermilk should be in greater demand among Canadians than now. Buttermilk, says our contemporary, is a true milk peptonoid — that is the fashionable word of the day — milk already digested. It is good food and drink for young and old, sick and well. As it is food, it should not be often taken between meals, as is the habit of many people. Being an agreeable drink, it is too often freely used, Sick persons, who partake of little or nothing else, may partake much oftener, and more freely.

Although containing about the same quantity of nutrition as sweet milk, yet patients appear to be able to consume at ease at least double the quantity of buttermilk. It is especially valuable as a laxative, and may be used with great benefit in cases of typhoid. This affords a hint for its use in habitual constipation.

WASHING OUT THE STOMACH.— The practice of treating patients suffering from chronic dyspepsia, who resist the influence of regulated diet and drug, by washing out the stomach, which originated some years ago in Vienna, has recently taken root in America, and has formed the subject of a short paper by Dr. W. B. Platt, in the Maryland *Medical Reporter* of recent date. We are there informed the cases most intractable to all other treatments have quickly yielded to this means. The principle underlying the treatment is to keep the stomach clean, and as far as is possible, at rest, for a time sufficient to allow of its complete recovery. The operation should be performed in the morning, before breakfast. A soft, red rubber tube is passed gently down into the stomach quite to the pylorus ; with this is connected about a yard of common flexible tubing and a glass funnel which is held on a level with the patient's breast, and tepid water is poured slowly into the funnel until a sensation of fulness is experienced ; the funnel is then depressed to the level of the waist, and the fluid allowed to syphon out. The process is repeated until the water returns quite clear. The washing should be repeated every day for a week or ten days, and during that time the diet should be restricted to milk or a little meat ; the washing may be done every second or third day, and finally abandoned at the end of three weeks.

The advantages claimed for this method are that it is efficacious, simple and safe, and it certainly is worth a trial in intractable cases of chronic dyspepsia, a disease which makes its victims a burden to themselves and their friends, and hitherto has brought but little credit to physicians.

The Humorist.

"LOOK HERE! This piece of meat don't suit me. It's from the back of the animal's neck," said an Austin man to a German butcher. "Mine frien', all dot beef vat I sells is back of dot neck."—

THE Mayor of New York is Edson. After the first of January next, a cockney might say of him "'is 'ead's off."

IN the recent crash in Wall street many operators were erie-trievably ruined.

A MAN was arrested and taken before the judge on a charge of striking his termagant wife. "It was very wrong for you to do so," said his honor; "don't you know that the wife is the weaker vessel?" "Well, then," was the reply, "if she's the weaker vessel, she ought to carry less sail."

THE true inwardness of the drama is rapidly developing. The New York World says we have had "The Hearts of Oak," "The Lights o' London" and now comes "The Pulse of New York." In a short time we may look for "The Stomach of Boston," or "The Liver of Philadelphia."

HANDEL, the great composer, was also a great glutton. He would often order dinner for three. He would then ring for the waiter, and ask him, "Is de dinner retty?" "Yes, sir, it will be as soon as the company comes." "Den bring it to me," he would say, "I am de company."

THE late John Brougham was well known as a wit, and his replies were always on the spur of the moment. At a banquet in New York he was seated next to Coroner Croker. A toast was proposed, and Brougham asked the coroner what he should drink it in. "Claret," said the coroner. "Claret?" was the reply. "That's no drink for a coroner. There's no body in that."

A GOOD story is told of a certain teacher who recently addressed a large assembly of Sunday-school children, and wound up by asking, in a very paternal and condescending way: "And now, is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" After a pause he repeated the question. "Is there a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" A little shrill voice called out: "Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder, when they had wings?" "Oh! Ah! Yes — I see," said the teacher, "And now, is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to answer little Mary's question?"

AT a certain hotel in Peoria, where the meals are not always what they should be, a merchant traveller, one day, sat down to the table. He put a dollar under a tumbler, and, calling a waiter, said: "Do you see that dollar, Jim?" "Yes, sah," replied Jim, with a grin. "Well, now, Jim, I want you to get me a real good first-class dinner. You understand?" "Yes, sah," and Jim set about furnishing a feast fit for a king. He had no time to see to anybody else. He hunted up new dishes, put extra touches on everything, and kept his eye on the dollar. Finally the M. T. finished, and, wiping his mouth, winked at Jim. "Yes, sah," grinned the darky, in anticipation. "Jim, do you see that dollar?" putting his hand on it in a generous way. "Yes, sah." "Well, you will never see it again," and it went into his pocket and out of the dining-room, while Jim indignantly remarked: "Fo' de Lawd, who turned dat hog loose in heah?"

"DO your women customers bother you much?" asked a citizen who was talking with a Woodward avenue grocer the other morning. "Well, they seldom want to pay the prices. It seems natural for them to want to beat down the figures. There comes one now who probably wants strawberries. Here are some fresh ones at fifteen cents per quart, and yet if I should ask her only eleven she'd want 'em for ten." "Say, try it on, just for a joke. If she asks the price put it at eleven." The grocer agreed, and presently the woman came up, counted the sixteen boxes of berries under her nose, and, of course, inquired: "Have you any strawberries this morning?" "Yes'm." "Fresh ones?" "Yes'm." "How much?" "Only eleven cents per box, madam." "I'll take the whole lot," she quietly observed as she handed out a five-dollar bill, and take 'em she did. The citizen disappeared at that moment, and the grocer somewhat believes that it was a put-up job between the two.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1884.

Notes on Current Topics.

A MOST significant event in the relations between the Irish Hierarchy and the Irish National Party has been the result of the annual meeting of Irish Prelates at Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, when a resolution was passed, calling upon the Irish Parliamentary Party to bring certain resolutions, just adopted by the assembled Prelates, in reference to the question of Catholic education, under the notice of the House of Commons, and to urge upon the Government the hitherto unsatisfied claims of Catholic Ireland, in all branches of the education question, and earnestly hoping that the lovers of justice and fair play in the House will co-operate with them. Such an expression of confidence in the Irish Party, from the Prelacy of Ireland, carries with it a promise of support, which cannot fail to render the Irish band, which is led by Mr. Parnell, irresistible, when its ranks shall have been recruited by a new election. The resolution was moved by Archbishop Croke, and seconded by Bishop Nulty.

GERMANY AND THE VATICAN.—The difficulties between the Holy See and Germany are now about to be settled finally by M. Schloezer and Cardinal Jacobini, the Pontifical Secretary of State. The concessions made on the side of the Church will undoubtedly be great, but each will give its chief attention to the liberty of the nomination of Bishops. Theoretically the era of persecution is at an end. Prince Bismarck will yet have to confess that the German Catholics have gained the victory. There has been no attempt to glory in the necessary triumph of liberty; but it is clear that no sect or schism can ever disturb Catholic unity. The chief hope of the German Chancellor, of course, lay in the success of the Old Catholic schism. This has turned out a failure, and the laws of repression and persecution are now useless.

MIRACULOUS CURE.—Mr. John Sweetman, the eminent colonizer, of Minnesota, has sent *The Catholic Review*, from Europe, a recent number of *Les Annales de Notre Dame de Lourdes*, in which we find an interesting account of the miraculous cure of an American lady that must be well known to many of our Western readers, Miss Johanna Dorney, sister of Father Dorney, of Chicago. Miss Dorney suffered for five years from a malady that baffled he medical talent of Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis and New York, and confined her to her room. At length she was brought to Lourdes by her brother and sister. Plunged into the piscina at the grotto, after Communion on the morning of the Assumption, she was *instantly* cured. Mounting the steps to the Basilica, she heard three Masses on her knees and returned to the hotel on foot.

THE Dominican Fathers have determined on the erection of a monastery in connection with the beautiful church of St. Saviour's, Lower Dominick Street, Dublin,— the church which has so often rung with the burning eloquence of the late Father Burke — and that operations will soon be commenced. Several houses in Dorset Street have been purchased, and will soon be demolished to clear the ground.

SPAIN.—Matters are assuming a grave aspect in Spain. The malady which has prostrated King Alphonso has been a source of gratification to the enemies of his crown; and they are basing high hopes on the possibility that it may prove

fatal. It cannot be denied that the inhabitants of the Basque provinces are only waiting for a favorable opportunity to rise in insurrection. Notwithstanding the repressive measures of the Government, Senor Castelar has been hailed as a hero and deliverer in Bilboa. In the province of Catalonia, where the "separation" idea prevails, the people are ripe for revolt. And, worst symptom of all, soldiers of the regular army are deserting their regiments, crying "Hurrah for Zorilla!"

WHAT IT COST TO COLLECT £18.—The *Catholic Telegraph* says: When the British gunboat Wasp was lost, with all save six on board, she was making for Loúgh Foyle to take the Sheriff and bailiffs, to Instrahull to evict the inhabitants. The total rental of this speck in the ocean is £18. It is a small island on the seaboard of Donegal, and is well known as the scene of the wreck of the Irish some few years back, when the hardy islanders, at great risk of life and limb, succeeded in rescuing the passengers and crew of the ill-fated steamer. The extreme length of the islet is three miles and the breadth one and a half miles. It is distant from the mainland about nine miles, and of all the desolate specks of land it is the most uninviting. Sixteen families with the lighthouse keeper make up the entire population. There is no arable land, and the surface of the ground is formed of rocks. Some of the tenants have never paid any rent, and others are from ten to fifteen years in arrears. A precarious livelihood is earned at fishing during the summer months, but, owing to the stormy and dangerous nature of the coast in the winter, the islanders go to the mainland until the spring, as there is no fuel to be obtained on the islet. There is only one landing place, and it requires skill and care to run into it in safety. So the attempt to collect some $90 has cost the British navy thousands of pounds and fifty-two lives.

THE BOSTON CATHOLIC UNION inaugurated its series of concerts and reunions for the season, on the evening of the 22d of October, by a grand reception to Very Rev. John Hogan, S. S., S. T. D., president of the new ecclesiastical seminary at Brighton. The events mapped out for the season are as follows: Nov. 19, concert and reunion; Dec. 10, lecture by Rev. Thomas J. Conaty of Worcester; Dec. 17, concert and reunion; Dec. 27, children's festival; Jan. 14, lecture by Henry F. Naphen, Esq.; Feb. 11, concert and reunion; Feb. 25, lecture by Rev. Matthew Harkins, pastor of St. James Church, this city; March 11, concert and reunion; March 25, lecture; April 8, concert and reunion. The managers do not recognize Magazines, so that there was no representative of ours present.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS.—The two new large steamships for the Cunard line, to sail on their Atlantic route between Liverpool, Boston and New York, will come out here next spring. One of them the Umbria, was launched last June, and the other, the Etruria, in September. Both of these vessels are intended for what is called among steamship men fast vessels, *i. e.*, "express steamers," and the highest naval constructing and engineering talent has been employed in their design and construction. They are built of steel and their hulls subdivided in water-tight compartments, to conform with the requirements of the British Admirality, which feature in itself means the maximum degree of safety at sea. These vessels are the largest steamships that have ever been built on the Clyde, and such enormous size or tonnage is in strict accordance only with the philosophy of modern naval architecture which demands, for the production of superior economical results in ocean traffic, the largest possible dimensions. The new Cunaders are both shorter and deeper (proportionately) than the City of Rome and other steamships built lately, besides being (proportionately) wider. They will be engined to develop the enormous power of 12,500 horses, which, as Mr. Pearce, their builder, stated at the launch of the Umbria, will make them the most powerful steam craft in the world. How much they may lower the record of passages across the Atlantic is, of course, a matter of conjecture.

TEN NEAPOLITAN PRIESTS have, up to the present, succumbed to the cholera, the infection of which they caught during their devoted attendance upon those already afflicted with the dreadful malady. The death is also announced of the Superioress of the Sisters of Charity at the Hospital of the Maddalena.

THE MILITARY authorities have discovered in Catalonia, Spain, a little chapel of high artistic value. It dates from the sixteenth century, and all its architectural details are well preserved. In this chapel Mass of Thanksgiving was celebrated in presence of the King of Spain for the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

GUSH OVER THE DEAD.— The New York *Freeman's Journal* advocates the discontinuance of the fulsome eulogies preached over the bodies of the dead, considering them of no greater weight than the inscriptions upon tombstones. Father Clarke of the *Columbian* follows this up with an additional and timely suggestion, that we should also discourage the writing of fulsome obituaries.

IRISH-AMERICANS who voted for Blaine and Logan should not be treated by other Irish-Americans as if they were traitors and heretics. Such treatment does not persuade, and, what is more, it is wrong and un-American. When native Americans take their politics good-naturedly, naturalized Americans should do likewise. Sensible advice from the *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.*

RESURRECTED.— The *Portland* (Oregon) *Sentinel*, which ceased publication some months ago, has been started up again, with renewed life and vigor.—— *The National Catholic*, published at Washington, D. C., has also been resumed. Both are good papers. We missed them from our sanctum, and welcome them back to life and trust that they may live long to do battle in the good work of mother Church.

GOOD THINGS from *The Western Watchman:* For the first time since Henry VIII. fell into scrupulosity a priest sits in the House of Lords in England. He signs himself on the roll of the House, "Monsignor Lord Petre."—— Twenty-four years ago all the street shrines in Naples were covered by order of Garibaldi. During the recent cholera scourge they were all exposed again, and people knelt before them in thousands day and night. Garibaldis and Carvours and Humbertos come and go, but the faith lives on forever.——At the recent German Catholic Congress, held at Breslau, four hundred delegates were in attendance, and Prince Blucher, grandson of the Protestant general of that name, who saved the allied armies at Waterloo, occupied the chair.—— The *Central Baptist*, is grieved over the fate of Naples, but more because its superstitious people have nothing to fortify them at this trying hour. If they had a few Baptist preachers to pray with them through telephone they would sing their "Nunc Dimittis" with joy.——The Bishop of Cleveland has retracted his charges against Editor Cowles. The editor of the Cleveland paper is a typical Protestant, who believes himself called to enact laws for all mankind; but who takes advantage of the principle that a lawmaker is not bound by his own law. Bishop Gilmour hit the fanatic with a huge boulder of his own principles and the result is, he must roll back the stone to give his friends an opportunity to bury him. This is the meaning of the retractation.——A missionary from Mexico, at the late conference of the Southern Methodist church, St. Louis, told his brethren that the efforts of the missionaries in the Sister Republic were very much retarded by the priests and bishops. He complained that the clergy of Mexico regarded the American missionary as a political plotter against the government and an enemy of the Mexican people. The American missionary in Mexico is a plotter when he has the power; without power to work mischief he generally contents himself with being a nuisance.—— Our foreign missionary reports make no mention of the progress of the Gospel in Southern Italy and Eastern France at the present time. The missionaries have taken the cholera or have taken to their heels. The latter is the more likely.—— Several thousand foreign disturbers, mostly Jews and Internationalists, have been notified to quit Belgian soil. These people have been busy for ten years expelling native priests and nuns; now it is their turn to walk a plank. Keep them moving.

"THE man who neglects his political duty should be counted among the dangerous classes. 'Bosses,' 'Rings,' and all other forms of political corruption are harmless when compared with that constantly increasing class of men who would rather see the country go to destruction than soil their gloves in saving it. No

man can be a good citizen or an honest man who fails to do his share toward securing good government in a republic."

THE first instance of the cremation of a priest in Italy occurred the other day in Milan. The Rev. Don Giovanni Sartorio had left instructions by his will that his body should be burned, and had disposed that in case of non-compliance with his wishes the heirs should forfeit the inheritance. Owing to the withdrawal of the clergy who had been retained to perform the funeral service, the body was committed to the flames unaccompanied by any religious rite.

To the Roman Catholic Church is shortly going over a Protestant nobleman of high rank and vast possessions in England.

THE Catholic Union of Boston tendered a reception to the Very Rev. John Hogan, S. S., S.T.D., President of the new Ecclesiastical Seminary of St. John, Brighton, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 22d. The attendance was large, both of the clergy and laity. There was a concert after which Major Maxwell, the President, delivered an address of welcome, in which he felicitated Father Hogan upon the great work which he had already accomplished in the past, and assured him of the warm and hearty sympathy of the Catholic people of New England which should attend him always. In response to the address Father Hogan said: He considered it a very great honor and privilege, to be even a visitor in a gathering of the representative Catholics of the great Archdiocese of Boston. With regard to my native land, to which you have alluded, I have only this to say, that I have always been proud of it. But never before have I been prouder than since I came to America, because here my countrymen get what they never have in their own country— fair play. In New York, Baltimore, and in all the large cities through which I have passed, I saw the names of Irishmen upon business houses more plentiful even than in Dublin or Belfast. It shows what Irishmen can do when they have a chance, and this chance I am thankful to say they are likely to have soon in their own country. You referred, also, to the work which I have undertaken here. I am proud to know that this work is appreciated by you. I am glad to know that not only the clergy but the laity appreciate the work which has just been inaugurated. The reverend gentleman dwelt at some length upon the arduous and multifarious duties of the priesthood, showing how necessary it was that the education of the seminarian should be complete in every particular so that he might be thoroughly fitted for the office and work of a priest— at the sick bed, in the pulpit, and in the administration of the Sacraments.

TWO very popular appointments have followed upon those of Mr. George Fottrell, jun., and Dr. Kenny. One is that of Mr. Patrick Coll, a Catholic solicitor of high standing to be Crown Solicitor of the city and county of Dublin, and the other of Dr. Horne to the Vaccine Department of the Cow-Pock Institution. Dr. Horne is the first Catholic who has held the latter appointment. Sixty years ago Dr. Ferguson was at the head of the Vaccine Department; and since then Drs. Dwyer, Montgomery and Churchill have successfully filled his place, all having been strong Protestants.

A COUPLE of rather happy nicknames have lately been invented in Ireland. Mr. Healy thinks "Lord Cruisginlan" (pronounced "Crooshkeenlaun," a full jug) an appropriate name for Lord Ardilaun, who got his wealth and his title by selling porter. On the other hand, that mild philanthropist, Mr. Villiers Stuart, is henceforward (that is to say, till the next election) to be known to all men as the "member for Milk and Waterford."

A WESLEYAN MINISTER AND CARDINAL MANNING.—When his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop was delivering his great speech on the Education Question in the Albert Hall, Leeds, during his recent "holiday," a Wesleyan minister and his friend were among the audience. The minister was heard to say: "God bless the Cardinal! I am with him heart and soul in his fight for these schools." "Why," observed his companion, "you are becoming a Catholic." The minister replied: "You may say what you like, but I am sure there will be more Papists in Heaven, in the end, than our people." "Why," said the friend, "how do you make that out?" "Because," answered

the minister, "they have had a thousand years start of us!" The gentleman who overheard this little dialogue did not catch the friend's rejoinder.

WHAT IS BEING DONE FOR THE INDIANS.—Rev. A. J. Stephan of the Catholic Indian Bureau, Washington, has secured, from the department of the interior, contracts for the education of fifty Indian girls in the convent of Avoca, Murray County, and of fifty Indian boys in the industrial school of Clontarf, Swift County, Minn. The children will be at once brought to both institutions.

A TALL FAMILY OF SHIELDS.—The Shields brothers, seven in number, were raised in Hunt County. Their height ranges from 6½ to 7⅛ feet, and the combined height of the brothers is about forty-eight feet. For two years four of them, viz: A. O. Shield, J. F. Shields, Shade Shields and Jack Shields, have been in the East with circuses; but they arrived home a few days ago, and on Monday they were in Grainville, where they always attract attention by their height. We learn that they have become tired of circus life, and will settle down again on their farms in this county.—*Grainville Banner, Texas.*

THE ARCHDIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA contains 134 churches, 260 priests, 100 ecclesiastical students, 3 ecclesiastical institutions, 3 colleges, 51 Christian Brothers, 4 Franciscan Brothers, 13 orders of religious women, 1,020 religious women, 9 academies for boys, 26 academies for girls, with 2,100 young ladies attending; 59 parochial schools, with 22,000 children; 6 orphan asylums, 1,000 orphans, 4 hospitals, 27 Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, and 300,000 people.

THERE is a woman living in France, who was born in 1761, so that she is now in her 124th year.

THE French Government, having previously obtained the consent of the Vatican authorities, are about to send M. Molinier, Professor of Literature in the University of Besancon, to copy unpublished documents in the Vatican archives relating to the inquisition.

LOURDES.—Wonderful cures are hourly occurring at this famous shrine of the Blessed Virgin. Among the most remarkable is that of Miss Joanna Mary Dorney, of Chicago, sister of Rev. Maurice Dorney of that city. She had been ill for eight years, with what was thought an incurable affection of some internal organs, and for five years she had been unable to walk. On the Feast of the Assumption, having bathed in the waters of the miraculous spring, she suddenly regained her health and strength, and for some days after she took part in the processions and other devotional exercises without feeling weakness or fatigue.

A MARRIAGE was celebrated in San Francisco lately, the nuptial contract containing the stipulation that after two years the lady shall have the right to dissolve the relation without the consent of the husband. If marriage be a civil contract, why should it not be open to all the special and arbitrary covenants of other legal agreements? Why not have limited matrimonial partnerships, and partnership expiring by consent? We have not reached the end of this civil contract business by any means.

I HAVE always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting something of His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness.—*Hawthorne.*

"EVERY thought of the Pontifical heart," says the Protestant Boughi, in a recent number of the Nineteenth Century, "dilates and broadens to embrace the world. He is the only power in existence whose inherent and essential obligation it is to go on incessantly acquiring and extending over all civilized and even all barbarous nations an intellectual and moral ascendancy."

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.—According to the report just published, receipts of the work of the Propagation of the Faith for Catholic Missions during the past year, amounted to 6,370,516fr. 94c., or about £254,800, which is a slight

falling off from the preceding year, when the total sum was 6,414,438fr. 80c. France, as usual, stands far and away ahead of the other countries in her generosity, the contributions from the different nations being as tollows: France, 4,215,224fr.; Italy, 446,548fr.; Germany, 391,226fr.; Belgium, 333,212fr.; Alsace-Lorraine, 272,949fr.; North America, 177,851fr.; England, 151,229fr.; Holland, 104,304fr.

ERROR CONTRASTED WITH TRUTH.—We notice that they (Protestants) are discussing the necessity of a separate Church for Africans. Well, if that is so, why not a separate heaven? It is the glory of the Roman Catholic Church that it includes people of every race on earth, and does not make a separate communion for any race or condition of humanity.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE POPE AND THE CHOLERA.—Leo XIII. has addressed a letter to Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State, in which he speaks in terms, prompted by deep feeling, of the terrible scourge which has afflicted many parts of Italy, and expresses his thankfulness that Rome has hitherto been spared. He praises the activity and wise promptitude of those who have the administration of public affairs, as displayed in the measures taken in view of a possible outbreak of the disease, and adds: "But we also, desirous of being prepared to succor our beloved people of Rome, have decided to open, furnish, and maintain at our sole cost, an ample hospital in the immediate neighborhood of the Vatican, where it will be easy to us to go personally to visit and comfort the sick. "The hospital," adds his Holiness, 'will be chiefly for the inhabitants of the Trastevere and the quarters nearest to us." The Pontifical hospital will be under the special charge of the Maggiordomo, Mgr. Teodoli, and his Holiness's physicians, Signori Ceccarelli and Valentin, and the Holy Father adds that he has devoted one million lire (£40,000) to its establishment and support, as, notwithstanding the difficulties of his present position, he has faith in Divine Providence and the generosity of the Catholic world. His Holiness has purchased for two million lire (£80,000) the large building called the Canonica of St. Peter's, which communicates with the sacristies of the Basilica by a covered passage. In the event of this being converted into a hospital, the Pope will thus be able to visit it without leaving the precincts of the Vatican and St. Peter's. At other times the building will be applied to other uses and partly let. The *Voce della Verità* states that Don Leopoldo Torlonia, the Syndic of Rome, has expressed a desire that the Pope should be informed of the feelings of gratitude that his establishment of a cholera hospital in the precincts of the Vatican has aroused in the citizens of Rome. The hospital, in view of the eventual apparition, *quod avertat Deus*, of the cholera epidemic, has received the title of "Pontifical Hospital of St. Martha," and is located, not as was at first supposed in the former barracks of the Papal Gendarmes, near Porta Angelica, but in that portion of the Canonica, or canons' residence of St. Peter, known as the Palace of the Benificiaries, which building, of recent construction, connects with the *Canonica* proper by means of an arch, similar to that joining the latter to the Vatican Basilica. It bears an inscription: Providentiâ et liberalitate D. N. Pie IX. Pont. Max. Ædes in usum Beneficiariorum et clericorum Chori Vaticani 1864.

THE HOLY SEE AND THE POWERS.—A letter to the *Monde*, discussing the relations between the Holy See and the Powers, states that the semi-official intercourse between England and the Vatican will continue to be carried on, and that the English Government has consented to the appointment of an Apostolic Delegate for the East Indies. It is added that the prelate designed for this post is Mgr. Agliadi, of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, and that he will receive the rank of Archbishop, and reside at Bombay. Mgr. Lachat also, on resigning the see of Basel, and assuming the administration of the Ticino, will be raised to a Titular Archbishopric, and will probably before long, in recognition of his long services and sufferings, be raised to a still higher dignity.

THE SCOTCH marriage laws are decidedly peculiar. We have heard of jumping over the broom, breaking the crock, and other off-hand ways of tying the marital knot in the north, but certainly the most extraordinary marriage is that by legal conviction. An instance of this was furnished in a curious ceremony

which has taken place at the Edinburgh police court. A young man and woman were brought up, charged, under an act of Charles II., with having gone through an illegal marriage ceremony, having declared themselves man and wife in the presence of a witness without registration or celebration. They pleaded guilty, and were fined, after evidence had been called one shilling each. Then came the curious aspect of the case. They paid the fines and retired from the court a legally and irrevocably married pair. The moment they were convicted of the illegal offence the legality of their act was established, and the document recording the conviction became a certificate of marriage recognizable by the registrar.

THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND: The second number of this little paper, devoted to the interests of the House of the Angel Guardian, has appeared, and is embellished with a portrait of the late Rev. M. P. Dougherty, late Pastor of St. Peter's Church, Cambridge. *The Orphan's Friend* is filled with interesting reading, both in English and French, and costs only 25 cents a year. Address House of the Angel Guardian, Boston Highlands.

THE Jesuit Fathers at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, have brought out a dictionary of the Flathead language, which has been printed at the Mission. After many years of labor and research this work was completed at a cost of not less than $50 a copy. It is sought after by the libraries of the world. An order for twelve copies was recently received from Leipsic. The Fathers have also published in Flathead the four Gospels and a catechism. Aside from the fact of seeing these wild tribes civilized and Christianized, the greater wonder is to see volumes of intelligent literature brought out of a chaos of guttural sounds of an unwritten language, to become avaluable acquisition in the great librariesof Europe.

WIFE OF THE LATE A. M. SULLIVAN —One of the stories Mr. S. was fond of telling, related to the correspondence between Sir William Harcourt and his wife. Mrs. Sullivan is a native of New Orleans, possessed of the high individuality of the Southern women and the independence of the American. While Michael Davitt was undergoing his penal sentence, there were rumors that he was ill, and that his true condition was being concealed by the prison authorities. Mrs. Sullivan, knowing that her husband, who was then in parliament, would scorn to ask any favor of the government, wrote to Sir William Harcourt for permission to visit Mr. Davitt, and obtained it. Accompanied only by a lady friend, as brave and true-hearted as herself, she made her way to the prison, saw the felon, heard the truth from his own lips, and brought back from his silence the messages of defiance and determination which might have been expected. When it became known that his wife had accepted a favor from the government, Mr. Sullivan was deeply affected, and going to the home secretary, he said, "Sir William, I want you to understand that Mrs. Sullivan acted in this matter on her own responsibility." "Oh, certainly, sir," soothingly answered Sir William. "I understand these embarrassments, Mr. Sullivan. I have an American wife myself."

THE death of a "Midget" recently took place in Birmingham, England. It was two months' old, and nine inches long. The unfortunate infant was handed round to the gaze of the hot and noisy crowd on the night before her death, in spite of the fact that she was evidently ill. Her parents had let her to the showman at thirty shillings a week. It is surely not too much to hope that attention will be called to their action. The shadows of the miserable picture are darkened by the revelations of the inquest. The hapless midget, when its mother was drunk, was fed on scalded biscuits; and the mother was "nearly always drunk."

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.— The work of the propagation of the Faith is at the present time being carried on by no less than 6,700 missionaries, scattered far and wide over the habitable globe, many in countries where the name of the Redeemer is unknown. In the islands of the Indian Ocean there are 1,000 members of the Capuchin Order: in Morocco, China and America, 2,500 Franciscans; in Jaffa, Natal and Ceylon, 300 Oblate Fathers; in the Malay Archipelago, Corea and Tonkin, 700 Fathers of the Society of Foreign Missions; in New Guinea, Armenia and Madagascar, 1,500 Jesuits; in Persia, Abyssinia and China, 200 Laza-

rists; and in the Phillippine Islands and Central Tonkin, 500 Dominicans. The members of the Society of Foreign Missions converted in a single year 172 heretics, and 18,290 pagans; they also baptised 29,000 children of Christian parents, and 189,000 children of pagan parents.

THE Franciscians celebrated a special feast on September 17th, that of the impression of the Stigmata on their founder, St. Francis of Assisi. In the life of the saint it is related, that while at prayer, a six-winged crucified man bore down upon him from a cloud, and imprinted upon his hands, feet, and side, wounds like those Christ bore upon his person. The existence of these stigmata on the saint's person is well attested.

A COCKPIT IN A CHURCH.—There are more ways than one of filling a church, and the Establishment, which broke images, and burnt pictures, was not always successful in finding less profane substitutes. For instance, the Rev. T. W. Webb writes to *Notes and Queries* that he has received the following from the Rev. C. L. Eagles, the incumbent of the little church of Crasswall, in Herefordshire, which has just been restored: "On the north side of the church is an old cockpit. An old man, who died in 1869, aged ninety-six, told me he had been at many a cock-fight there. 'People did come from all parts, and after sarvice did fight the cocks. Ah! people did come to church in them days!'"

SINCE his accession to the Papal Chair, Leo. XIII. has given to Carpineto, the place of his birth, a hospital, school, observatory, and an industrial establishment for poor girls.

CONSOLATION FOR THE DEFEATED—"God Rules, and the Government at Washington still lives."—*James A. Garfield.*

THE ROSARY was both a creed and a prayer. In the Mysteries of the Divine Childhood we learnt all that concerned Our Lord's Manhood and Ministry; in the Sorrowful Mysteries we had the whole of His Passion; and in the third part we learnt His Glory and that of His Mother. The recitation of the Rosary contains acts of faith, contrition, praise, thanksgiving, and prayer. It is a wonderful fact that that which is the devotion of a little child has been the devotion of the greatest Saints; and as these grew in devotion and the love of God, the Rosary became more and more dear to them.

DR. SYMES THOMPSON suggests that the Scandinavian system of feeding the poor with nourishing food at a nominal cost, say three meals at 6d., and a quart of soup at 1¾d., should be adopted, if cholera extends to London. Were this hint carried out, many poor people would hail the epidemic as a blessing.

THE ENCYCLICAL OF THE POPE asks the prayers of the faithful to obtain the freedom of the Church, and to defend human society in the world. We read in the Acts of the Apostles that when St. Peter was confined in prison, prayer was made for him by the Church; and the successors of St. Peter had ever sought the same aid after the example of the early fathers. Again and again the Church had been delivered by the prayer of faith. When the heresy of the Albigenses ravaged and destroyed men in the South of France, intercession was made by means of the Holy Rosary, and that heresy was swept away. When the Mahomedan Antichrist was threatening to assail even Rome itself, intercession was made by the confraternities of the Holy Rosary, and Pius II. knew by inspiration the moment when God gave the victory. A fearful plague raged in Milan; St. Charles, in public processions, implored the help of God, and the plague was stayed. And now the Holy Father tells us to pray for the peace of the Church throughout Christendom.

ABBE LISZT is a person about whom "stories are told." The following is one of them. About 1835, when the great pianist was rapidly becoming the rage, he arrived at the town of X., France, and advertised a concert. The good people of X., it seems, had never heard of him. Seven persons only turned up. Liszt, on entering, took a rapid glance at the empty benches, and then addressed his seven auditors as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am much flattered by your

attendance here to-night, but this Town Hall feels uncomfortable; the atmosphere stifles me; if you are agreeable, I will get the piano conveyed to my hotel, and there I will play through the programme for you quite privately." The proposal was well received. Liszt was better than his word: he not only played wondrously, but entertained his audience with an elegant champagne supper. The next night he announced a second concert. The Town Hall was crammed to the doors. Liszt went on, played a couple of pieces contemptuously, then left the hall — left the bewildered town of X., and has never been seen there since.

OUR MAGAZINE IN CHICAGO.

MR. M. J. GERAGHTY, Catholic Bookseller, 433 W. 12th Street (adjoining Jesuits' Church), Chicago, Ill., has DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE on sale.

STATIONS OF THE CROSS.—Father Bernardine, General of the Franciscans, has obtained from the Holy See an important concession in the matter of the Stations of the Cross, which will be of great service to the sick and to travellers, and such like. Formerly, those who were unable to make the Stations in church, could gain the indulgences by saying twenty *Our Fathers, Hail Marys and Glory be to the Fathers* before a cross blessed for that purpose; but the indulgences were confined to the owner of the cross, and others could not participate in them. Now, any number of persons can gain these spiritual benefits, providing they join together to say the prayers, and one of the party holds in his hand a cross blessed for the Stations. It is the same privilege as that granted to the use of Rosary beads.

POSITION OF THE IRISH AND ENGLISH FARMERS.—*The Irish News Agency*, of Oct. 18th says:—Readers of the Irish papers are well aware that the Irish Farmers have been continually calling out against the iniquity of the decisions of the Land Courts. Time has not delayed to confirm their words, and the confirmation is as complete as it is prompt. The extraordinary lowness of the price of cattle, and the still more extraordinary decrease in the price of wheat, have made it a harder year for the farmers than they have known for a long period. The result is universal discontent. The farmers of England ought to be able to sympathize with their fellow farmers in Ireland, for the state of agriculture in England is almost as bad. All the English newspapers call attention to the fact that there are thirty thousand acres lying idle in the county of Essex alone. The rents, in fact, in Ireland, are still twenty-five per cent. above what they should be if the farmer is to live, and by that twenty-five per cent. the rents shall be reduced before the tenants think of relieving the landlords by purchase from greedy duns and importunate mortgagers.

ACCORDING to a recent table of comparative statistics, London is protected by 12,642 police and 4,874 soldiers; Paris by 12,500 police and about 15,000 soldiers: Berlin by 3,400 police and 25,000 soldiers; Vienna by 30,000 soldiers, and St. Petersburg by 2,800 police and 22,000 soldiers.

A FLOATING MISSION.— Bishop Antonio de Macedo de Costa, of Para, is on his way to Rome to obtain permission to found his floating mission for the Amazon. The evangelising vessel is to be called the "Christophoros." Its object is to bring the Sacraments and the preaching of the Gospel to the population which leave the banks of the great river and make for the forests when the waters go down. The "Christophoros" will contain apartments for the Bishop and his priests. The chapel will not only be devotional, but artistic; and the stained glass has already been promised by a benefactor. The Blessed Sacrament will be reserved, while the baptismal font, with the Holy Oils, will be a fixture on board. All Catholics will congratulate Bishop Macedo on his grand project, and will earnestly hope that he may be spared many years to be the Mitred Captain of the "Christophoros." In the hands of so practised a missionary the experiment is sure to prove a success, and may soon find imitators in other parts of the Christian world.

A HINT TO DRINKERS.— Liquor dealers, it is said, pay on an average $2 a gallon for whiskey. One gallon contains an average of sixty-five drinks, and at ten cents a drink a man pays $6.50 a gallon for his whiskey, or rather he pays $2 for the whiskey and $4.50 to a man for handing it over the bar. In view of these

figures, a Western paper makes the following practical suggestion to drinkers: "Make your wife barkeeper. Lend her $2 to buy a gallon of whiskey, and every time you want a drink go and pay 10 cents for it. By the time you have a gallon she will have $6.50, or enough to refund the $2 she borrowed from you, to pay for another gallon of whiskey and a balance of $4.50 She will be able to conduct future operations on her own capital, and when you become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, shunned and despised by all respectable persons, your wife will have money enough to keep you until you get ready to fill a drunkard's grave."

A FEARFUL SNOW STORM and gale began at Farther Point, Canada, on the St. Lawrence, about 190 miles below Quebec, on the night of the 4th of November. The wind blew at the rate of seventy miles an hour, and has done a good deal of damage to property. It is the worst storm known there for forty years.

OFF WITH YOUR JACKETS, BOYS.— Laziness is a bad disease, and, like many other kinds, is often self-imposed. More particularly is laziness offensive in the young and healthy. To learn to work, and work cheerfully, is the central lesson of life. Begin to learn it early — eschew laziness as the most disgusting of all faults, and one that will surely end in hopeless misery; for, depend upon it, none can be so insensible through laziness, as to be, in the end, incapable of suffering. Nature is, in the event of non-payment of her demands, a stern and merciless creditor. Therefore, boys, off with your jackets, and keep square your accounts with her.

SACRILEGE IN PARIS.— The Radical Municipality of Paris has again been showing how it understands justice. Wishing to get rid of the sacristy of the parish church of St. Nicholas des Champs, in order to make a new street, they gave notice to the clergy to remove it, but refused to bear the expense of making a new one. Under these circumstances the parochial clergy very naturally declined to surrender their sacristy, and the Prefect of the Seine had given them reason to hope that a pacific arrangement would be effected. However, on Monday the term of notice expired, and M. Callès, the Inspector of Communal Domains, presented himself at the church to take possession of the sacristy. He was armed with no credentials beyond his own visiting card, and the curé, who was surrounded by his vicaries, accordingly would not recognize his mission. Thereupon a crowd of roughs, who had collected in the hope of having a chance of baiting the clergy, invaded the church, sang ribald songs, smoked their pipes, washed their dirty hands in the holy water stoups and indulged in other sacrilegious demonstrations. The police, of course, were not forthcoming for a long while, and it was only when the ruffians had had their full swing, that the church was cleared.

AGENT FOR ONTARIO.

MR. CHARLES B. MCALLISTER is appointed our Agent for Ontario, Dominion of Canada.

SISTER ALASIA, of Genoa, who since the first appearance of cholera in that city has been unremitting in her attendance in the hospital, has just died a victim to her sacred duty. The Municipality has assigned a special place to her remains in the cemetery.

AGENT FOR THE SOUTH.

MR. J. H. LEONARD, of Richmond, Va., is appointed our Agent for the Southern States.

DOES not the political campaign show that if "our people" had been more divided that much of the venom displayed in years past against them might have been averted. We would not have them mere political trimmers, passing in a body whimsically or corruptly from one party to another. But in an honest and a thoughtful allegiance to both parties. Whether there exists now an element that has changed in good faith their fealty or not, matters not as far as the effect has been. A divison is believed to exist and no matter which party gains power there will in future be more attention paid to the rights and interests and even wishes of Irish-American citizens. That good has come out of the division, real or alleged, of our people in this campaign. There has been a cessasion also of abuse of them. The three R incident of the campaign proved how "touchy" the politicians were about offending the Irish Catholic voters —*I. C. B. U. Journal.*

Personal.

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN has resigned the position of chief secretary for Ireland. Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M. P. for Sterling, has been appointed his successor.

ARCHBISHOP SEGHERS has arrived at Quebec. His Grace was accompanied by Father Gaspar Genna, S. J., and two Jesuit Scholastics, Brothers Viola and Ferretti, who proceed to the Montana Mission. Father Genna, it may be mentioned, is a Sicilian, and has spent many years in the Missions of the Ægean Sea.

REV. A. J. GLORIEUX, a priest of Portland, Oregon, has been named Vicar-Apostolic of Idaho, to succeed Bishop Loolens, resigned. The vicariate embraces all of Idaho and that part of Montana lying west of the Rocky Mountains.

GOLD MEDALS have been awarded by the French Government to Father Lustron, Curé of Vogué, and to Sister St. Joseph, of St. Roch, at Viviers, for the courage and devotion which they displayed during the recent cholera epidemic.

DON PATRICIO (Patrick) Lynch, the hero of Chili, Vice Admiral of the Chilian navy, is not dead as recently reported. He is, on the contrary, well on his way to Spain as plenipotentiary of Chili to that country.

REV. JAMES MCGLEW, pastor of St. Rose's Church, Chelsea, returned home from Europe Sunday morning, October 26, in time to greet his people at first Mass. Father McGlew's sojourn abroad has been principally spent in Ireland, and he returns home much strengthened and invigorated by his journey.

THE *Dublin Freeman's Journal* announces with unalloyed satisfaction the selection of Dr. Joseph E. Kenny, Rutland square, East, by the Episcopal Board to be Visiting Physician to the College of Maynooth, a high and responsible position hitherto held by Dr. Lyons, M. P. There were twenty-two prelates present at the meeting, and their lordships' choice is a merited recognition of Dr. Kenny's professional distinction and a judicious appointment to the first place on the medical staff of the great national Ecclesiastical College.

MADAME DE SAINT JULIEN, Superior of the Sisters of Charity in the Military Hospital at Marseilles, has received the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for her heroism during the cholera epidemic. Her devotion to the sick and wounded has been so prominent that so long ago as 1865 she received letters of congratulation from the then Minister of War. Sister Stephanie, of the same Order and hospital, who during the full violence of the epidemic, scarcely ever quitted the bedside of the sufferers, has received a gold medal of the first class.

WE copy the following from the *Chronicle* and *Contributionalist*, Augusta, Ga.: "We publish this morning a beautiful and touching poem from the pen of Miss Maria Lou Eve, which orginally appeared in the October number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Miss Eve has written many tender, melodious and soulful lyrics, and this is one of her best productions. She has a heart that sympathizes with all that is noble in humanity, and a mind that most daintily expresses the true thought that her spirit fashions."

PRECIOUS PRESENTS. — His Majesty Alfonso, King of Spain, has presented to the University of Notre Dame a copy of the ancient portrait of Columbus, lately found in the National Library of Madrid, on a canvas which had been painted over by a more modern artist. The original, formerly belonged to the historian, Paulo Jovio, whose extensive gallery of authentic portraits of great men had a world-wide renown in the age of Leo X. The portrait is accompanied by two volumes of the "Boletin de la Real Academia de la Historia," containing learned dissertations on Columbus, his portraits and matters of interest connected with the life of the great discoverer. Another valuable gift came to Notre Dame yesterday from China. It consists of a library of Chinese works, with Latin translations and notes. It was sent to Father Hudson, editor of *The Ave Maria*, to be given to the Lemonnier Library of the University of Notre Dame, from W. H. Doyle, Esq., of Shanghai.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIÆ MORALIS: A. P. Joanne Petro Gury, S. J., Primo Exaratum et deinde A. P. Antonio Ballerini Ejusdem Societatis Adnotationibus Auctum Nunc vero ad Breviorem Formam Redactum Atque ad Usum Seminariorum Hujus Regionis Accommodatum A. P. Aloysio Sabetti, S. J. In Collegio SS. Cordis ad Woodstock Theologiæ Moralis Professore. Large 8 vo. 950 pages. Bound in half Morocco, net, $3.50. Postage, 25 cents extra.

We take great pleasure in recommending to the favorable notice of the Catholic Clergy the "Compendium Theologiæ Moralis" of Rev. A. Sabetti, S. J. As a text book for the use of the seminaries of the United States, and as a reference guide for the daily use of the clergy, it will prove an invaluable aid to the advancement of the sacred science. The author, who enjoyed the *viva voce* lectures of Fr. P. Gury, S. J., and who for some time was honored by the companionship, and assisted by the experience, of the great moralist, has for years occupied the Chair of Moral Theology in the great Theological Seminary at Woodstock, Md.

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR, collected from different Spiritual writers, and suited for the practice called "Quarter of an Hour's Solitude." Edited by Rev. Roger Baxter, S. J., of Georgetown College. It is now republished and revised in the 251st year of Jesuit labor in the United States, by Rev. P. Neale, S. J., of St. Inigo's, Md. 12mo, cloth, red edges, $2.00.

This volume of meditations will prove a treasure to all devout souls, and, on account of its wealth of material, be found of great value to priests in the preparation of sermons. The book is interesting not only from its origin, which is given in the preface, but also from the fact that it is among the first devotional works published in this country, where it owed its appearance to the exertions of the Rev. Roger Baxter, S. J., a man conspicuous for his learning, eloquence, and zeal in defence of the faith. Though dying at the early age of thirty-four, he was the author of at least two books which earned for him fame in the field of polemics; one, "A Series of Letters between M. B., and Quaero on the Tenets of Catholicity," appeared in 1817; the other, "The Most Important Tenets of the Roman Catholic Church Fairly Explained," was published three years later, and even to this day is recognized as a standard controversial work. This present volume contains Father Baxter's Preface which is certain to excite attention, as it embraces the history of the book, as well as the method laid down by its author. The Approbations given to Father Baxter's edition, and a transcript of the old copyright, are also included, as likely to prove interesting to the bibliographer.

CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC for 1885. Price, 25 cents.

The second volume of this annual is out, and surpasses that of the first year. It is profusely illustrated. The frontispiece, The Virgin and Child, is worth the price of the almanac. (See advertisement.)

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE FAR-OFF TIME. By S. Hubert Burke, author of the Historical "Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty." Price, 75 cents.

The author adopts as his motto: "Knowledge knows no distinction of persons; it demands only a reverence for the beautiful and the just." Any book emanating from Mr. Burke must command a large sale, and this, we trust, will be no exception to other works from the pen of the distinguished author. The book is well printed and beautifully bound.

CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL, 1885. Price, 25 cents.

The manager of the Company has given us another annual instalment of his labors. The almanac is beautifully illustrated and the matter of great interest to the Catholic people of the country. We refer to our advertising pages for the table of contents, &c. This is the seventeenth year of the publication of this useful family almanac.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

MAURICE TYRONE; OR, THE FAIR SAXON. A Novel. By Justin McCarthy, M. P., Author of "Lady Judith," "Modern Leaders," "History of Our Own Times." Price, $1.50.

The author of this novel is almost, if not quite, as well known on this side of the water as in Great Britain. His clear, picturesque style, and his great power of observation, combine to make him one of the most popular of the present English novelists. The latter quality enables him to portray for us in his books, men and women such as we meet in every-day life, who have their happiness from the same sources, and combat with the same temptations as ourselves. But in the opinion

of many, "Maurice Tyrone" is his best novel, and we venture to suggest that this is because the hero is an Irishman. The romance which clings, like the perfume to the ruined vase, to a descendant of the princely Tyrones, imparts to the central figure of the story an absorbing interest. And Tyrone is a true descendant of the great Tyrones — one of the race famous for centuries in Irish song and story, modified by the conditions of the nineteenth century, it is true, but still possessor of all those fascinating qualities which helped to make them of old the idols of their followers.

"Ave Maria Press," Notre Dame, Ia.

ROSA FERRUCCI: A Memoir and Letters. By Henry Perreyve. From the French.

Everything issuing from the press of the "Ave Maria" is sure to be well received by the Catholics of this country.

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

THE FUTURE OF FORRIGN-BORN CATHOLICS: and fears and hopes for the Catholic Church and Schools in the United States. Two articles from the "St. Louis Pastoral Blatt."

Sheldon & Co., New York.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. A Text Book for common schools. By Elroy M. Avery, M. D. author of "a series of text-books on Physical Science."

This book is the result of an attempt to meet the wants of schools which cannot give the time required for the completion of the author's elements of Natural Philosophy." The book is well gotten up, and is profusely illustrated.

ALL of the above books can be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HISTORICAL RESEARCHES IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA, principally Catholic. By Rev. A. A. Lambing, A.M. Price 25 cents. The Historical Researches is published quarterly, in July, October, January and April, the first number appearing in July of the present year. The value of such a work will be apparent to all, containing as it will in a brief space, not only the result of research through a large number of volumes and papers, but also original documents and interesting traditions never before presented to the public. While it will treat of the early history of Western Pennsylvania and the adjacent country in general, special care will be taken to note whatever is of interest to Catholics. With the present number is commenced the publication, in French and English, with notes, of the Baptismal Register of Fort Duquesne, a very rare and valuable work. Address Rev. A. A. LAMBING, 48 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK.— *The London Tablet*: A specially pretty gift for little ones comes to us from the hands of Miss Sadlier, of New York— *Songs and Stories for Children:* or, *The Children's Book* — in the shape of a series of tales and poems adapted from the German. The ideas are tenderly and gracefully expressed, and a good moral shines throughout. "Poor Bessie" is a story of a forlorn little outcast seeking succor and shelter in vain from house to house. But though spurned and thrust out by hard and selfish human hearts, He, who is Love, receives the weary little heart into the everlasting shelter of a heavenly home. "Lazy Margaret," "The Story of a Sparrow," and "Cross Freddie," are especially good. Miss Sadlier will be well rewarded for the trouble she has taken by the pleasure her book is sure to give to its little recipients.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"THE CENTENARY OF CATHOLICITY IN KENTUCKY. By Hon. Ben. J. Webb. The author of this book is one of the ablest Catholic laymen in the country. A further notice in our next.

LYNCH, COLE, & MEEHAN, of New York, announce that the Irish-American Almanac for 1885, is now in course of preparation, and will be published about the first week in December. The contents will be as varied and interesting as usual, and, we hope, will meet with the same favor from our patrons, that has been accorded the issues of the annual in the past.

Messrs. Benziger has nearly ready, Catholic Christianity and Modern Unbelief. A plain and brief statement of the real doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, as opposed to those falsely attributed to her, by Christians who reject her authority, and by unbelievers in Revelation: that thus a contrast may be easily drawn between the "Faith once delivered to the Saints," and the Conflicting Theories, and Scientific guesses of the present Age; and serving as a refutation to the assaults of modern Infidelity. By the Right Rev. Jas. D. Ricards, D. D., Bishop of Retimo, and Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern Vicarate of the Cape Colony.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Prepare Ye the Way of The Lord," Anthem, by Garrett. "The Lord is My Light," Anthem, by Hiles. "Please Sell no More Drink to My Father." Song, words by Mrs. Frank B. Pratt, music by C. A. White. "Rollin' To De Sea," Song. words by Mrs. E. V. Wilson, music by Harry Birch. "Little Effie's Prayer," Song and Chorus, by C. A. White. "Sweet as the Wild, Wild Roses," Song, words by Earl Marble, music by D. F. Hodges. "Down By the Old Abbey Ruin," Song, by L. Egins.

Instrumental: "Andante," from Beethoven, arranged for organ by Ed. Batiste, revised by J. G. Lennon, also Chorus from "Judas Maccabeus," by same, both very handsomely issued "Gentle Rain Mazurka," and "Skip, Skip, Morceau," by A. W. Holt. "Flash Of Lightning," "Grand Galop, by C. D. Blake. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," Transcription, by T. P. Ryder. "Murmurings from the Deep," "Sea Side Reverie, by C. D. Blake. "Sweetest Smiles," Waltzes, by E. Waldteufel.

THE Sovereign Pontiff has presented to the Roman hospital of "Tata Giovanni" the sum of £1,200, to celebrate the centenary of the institution, which was founded by a poor working man.

A CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.—A copy of our magazine given to a friend, makes an excellent present for the holidays.

BELGIUM.—The recent communal elections in Belgium leave the relative positions of the two parties—the Catholics and the Liberals—practically unaltered. The Liberal organs affect to regard the "moral effect" of the results as favorable to their cause; and if they rest content with this dubious consolation, no one will be inclined to envy them. For the rest, they have subsided into a sulky silence. Their efforts to intimidate the King, to frighten the Catholic Ministry, to foment mob violence, and to enlist the sympathy of foreign journals, have miserably failed. Their outrageous conduct has gained for them only the derision and contempt of the Liberals of every other country in Europe; while it has driven out of their own ranks numbers of moderate men who could not help feeling disgust at a party whose members, professedly upholders of a constitutional system of government, seek to promote widespread social disorder because they have been fairly beaten at the ballot-boxes.

MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, the new Chief-Secretary for Ireland, entered upon his difficult duties at a trying juncture; and complicated questions will very soon arise which will tax his powers to the utmost. It may be that, as the leading Irish organ states, "he knows nothing of Ireland, and the Irish people know nothing of him." Ireland is pretty well used to that kind of thing now; and her people know that practically one Chief Secretary is as good as another. But the day is not far distant when this indefensible system of government will have to give place to one which will be satisfactory to the best friends of both nations.

THE Plenary Council of the Roman Catholic bishops and archbishops, which convened in Baltimore on the 9th of November, will be in session for several weeks, and will be under the presidency of Archbishop Gibbons, first primate of the United States. It is attended by thirteen archbishops, sixty bishops, ten mitred abbots and ten monsignori, each of whom will have the privilege of having as consulting theologians any two pastors of the diocese in which he resides. The Cardinal Archbishop, of New York, was unable to attend in consequence of ill health. The principal questions to be discussed are education, mixed marriages, divorce, and ecclesiastical discipline in general, the discussion of which will be carried on by committees appointed by the primate, and whose decisions, in order to take recognition from Pope Leo, must first have the approval of a cardinalate commission.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION came off on the 4th of November. The election is so close, that the result was not known on the 10th of November. It will require the official count in some of the states, before a decision can be arrived at. The general impression is, that Cleveland is elected.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

REV. HUGH E. DINNEN died on October 6, at New Haven. Conn., of consumption. He was ordained priest in Buffalo on June 11, and in July was appointed assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church, Birmingham.

REV. FATHER MULRY, of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, died September 30, aged 31 years. He was a native of New York city.

FATHER BILIMEK, confessor to the Emperor Maximilian, died recently at the Miramer Castle, near Trieste, Austria. Father Bilimek accompanied Maximilian on his expedition to Mexico, shared his fortunes, and has finally died in Maximilian's castle. He was a distinguished naturalist.

SISTERS.

SISTER M. AUGUSTA WELSH, daughter of Mr. Walter Welsh, of East Cambridge, Mass., died at the Convent of Mercy, Portland, Maine, on the 7th of October.

SISTER JEROME, so well known and loved in New Orleans, died at Baltimore, Md., on Monday, September 29th, in the fifty-sixth year of her life and the thirty-eighth of her service in the beautiful Order of the Sisters of Charity.

LAY PEOPLE.

ON the 11th of October, at the residence of her father, Mr. James McCormick, in this city, Miss Mary Elizabeth McCormick, at the age of 16 years. Her disease was consumption. She died a most happy death, being fortified with all the sacraments of the Church. The funeral took place on the 14th from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where a solemn requiem mass was celebrated with Rev. Father Boursaud as celebrant. Fathers Welch, Chandelle, Byrne and Charlier assisted. Besides a numerous attendance of friends and relations, there were present a large number of Boston College students, and all the little ones of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, of which Miss McCormick was a benefactor.

In Memoriam.

Dead!
Yes, she is dead, and all our hopes to-day
Lie buried with her in the silent tomb;
Called in the morning of her life away,
She lies asleep within the churchyard's gloom;
Her loving voice forevermore is stilled,
Her tender glance shall meet our gaze no more,
And in our grief, before the Power that willed,
We humbly bow and clemency implore.

Dead!
But what is death? Can it forever end
The dear attachments which we form on earth,
Or from our bosoms those affections rend
Our hearts have cherished since their love had birth?
Ah, no! though for a time it parts in twain
The golden links that bind us here below,
We still shall meet our absent ones again,
And, reunited, parting never know.

Dead!
But weep not, friends, above this crumbling dust!
Our dear one lingers not beneath the sod,
But in the heavens on high, among the just,
Sings her thanksgivings now unto her God;
And from those realms where, thro' the endless years,
Her lot is love and bliss forevermore,
She smiles on us and bids us cease our tears,
Because she has rejoined our loved ones gone before.

The Republic.

MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN, well known as one of the originators and most prominent members of the Philo-Celtic Society of Boston, died at his late residence, 131 West Second street, South Boston, on the afternoon of the 17th of October, and was buried the following Sunday. Since the formation of the above-named society, Mr. O'Sullivan was one of its most energetic snpporters and was one of its most capable instructors of the Irish language. A devoted student of Ireland's ancient language and literature, his death will be a great loss to the members of the Philo-Celtic Society and to the work to which he was a devoted contributor.

MR. JOHN LUCEY, who was for many years in charge of the proof-reading department of the New York *Daily News*, died in that city on the 15th of October. Mr. Lucey was educated in St. Vincent's Seminary, Macroom, County Cork, Ireland, and spent twenty years at school and college. Four languages were spoken by

him and he was never content unless in literary research. As evidence of his love for books, Mr. Lucey collected upward of two thousand rare volumes, books of foreign and domestic authorship. His generosity was unbounded and many friends in need in newspaper circles remember his many acts of charity. Nearly fifty years since Mr. Lucey was born in Millstreet, Cork. After completing his studies he came to this country and located in Boston, becoming associated with the *Pilot*. About fifteen years ago he went to New York and became connected with the *News*. Mr. Lucey leaves a wife, five daughters and a son. The funeral was largely attended.

MRS. KINNEY, wife of Mr. Edward Kinney of the Boston Beer Company, and sister of Dennis H. Tully, Esq., died at her late residence on Shawmut avenue, Tuesday morning, Oct. 28. Deceased had had been in ill health for over two years, and had been confined to her bed for the past ten weeks. A devoted mother, she has left a legacy of loving reverence to her husband and children, and her loss will be keenly felt not alone by her immediate family, but by all who knew her.

MR. MICHAEL CROWLEY, a well known and esteemed resident of Boston, died at his late residence, No. 37 East Canton Street, Friday evening, Oct. 24. Mr. Crowley was for a number of years a prominent business man, being the senior member of the firm of Crowley & Coughlan, stonecutters and dealers. He was a liberal, public-spirited gentleman, a zealous Catholic and a patriotic Irishman, and his loss will be deeply felt. He leaves a large family, who have the sincere sympathy of a wide circle of friends in their bereavement.

THE late Father Domenech Billimek, who died at Miramar a few weeks ago, was a distinguished naturalist, and superintended the formation of the Archduke Maximilian's fine mineralogical collection. When that ill-fated nobleman came to Mexico the Friar accompanied him as confessor, and clung to him to the end. When Maximilian was shot Father Domenech returned to Europe with various relics of his companion, and has since lived at Miramar, holding the post of librarian. He has left a manuscript volume of memoirs on Maximilian's reign, which will be published, subject to the Emperor of Austria's approval.

CATHOLICS AND THE CHOLERA.—As in France so in Rome, the altars of St. Roch have been besieged by suppliants against the cholera. The saint's feast was kept with more than wonted enthusiasm by the Catholics of the threatened city. The story of St. Roch tells us how, just before his death, he had a vision in which he received assurance from Heaven that his dying prayer would be granted, and how the selfless saint made his request that all stricken by pestilence who sought for help in his name should be spared. However this may be, his life was a miracle of charity as great as any recounted of his death. As others fly from plague, he fled after it, following it into its centres its pest-houses, and its dens, succoring the bodies and souls of the stricken with a single and impassioned devotion; and the countries in which he labored have not yet lost their sense of debt to his heroic charity. A *triduum* has also been performed at the Church of the Sacred Heart in the Piazza Navona, with Rosary, sermons, Benediction, and the chanting of the *Miserere*. These services the French in Rome have attended in great numbers, in sympathy with the sufferings of their country.

AT the recent German Catholic Congress, held at Breslau, 400 delegates were in attendance, and Prince Blucher, grandso nof the Protestant general of that name, who saved the allied armies at Waterloo, occupied the chair.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*